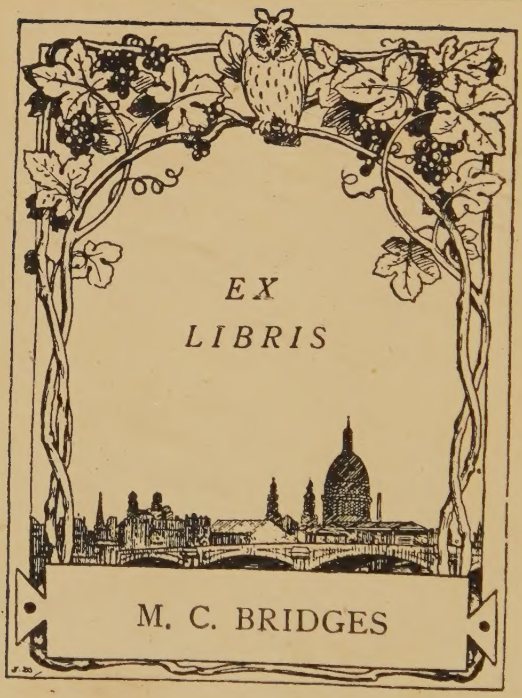

EX
LIBRIS
M. C. BRIDGES

from Zell

TWILIGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA

by

HENRY GIBBS

With 49 Illustrations

Sixth Impression

JARROLDS *Publishers* (LONDON) *Limited*
Founded in 1770
LONDON NEW YORK MELBOURNE SYDNEY CAPE TOWN

"The best and safest way for you, therefore, my dear brethren, is, to call your deeds past to a new reckoning, to re-examine the cause ye have taken in hand, and to try it even point by point, argument by argument, with all the diligent exactness ye can; to lay aside the gall of that bitterness wherein your minds have hitherto overabounded, and with meekness to search the truth. Think ye are men, deem it not impossible for you to err; sift unpartially your own hearts, whether it be by force of reason or vehemency of affection, which hath bred and still doth feed these opinions in you. If truth do anywhere manifest itself, seek not to smother it with glosing delusions, acknowledge the greatness thereof, and think it your best victory when the same doth prevail over you."

RICHARD HOOKER's exhortation to Puritans in
Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, 1593.

Printed in Great Britain
by The Anchor Press, Ltd.,
Tiptree, Essex

CONTENTS

	Introduction	*Page* 9
Chapter I	Iron Curtain and Southern Cross	13
II	Cape Tapestry	18
III	Neither This—Nor That	23
IV	"We Should Let Them Die"	33
V	In Search of Kumalo	41
VI	"Education is Just Wonderful"	47
VII	Twain Meeting: l. to r., Ruth, Seretse, Uncle, and Friends	53
VIII	"Please do *not* leave your boots outside"	66
IX	Turning Wheels	80
X	Nataline Tapestry	89
XI	George and the Hermit's Sweet Tooth	92
XII	George and the Window	96
XIII	Daughter India	112
XIV	Free State Tapestry	125
XV	The Not So Good Earth	128
XVI	Under the Queen's Blanket	142
XVII	"Come and Have a Spot"	149
XVIII	The Tenderest Vines	158
XIX	Transvaal Tapestry	166
XX	Land of Fear	171
XXI	That's How Nazis are Born	173
XXII	Herrenvolk Calling, Herrenvolk Calling	183

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXIII	"Excuse me, your Broederbond's showing"	201
XXIV	"There's an ox-waggon at the bottom of your classroom"	221
XXV	Second-class Ostriches	239
XXVI	Oubaas and U.P.	247
XXVII	Malan Puts the Clock Back	252
XXVIII	. . . They Shall Reap the Whirlwind	258
XXIX	Giants in a Mousetrap	273
XXX	"The Service of My Love"	277
	Index	281

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1.	South Africa's Gracious Gateways: Typical Cape Dutch Architecture	*Frontispiece*	
2.	Cape Town and Table Bay by day	*Facing page*	32
3.	Cape Town by night		32
4.	The easy way of ascending Table Mountain		33
5.	Cape Town University under Devil's Peak		48
6.	A Cape Province farmstead		49
7.	Part of Fort Hare Non-European University		49
8.	Durban		64
9.	Durban Riots: Flood		65
10.	Durban Riots: Indian flotsam		65
11.	Natal Sugar Mill: Cane arriving for the crush		80
12.	General Motors' Assembly Plant, Port Elizabeth		80
13.	Iscor Steelworks, Pretoria		81
14.	Native Copper-workers, Northern Transvaal		81
15.	Kimberley		96
16.	Johannesburg slime dumps		97
17.	Bloemfontein as the Naval Hill zebras see it		112
18.	The Orange soil at Harrismith		113
19.	The vanishing African: dancers at Nelspruit, Transvaal		128
20.	The vanishing African: Zululand bride		128
21.	The emerging African: Mine-workers		129
22.	The emerging African: Brick-workers at Zwelitsha		129
23.	The emerging African: Non-European Cinema, Pretoria		144
24.	Daughter India: Durban Indian Market		144
25.	Iron Horse in the Hex River Valley		145
26.	Basutoland: the Watershed		145

		Facing page
27.	Flowering wilderness: Kirstenbosch, Cape Town	160
28.	Wilderness without flowers: erosion at Masotsheni, Zululand	160
29.	Erosion (look at the male figure)	161
30.	The face of a Donga	176
31.	Reclamation in the Drakensberg Area	177
32.	Victory over Nature: contouring and strip-cutting, Estcourt, Natal	177
33.	Dr. J. H. O. du Plessis	192
34.	Dr. D. F. Malan, Nationalist Prime Minister of South Africa	192
35.	Mr. J. G. Strydom, Nationalist Minister of Lands	193
36.	Dr. T. E. Dönges, Nationalist Minister of the Interior	193
37.	Mr. C. R. Swart, Nationalist Minister of Justice	208
38.	Dr. E. G. Jansen, Nationalist Minister of Native Affairs	208
39.	Mr. F. C. Erasmus, Nationalist Minister of Defence	209
40.	Mr. E. H. Louw, Nationalist Minister of Economic Affairs	209
41.	Mr. P. O. Sauer, Nationalist Minister of Transport	224
42.	Mr. B. J. Schoeman, Nationalist Minister of Labour	224
43.	Mr. Charles Te Water, South African Ambassador Extraordinary at Large	225
44.	Dr. A. J. Stals, Nationalist Minister of Health, Social Welfare and Education	225
45.	Pretoria	240
46.	The Botha Statue and Union Buildings, Pretoria	241
47.	Heir to Smuts? Mr. J. G. Strauss	256
48.	This very Great Man: Field-Marshal J. C. Smuts	256
49.	Voortrekker Monument	257

INTRODUCTION

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in 1650, following upon the tardy, half-hearted recommendation of a few sailors employed by the Dutch East India Company, the Chamber of Amsterdam was instructed to make a strongly-held and defended posting-station on the toe of the African continent where ships of the Company might be revictualled in preference to putting in to the isle of St. Helena.

Two years later Dr. Jan van Riebeeck, that thick-set determined little man, then in his early thirties, used to plying between Far Eastern ports and Holland, arrived in Table Bay with three ships, the *Goede Hoop*, *Reiger*, and *Dromedaris*, and established the station on the fringe of a sandy shoreline and a green valley dominated by towering mountains, peopled until then, only sparsely, by Hottentots, "a faithless rabble" in van Riebeeck's description, and some Bushmen.

Van Riebeeck built a fort of earth and timber. He laid out a garden to provide the little garrison and visiting ships with fresh vegetables and fruits. He saw arise a huddle of small houses, a village called De Kaap. He organized a government, of which he, as its Commander, sat at the head of a Council of Policy, for the conduct of the station.

For five years the atmosphere was comparatively quiet, with only occasional raids upon the station by Hottentots armed with poison-tipped arrows, assegais, clubs, and primitive magic, and retaliatory raids by the Company's men to regain what had been stolen, and, finally, by armed expeditions into the Hottentots' land, the "Hottentots' Holland", as it was called, beyond the valley.

In 1655 the position worsened. Free burghers demanded a right to settle in the Cape as colonists, a policy which the Company disliked. After some argument and delay, the burghers won the discussion and, in 1657, nine free men, all married and of Dutch or German stock, settled in the Liesbeeck valley on small farms which were freed of land tax for twelve years. With them they brought a demand for slave labour to assist them. Even in the station's early day there was a need for labour, neither Hottentots nor Bushmen being of use. Van Riebeeck imported slaves from Madagascar and Java, and with them appeared some West African negroes. More burghers arrived; and quantities of slaves escaped, fleeing into the country of the Hottentots. Trouble occurred between the burghers and the Company; between the Company and the burghers, on the one hand, and Hottentots on the other. To minimize the latter, van Riebeeck built a bitter almond hedge, on one side of which were to be the Dutch and their slaves, and on the other the Hottentots: this frontier lasted until 1798. When van Riebeeck left the station, then a colony, in 1662, in addition to the Company's people, there were 46 free adults and 14 children.

By 1672 the garrison numbered 370. There were few women, fewer still who were marriageable by burghers who wished to remain in the Colony. Van Riebeeck, faced with a difficulty of ensuring the good standing of such women as there were, had recommended marriages between the white men and Native women.

The first known to have taken advantage of this development was Jan Wouter, who married Catherine, a freed woman, daughter of Antonie of Bengal, followed by van Meerhof, an explorer, who married Eva, a Hottentot, the first European to marry a Cape Native, for which he was rewarded by the Company: Eva was the first Christianized Native woman in South Africa. Other unions occurred, between Dutchmen and Bantu slaves, detribalized Hottentots, Moslems from India, and the children of these marriages mated with each other. Other children were born out of wedlock, sired by Dutch fathers, with or without a family back in Holland, and dammed by non-European women, children of half-colour who would work on their fathers' farms and supply much-needed labour.

Thus, out of the recommendation of the Dutch East India Company's officials in the Cape, came the problems of the relations of the Dutch and the non-European people who worked as slaves and of the Dutch and their half-caste offspring who became the Cape Coloureds. To that situation only two new elements have been provided: the British colonists of South Africa, and the Natal Indians. The problems of land and of elements were already there.

How fares South Africa three hundred years after the Chamber of Amsterdam decided to establish its station?

It faces an uncertain future, a time more difficult, more fraught with potential disaster, than possibly ever before. Within the lifetime of every one of its citizens who has reached the age of thirty, history has produced a series of developments which is turning back the clock and may endanger the future of all Europeans in Africa. Whereas less than half a century ago it would have been possible to predict a future of prosperity and progress for all people in South Africa, today no such prediction can be made. Shadows are lengthening across the veld and mountains; in some only recently bright centres of life the lamps are going out.

Prior to going to South Africa in 1949, I had no knowledge of the country or her affairs beyond a fairly comprehensive study of books telling of her history and development. My purpose was to collect material for two books, one of which would answer questions of interest for intending emigrants, about what they would find and what they should know, questions which have not been fully answered in most recent books, and a novel which could dot the i's and cross the t's of the first book. What follows in these pages is not the former book. What I found in this young, puzzled, frightened country necessitated a wholly different approach.

If they are allowed to read this book—the possibility is doubtful —some South Africans may find opinions which anger or distress them. Should these be among the supremely kindly and hospitable people who were my hosts, I am sorry. But it cannot be helped. It would have been more enjoyable to have written easily, lightly, given full measure to my gratitude for hospitality and friendship: South Africans are among the most kindly hosts in the world; but to have attempted less than what this effort sets out would have been to fail them and ignore the dangers which they face and to have indicated a wholly false confidence. In such circumstances, had I strayed from recording the country's mounting difficulties, and instead added yet another work upon the lushnesses of history and superbnesses of scenic splendour, it would only add danger to what exists already.

Some personal comment is necessary. Some South Africans will immediately affirm than I am a Communist; in certain spheres of thought in the country the favourite method of killing off any adverse criticism is to shout "Communist!" or "Liberal!" Such shouts here would be wholly incorrect: I have not yet subscribed to the Communist belief and am frequently tangled in lengthy argument with Liberals. Some may say that I am prejudiced against any nation whose politicians in power aim to leave the British Commonwealth. This is also incorrect: a number of good friends of mine are confirmed Irish Nationalists and at least two others affirm that the Duchy of Cornwall is a nation separate and apart from Britain. More will say that I am a Briton, indeed an Englishman. They must make the most of what is true and indeed a proudness.

One further point must be made with more emphasis than is usual. Though I was given considerable assistance throughout my tour by many South Africans of all classes and colours, none is in any way responsible for any opinion given in the following pages unless responsibility is directly stated. All other opinions, however poor things, are mine own, put forward with diffidence, in the sense of an outsider's observations. No one in South Africa can be held responsible. Colleagues in the Press, who remember Europe in the period 1933–1939, will know what this implies.

My thanks are due to many kindly people for this assistance in acquainting me with their country. In particular I am grateful to the State Information Office for courtesy shown by its officials and for aid in executing my tour; to James F. Kuys and the Tourist Corporation for similar assistance; to officials of South African Railways for their help; to Publicity Officers in many towns and cities, especially J. C. Pauw, of Bloemfontein; Captain Cyril Buckner, of Pietermaritzburg; A. C. D. Williams, of Durban; Commander Newton, of Cape Town; R. Parry, of Kimberley; H. J. Crocker, of Johannesburg; L. Basson and L. Behrman, of Pretoria; to the Secretaries of many Government Departments for finding time to allow a British writer to invade their

offices and for introductions to Government-operated enterprises; to Senator S. M. Petersen, for acquainting me with Durban; to the Deputy-Mayor of Durban, Ken Clark, for similar assistance; to J. J. Yates, Chief Magistrate of the Transkeian Territories; to Archdeacon and Dr. Mrs. Rolfe, of Fort Hare, South African Native College; to many newspapermen and writers for innumerable kindnesses; to the Editors of *Outspan*, the *Cape Argus*, *Forum*, and our own *Books of Today*, for permission to make use of material of mine which has appeared in their journals; especially, to many who hold no official, civic, or press position, whose welcome and kindness at every halt along the road provided me with ample reason for a gratitude which cannot be adequately expressed; and to V. Gareth Gundrey for many helpful suggestions on the MS.

My thanks are due to Field-Marshal Smuts for the opportunity to reproduce the photograph of himself; to the United South African Party for the portrait of Mr. J. G. Strauss; to the Cape Town Publicity Office (for the Frontispiece and photographs 2, 5, 6, 27); South African Railways, Johannesburg (3, 4, 7, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26); Durban Publicity Office (8); the *Natal Daily News* (9, 10); Martin Gibbs (45, 46); the South African State Information Office (11–14 inclusive, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28–44 inclusive); and Sport and General (49).

HENRY GIBBS.

Devon, England,
September MCMXLIX.

1

IRON CURTAIN AND SOUTHERN CROSS

AT last the long voyage out was ended.

Overhead the skies had been grey that Sunday afternoon three weeks before, early in March, when we slipped away into the late winter mists settling down on London river.

It had been bitterly cold. A thin sheet of ice covered the exposed decks aft and forrard, rimed cabin windows on the top deck. Cotton-wool trails of snow lay along the ropes and covered the bridge. We had come aboard early on Saturday morning, but could not move until Sunday afternoon because the cargo was not all on and dockers go off elsewhere Saturday afternoons. We had looked around at each other, made the few tentative comments about the weather which makes for daring conversation among strange English people sizing each other up, and idled our way through Sunday morning. Then, as we slid clear of the docks, turned slowly round to head towards the Channel, we had forgotten we were British and gone out into the cold, lining the rails in thick overcoats and an odd assortment of millinery to see Mother's grey bosom drowning away in the mists and swiftly falling night.

A sad parting for some. A number of the women were in tears; the younger ones setting off to make their home in a strange land, the older ones, whose home was already in that land, saying goodbye to Mother for perhaps the last time. Two or three men walked as quickly round the icy deck as they could, looking fierce in the way Britons do when they feel sentimental. Only the children found undiluted pleasure in the departure, squealing cheerfully and delightedly as they realized we were off.

When we had awakened the next morning we were far down Channel. The sea had been calm but cold, only the slightest roll of grey water taking our minds forward to the Bay of Biscay. Through that day the light had changed from grey to yellow and back to grey. Behind us flapped the long white wings of gulls. We saw no land.

A few days later Finisterre had shown up, a ridge of dark peaks away on the port side. Then we had rolled between the islands and settled down to coal at Las Palmas. Parties who went ashore came back with stories of poverty and tablecloths, bringing with them the inevitable lucky charm bracelets and plaited hats for the women. A Spanish barber who had come aboard remembered me and told tragic tales of how the war had ruined many families on the island, sent them to live in caves up in the hills. In the early hours of the following morning we had rolled off again, south towards the Equator, barnacles

on the good ship's bottom slowing our progress, and for two weeks we inched forward among flying fish and dolphins and heat towards our goal, which came up into view, a smoky blur on the horizon, early in the afternoon.

We were there, we had arrived. The pick had been dropped into the Bay and we could see the majesty of Table Mountain, the Devil's Peak, and the Twelve Apostles, fading into night as lights came on in Cape Town. Miraculous sight: we had reached South Africa. On land the last days of a heatwave still made the pavements hot. Overhead the Southern Cross swayed as our ship stirred on her pick. Here, out in the Bay, amazed and delighted by the wonderful beauty of the scene, the flare of a million coloured lights, the like of which many of us had not seen for years, there was a sense of fulfilment amongst most voyagers.

"The land of promise," said a Pole to me as we stood at the rail. He had served in the Polish Air Force throughout the war, a tall, spectacled, prematurely balding man, who had worn a beret and a brown leather jacket all through the voyage. A mining engineer, he had his young English wife and baby with him, headed for Johannesburg. "Ah, it is good to be away from Europe and her worries—this is the land of promise."

Beyond him a young Englishwoman, Mary by name, ex-WRNS, echoed his feelings though with some reserve. She was headed for friends and her first holiday since the summer of 1938. She had not been completely fit when we left London and the voyage had not helped her much.

"I shall be glad to get on land," she said.

Davina, life and soul of the ship, a young Rhodesian, headed for Salisbury, having finished school in England and the Channel Islands, tore down upon us—Davina always tore—full of excitement and delight. Nancy, a young Capetownian, with her mother and cousin, returning from a holiday with their family in Scotland and England, also came tearing down upon us, equally full of excitement and delight at being home, equally the life and soul of the ship.

A brace of young ex-army officers marched around the deck, headed for Rhodesia and a new life, followed by their wives and families.

Up in the forrard lounge another group had started a party.

Now this party nearly caused the voyage to end in bad feeling. A number of those in it had been heard giving the Communist line of theory at odd times during the voyage; they too were headed for Rhodesia, for the copper belt. They took possession of the lounge and the piano inside and, having drawn the curtains, proceeded to make merry. A number of us outside, wanting both air and sight of the festivities in the lounge, drew back the curtains. These were immediately drawn again. We did not relish this idea, so we drew them

back again. This went on, with increasing vehemence on both sides, for half an hour. Then a deputation came out to see us. We could come in, on the other side of the iron curtains, and join the hilarity or we could stay outside and leave the curtains alone, we were told: we could not have both.

A long, very British argument ensued, involving the higher flights of politics, ownership of the curtains, class consciousness, and what was meant by the Four Freedoms.

One protagonist tapped me on the breast.

"Now, we don't want any trouble with you," he told me sternly. "We don't think you're one of those bloody officer types"—it was somewhat stronger than that—"we think you're an intellectual."

I am sure he said it with the best intentions in the world.

Mary marched me off just in time.

"You'll feel better about it in the morning," she said consolingly. "Let's go and find out if they've locked away everything drinkable."

Morning came, too early. We had tea with the last dregs of powdered milk in it sticking to our mouths and tongues. We said goodbye to the Indian crew, our boys and stewards, who had found us an extra ice-cream when wanted. We said goodbye to Davina, and Don (hoping to find a better home for his wife and family in South Africa than he believed he could find them in Britain), to Jimmy (who was starting in two days in a law business), and *au revoir* to Louise, whom we should meet in Durban later, and the others. Then we went ashore, beneath the large yellow and black notice which read "Welkom" and "Welcome", our first sight of the two official languages.

The first sight of Cape Town is Table Mountain.

The second sight is Table Mountain and the city which perches on the toes of the mountain and spreads away between mountain range and Table Bay.

The third sight, in the streets between the skyscrapers, is cars. Huge cars, cars the size of a tank or yacht, all American cars. The taxi which took me through the morning's strengthening heat to an hotel was big enough to hold nine people. These cars provide the first South African problem with which the visitor is acquainted. There are so many of them, the streets are so busy, that you can drive around Cape Town for half an hour most days before you find parking space.

There is a pleasant, university atmosphere about Cape Town. It meets you easily, with a smile, a cosmopolitan city whose skyscrapers are American, whose cars are American, whose language is predominantly English, whose people have a West End or Fifth Avenue

feeling about them. In the Botanical Gardens strange plants and trees are growing. In hotel grounds you find hibiscus scattered among the roses. There are differences from London and New York and Paris, but the general atmosphere is one which you have felt in those cities. Only when you are looking for a bus-stop and read a notice that says "Trem-bus halte" or the motorist's nightmare "Geen stanplek", or notice darker skins around, do you realize that the atmosphere is deceptive.

Much could be written about Cape Town and its charm—the road which winds its ribband-wide shelf among the mountainside above the rock-lined shore out to Cape Point—Kirstenbosch with its superb indigenous plants and trees, and the protea—Fishhoek, where there is a Greek café serving "only steak with fried eggs today, I'm sorry" under oleographs of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra and an American juke-box playing a fine selection of recordings by my old friend Edmundo Ros—the road leading out to the vineyards at Groot Constantia and to distant Paarl.

A smiling, friendly, well-favoured city, with scarcely a sign of three hundred years of history, for it is three hundred years old in 1950. And again somewhat deceptive. In Cape Town it is easy to ignore what history has done, what problems it has created for Cape Town and for South Africa that lies beyond, standing on this well-polished doorstep which leads up to a graceful doorway that lets into a house filled with deepening troubles and strengthening feuds.

Some readers may want to know with what inner equipment and in what mood I arrived in South Africa, believing this to have a direct bearing on what the following pages contain. To those who do not, I hasten to apologize and assure them that the delay will be brief.

First, and in this work more importantly, I have no colour prejudice. The man of different colour may not be my brother—recognizing that his beliefs and ways of life, ideas and prejudices vary completely from mine, it would be the sheerest hypocrisy to regard him so —but the same fallible humanity links us. Being less emotional and less superstitious than he, I am probably more aware of the extent of this fallibility. I do not expect him to understand me—we are in different phases of social development and personal comprehension—but, because we are bound by this common humanity, I prefer to meet him as an individual on whatever planes of contact are available; as men, as individuals sharing a common interest or equal danger, as beings possessing a little learning. If we cannot meet with a mutual desire for mutual understanding and improvement, that will be our mutual misfortune. Secondly, despite attempts made by politically-minded friends to urge me into this or that party, I have arrived at a state of thinking which can be termed "independent Conservatism". This being more traditional than political in character, let cry who will "Reactionary"; propaganda clichés carry little stricture. Thirdly, in the light of recent

experience I see no real reason to bend the knee to anyone, far or near, who attempts, through positive purpose or ignorance, to defame the past of my country in order that he may play a greater part in its future or against its future well-being. The luckiest thing which ever happened to me was that my parents, who were wise people, decided to be British.

The mood in which I arrived in the Union is simpler to state. There had been the war, whose traces had lingered on into our personal lives. There was a knowledge of wholesale destruction, a knowledge which few South Africans possess. In addition, I had encountered some personal unhappiness, which had extended over a number of months and given me good reason to seek more absorption than can be found by flitting over the surface of what I encountered. Almost on the eve of sailing there appeared some evidence that I had TB. When the ship sailed, this belief had not been removed.

For any part that they might play in what follows, these beliefs and experiences were part of the me which stepped through the doorway into South Africa.

II

CAPE TAPESTRY

IT is the 15th century, the glittering age of European princes arrayed in their greatest pomp, the era of Portuguese exploration.

Ships under the flag of Henry the Navigator and John II have sailed from their tiny strip of homeland on the Iberian peninsula and edged down under the Southern Cross to a strange coastline. Wild seas have threatened to drive them upon uncharted reefs. All day a boiling sun floods over the ships, blistering the skin and tormenting sleep with strange, fearful dreams. Westward lies the sea, only the sea. Eastward, where the rising sun had risen up from the dark bed of night, lies a strange coastline, a purple edge of mountain peaks gnawing at the sky, and shores whose heat is thickened by stench from the jungles which creep almost to the ocean's edge.

Strange creatures have been found, men whose brown-black skins gleam like silk and women whose pendulous dark breasts and smooth loins are bare. Strange animals are known to exist along these shores; surely these black creatures, whose wide mouths make noises, not speech, are animals also? All known men are white or pale brown in hue. Surely these fabulous creatures are some devil's mixture of what was man and is animal, intended for service to the white men who find them . . . as slaves?

The year is 1486. Bartholomeo Dias steers his ship around a strip of land and strikes his course north-east. He names the land the Cape of Good Hope, believing he has reached the end of the strange coastline of the black men and is heading for the Indies' wealth.

The year is 1497. Another Portuguese captain follows Dias around the Cape, sights a distant shore, names it Natalia, and steers on towards the Indies and their treasure.

Six years later another Portuguese explorer, Antonio de Saldanha, discovers Table Bay, beside which will rise the Cape's first city, and sets a fashion by climbing the table mountain which rises above the Bay.

Another seven years pass before a party of Portuguese explorers led by Francisco d'Almeida, Viceroy of the Portuguese Indies, with over 60 companions, is killed on the shore of Table Bay by a party of barbaric Hottentots, smaller than the black men who are going into slavery from points hundreds of miles away up the coast, browner in colour, with strange pointed eyes which bespeak their treachery.

The year is 1580. A new flag sways into sight of the Cape, the flag of Britain, carried on a ship commanded by a sailor named Francis Drake.

Another 11 years pass before a British ship enters a Cape anchorage, Saldanha Bay.

Four years pass. Another flag appears in these waters, the flag of the Netherlands, carried on ships under Commander Cornelis Houtman, making his country's first voyage to the Indies. Seven years later, in 1602, the Dutch East India Company is formed to amalgamate all small companies engaged in trade between the East and Holland.

A short distance offshore from the site of the city yet to appear, alone in Table Bay, is an island, Robben Island. Here, in 1615, eight British criminals are landed. Only three are to survive. They will be taken back to England and executed.

The year is 1619. A new flag creeps into Table Bay: the flag of Denmark.

A few weeks pass. Two Captains of Britain, A. Shillinge and H. Fitzherbert, sail into Table Bay, go on shore, and raise the flag of England above Signal Hill, on the right side of the bay, backed by twelve frowning mountain peaks which will be called the Twelve Apostles. The sovereignty of King James I is proclaimed over all Table Valley and adjoining territory. The Throne and Government, when told of this action, point out that it was not authorized, and do not confirm it.

Twenty-seven years pass. It is 1647. The *Haarlem*, a ship belonging to the Dutch East India Company, goes ashore in Table Bay. The crew remain there for five months, existing on vegetables grown in the Valley. Survivors urge their Company and Government to establish a victualling station on the Bay for vessels going to and returning from the Indies.

It is 1650. The suggested establishment is decided. Jan van Riebeeck, a ship's surgeon, is appointed first commander of the establishment.

The year is 1652. Jan van Riebeeck and his associates have sailed in the *Dromedaris*, the *Reiger*, and the *Goede Hoop*, and after being at sea 104 days arrived in Table Bay on April 6, 1652.

The year is 1654. Oranges are imported from St. Helena. Vines are imported from the Rhine. Convicts are imported from Asia.

Three years pass. Nine free burghers are given farms by order of van Riebeeck's associates.

The year is 1658. Three hundred and ninety-eight slaves are imported from West Africa.

The settlement beside Table Bay is growing. A fort is built. Homesteads spring up. The land is tilled. Vines are tended. When van Riebeeck gives up his reins of office, on May 6, 1662, he is followed in his post by Zacharias Wagenaar, the first of the commanders to succeed him before Isbrand Goske becomes Governor in 1672. Two years later there dies Eva, the first Hottentot girl to become a Christian.

The settlement fans outwards, around the mountains of Table Bay,

the Devil's Peak, and the Twelve Apostles. In 1679 the town of Stellenbosch is founded.

The year is 1688. The first of 200 Huguenots, refugees from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, arrive from France, seeking a new life.

The year is 1717. Debating whether European labour be imported in place of slave labour for the farms and vineyards, only one burgher advocates that European labour be brought into the country. All others favour a continued and extended use of black slaves.

The year is 1739. A French sergeant in the Dutch East India Company defies an order to appear before a court in connection with the theft of cattle from Natives. Armed, he and his associates ride to a church in the town of Paarl and read a proclamation which accuses the Governor of tyranny. The Frenchman pastes the proclamation to the church wall. Seeking to create an insurrection, he is caught and executed. Parts of his body are exhibited throughout the countryside.

Shortly after the half-century a census shows that the Company controls 5510 Europeans and 6279 slaves.

The year is 1764. Lord Clive visits the Cape on his way home from India for the last time.

The year is 1779. The first war breaks out in the Cape. Armed Xosas cross the Fish River and invade the Colony.

The year is 1781. In Europe there is war between Britain, Holland, and France. A British fleet with 3000 troops on board sets off to attempt to take possession of the Cape. The ships are taken unawares by a French fleet, which sails away and sets up a garrison in the Cape. The English commander captures a fleet of Dutch East Indiamen, homeward-bound with riches.

The year is 1789. The Second Kaffir war breaks out with an attack by Xosas on the Zuurveld.

The year is 1795. Burghers at two towns, Graaff Reinet and Swellendam, revolt against Dutch rule and proclaim their independence from Holland.

The year is 1795. A British fleet sails to the Cape, carrying 1600 troops and announces, after negotiations, that they are going to occupy the country. Two years later the British fleet, stationed at Simonstown, on the other side of the Cape Peninsula, in False Bay, is in mutiny.

The centuries have passed, the knock of history comes from a different hand. This is no longer the quest of Portugal, the drive of Holland to the Indies' riches, but the hand of Britain stretching out across the oceans, driving east, and west, and south. The drive is stronger because charts have been made, coasts are becoming known. From this time on, it will be the British who will, for a century, knock loudest upon the doors of the South of the African continent.

The year is 1806. The British occupy the Cape.

The year is 1807. The last authorized importation of slaves to the Cape is made.

A year passes and the slaves attempt to revolt.

Three years pass and another Kaffir war, the Fourth, breaks loose upon the Cape.

The year is 1814. The Cape is ceded to Britain: the date is August 13.

Four years pass before the Fifth Kaffir war flares out.

The year is 1820. Five thousand British settlers land at Algoa Bay, where will be built the city of Port Elizabeth.

The year is 1834. Anger is loosed in the Cape again as slavery is abolished. Thirty-five thousand slaves, valued at £3,000,000, are emancipated. Anger increases when it becomes known that only £1,200,000 is available as compensation for the loss of the slaves.

The year is 1834 and the Sixth Kaffir war breaks loose.

The year is 1836. Long years of dissatisfaction with British rule has separated the European colony. The burghers and Boers are angry. Always resentful, wanting to rule land and slaves as they wish, annoyed with pressure of laws, taxes, abolition of slavery and the conduct of the slaves' emancipation, with missionary propaganda directed against slavery and colonization, they prepare to leave. Hundreds depart from their homes in waggons, in search of new lands where they may be free of what Britain's rule has meant for them: the Greak Trek has started. Its wheels drag forward across valleys and mountains, its hooves thunder into the green hills of Natal, the red dust of the land which will be called the Orange Free State, into the land above the Vaal River, the Transvaal.

Eighteen years pass. Parliamentary government is established in the Cape.

The year is 1877: the Ninth Kaffir war is in progress.

The year is 1880: the first Anglo-Boer War is in progress.

Lands are being annexed. Railways are spreading across the country. German colonists are pressing deep into the area of South-West Africa. Companies are being formed. Among them is De Beers. Diamonds have been found in Kimberley: a low hillock is being dug away by pick and shovel and a great hole is gradually made as mules and men carry away loads of earth and soil as the hole goes down and down and down so that when a bird flies in it takes minutes to circle to the bottom and then cannot be seen by men above who are digging for diamonds. A man named Cecil John Rhodes is striding the Cape soil—and in the Transvaal is a President by the name of Paul Kruger, and gold is the soil of Langlaagte Farm.

It is 1899. War has flared up north of the Orange River, the South African War.

It is May 31 of the year 1902. The town of Vereeniging is being told that a peace has been signed. Under its terms the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are annexed by Britain.

It is May 31, 1910. The Constitution of the Union of South Africa is laid. Lord Gladstone is appointed Governor-General. General Louis Botha is Prime Minister. The foundations of the Union Buildings are laid at Pretoria. Among those who hear these events are a number of young men whose hearts are still heavy with the ravages of war, whose pride is still high, who hope one day to proclaim South Africa independent of those who have now taken it over despite their sacrifices and the loss of friends, and who, they feel, rule through unjust success.

III

NEITHER THIS—NOR THAT

BEFORE you have been in Cape Town many days you become aware of something undecided about some of the people around you.

Most of them are easily definable. There are the Europeans; the English-speaking people, many of whom have a more racy speech than you remember in the British Isles, and the Afrikaans-speaking South Africans and the people of Huguenot descent, both of whom speak perfect English, carefully, efficiently, with only a faint Afrikaner sibilance betraying that it is not their earliest language.

There are the Native people. You saw them first at the docks, Native labourers smoking their silver-topped pipes as they unloaded cargo. In the streets you see them again, the younger men wearing American-type clothes, the vivid ties which they love, the women mostly clad in Western-type blouses and skirts, and small boys who line the pavements with *Outspan* and *The Forum*, *Milady*, *Spotlight*, and *Life*, or stand at the corners selling the *Cape Times* and the *Argus*. You never see a Native "in the red", that is in his tribal dress, in Cape Town, though you may do quite frequently in Durban and Johannesburg. These people are all recognizable, placeable immediately you see them. So are the Malays and Indians, the men wearing dark business suits and a red tarboosch, their women gliding along the sidewalks in flowing pink or dark blue saris, as colourful a sight as the array of flower-baskets outside the Post Office off Adderley Street.

But there are others who are not so easily defined. Men and women and children not recognizable at sight as fitting into any distinct race, carrying a touch of all races about them. Women with olive-pale cheeks, wide cheekbones and dull purple lips, the raven hair and wide, dark eyes of the East. Men with a skin neither white nor black nor brown. Children thin as Indians, but lighter in hue, snub-nosed, brown-eyed, with gamine European mouths and light fingernails. You see them in the streets, in hotels and restaurants, working as khaki-clad bed-boys on the train, always preoccupied and busy.

These are the Coloured people. "God's Stepchildren", as Sarah Gertrude Millin called them in a memorable phrase—which Will Stewart, one of the three Native Representatives in the House of Assembly, told me that his wife had called them many years before.

Europeans who arrived first in the Cape unloaded their seed into the dark soil, and their plant bloomed into the Coloured people. Officially, statistically, there are "Cape Coloureds" and "other persons

of mixed race". And, of course, the Cape Malays, the Bushmen, and the Hottentots.

Many believe the Hottentots to be descended from Chinese sailors whose ships were wrecked on the treacherous coasts of South-West Africa hundreds of years ago, and who mingled with the dark aboriginal women of tribes whom they found living there. Certainly the theory would account for the slanting narrow eyes, lips which are thinner than those of Negroid stock, and such vestiges of civilized endeavour as can be found in Hottentot kraals.[1] Altogether, the Coloured people number nearly a million. Of this total, in 1936, over 75 per cent. were accounted "Cape Coloureds". Their ancestors were Malays, Europeans, and Hottentots, those who slid into the first cauldron where races met in South Africa and in it lost their racial identity.

In the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, more Europeans mixed with the Bantus; landowners sought their women slaves in the African night; their children tasted the oldest drug with another of half-way hue or white or black; and today their descendants are the Cape Coloureds. Officially "a person living in the Union of South Africa who does not belong to one of its aboriginal races, but in whom the presence of Coloured blood (especially due to descent from Non-Europeans brought to the Cape in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries or from aboriginal Hottentot stock, and with or without an admixture of white or Bantu blood) can be established . . ." as the *Report of the Cape Coloured Commission* of 1947 stated in its cool parliamentary way. It means that the Cape Coloureds are neither this—nor that. Whatever they achieve comes from their individual efforts. Sharing many traditions, knowing many gods, they can claim none.

Sad things have been said about them.

They are accused of violence, of instability, of taking drugs, of shiftlessness.

Cape newspapers report cases which seem to prove this true. A Coloured man will work for three months as a waiter, a house-boy, in an industrial firm, then one day he doesn't turn up for work. The next you hear of him is a report in the paper. He has got drunk or smoked *dagga* (pronounced dacha; a drug derived from hemp), and, in an anger produced by one or other, has been involved in a brawl or beaten up somebody or his own or another man's wife. Occasionally you read of a Coloured woman who has neglected her home, her children, and become a slut.

Generalizations are easy to absorb. The world knows them every waking hour. In a hectic, worried, uncertain age, it is easier to accept a generalization than to seek out the truth about an individual you don't know living a life you do not understand. Generalizations are voiced

[1] The theory was given one expression by the late Professor E. H. L. Schwartz, of Rhodes University, Grahamstown, when addressing the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1928.

frequently enough about people who are White or Black or Brown or Yellow: they are bound to be heard about those who are neither one nor the other. But the Coloured people are made increasingly sensitive and afraid of such comments about themselves.

Unfortunately, there is some truth in the allegations made against some of them. People who are neither this nor that display uncertainty and fear in moments of emotional crisis. Their humours may be immoderate, hot, flaring when anger rises, prompting a greater need to assert themselves before their fellows because their only assurance is the flamboyance of uncertainty. Especially amongst the young, on whom most setbacks weigh most heavily as they seek assurance for their young pride. In a twinkling viciousness can transfix the young, seek blind old revenge upon others and upon self. Mixed blood wreaks strange evils in uneasy veins: it should widen the horizons to accept all that is good from every source, but for some it narrows them to accept only what is wrong.

Generalizations about the Cape Coloureds are mostly untrue. However prone individuals may be to fear, to rage, to awareness that no quiet-pure pool of blood recognizes them, it is only the individual who breaks loose. As amongst all peoples. The majority of Coloureds seek peaceful, orderly, assured lives based on two realities: a job to provide them and their families with stability, and assurance that they will not be socially mistreated by whichever is the dominating political power or socially derided by those they meet who are of pure blood. Deny them these eases of mind and heart and initiative dies, purpose lags, resentment cuts into the throat and bowels. From this moment it is a quiet stroll through Fear's many-hued gardens, to the ravine of personal instability and the drop beyond into violence and vice.

Men and women of pure blood are not really very different. They know those among them who are vicious and anti-social, incapable of stability. They face their desires, their ill-humours, their disasters, in varying fashion. They have weaknesses and faults: the Bantu, the European, the Asiatic. The newspapers, which the Coloured people read, prove it. Why then, the Coloureds argue, should the generalization be tied into their buttonhole? They did not seek to be Coloured.

There, but for the grace of God, go we all.

The visitor may be told that this is fine theorizing, that naturally the Coloureds argue thus on their own behalf, and that life cannot be worked out in theories. It is a reasonable argument: the Coloured who runs amok on one's doorstep is more immediately dangerous than the crazed American or European who shoots a dozen people dead in a street 6,000 miles away. That is the difference.

The visitor may be warned not to let his sympathy lead him into trusting the Coloureds. Particularly will he be warned to stay away after dark from Cape Town's "District Six", the city's crime corner, where live many of the worst elements among the Coloured people.

Instead he should get a gaily-coloured brochure explaining the delights of seeing wild beasties in the Kruger National Park from inside of a hired car, not be led into a hazardous visit to the slums of District Six.

So I read the brochure and went to District Six.

People do die here. Visitors may get bumped on the head and robbed or beaten up and have their clothes stolen as they lie unconscious. Dagga is smoked. Illicit drinks are brewed. Tarts do hang around the corners. Venereal disease is rife. Houses are slums in some streets. Children are born with disease. Crooks and thieves and drunks do live here. But unless my memory is wrong, these tragedies are known elsewhere. In every city and, certainly, in every port.

Turn left from the square behind Government House, which stands on the Avenue between the grounds surrounding it and the Botanical Gardens opposite, and burrow down into the tangle of streets around Roeland Street, Hope Street, and Jutland Avenue, a triangle under the shadow of Table Mountain, and then bear left, and you will find yourself in District Six.

No one could regard it as a salubrious neighbourhood. Dirt, filth, and poverty abound. There is no evidence of civic pride.

But generalizations are bad. We must particularize.

Beyond Roeland Street and the old Castle, lying behind the railway station and reclaimed land fronting Duncan Dock, is a narrow slightly looping street. It is named Canterbury. In Britain Canterbury means the home of Christianity for the English people. In Cape Town it means slum.

Here you can find "the houses of despair", as a reporter on the *Cape Argus* aptly called them. He has seen them. So have I.

They are terribly overcrowded. In a single room less than 20 feet square live a Coloured mother and her seven children. The house has no bathroom. It has eleven rooms and eleven families totalling nearly 50 people. All use the same lavatory. Most of the people are children. For each room the tenant pays the landlord 12*s.* 6*d.* a week. Many tenants are behind in paying their rent.

When the *Argus* reporter visited Canterbury Street a family of six had just been evicted for non-payment of rent. They slept, he reported, on the steps of a neighbour's house. Amongst them was a little girl who had just been discharged from a tuberculosis centre.

In one of the houses I visited the stairs were always occupied at night. Men, women, and children stretched out in the rooms and upon the stairs, head to toe. One of the women, a Coloured girl who found her male friends in the docks, the wealthiest member of the household, had changed her room from the top floor to the ground, so that her friends should not fall over people when they went back to their ship. Alfred Noyes, the British poet, in his poem *A Song of England*, described "the sleepers who are lying with the arms of God around them on the night's contented breast. . . ." The night has no contentment to offer

these Coloured people. In winter they are subject to draughts which blow up and down the stairs whenever a door is opened; in summer a fierce heat makes sleep impossible in these warrens. There they lie, old and young, hale and sick, families and occasional lovers, and dogs, in the houses of Canterbury Street.

Coloured people, poor whites, a mixture of others.

In Milton Street (wrote the *Argus* reporter)—another in the maze of streets in District Six—the door of a little room hangs crazily open on one hinge. A drunkard kicked it in a fury. An old woman is sweeping and scouring. Her daughter nurses a newly born baby. Outside on the wet flagstones and in the dusty sunlight seven other children play. At night they all crowd into the room with its one bed. It costs them 7*s.* 6*d.* a week to live there—and there is £29 owing in rent. A landlord at last has been compelled to press for payment. It is a pitiful little room with its religious prints and a fading photograph of King George V. His Majesty looks down from the cracked wall above the battered dresser at the vase of pathetic paper flowers. The second youngest child—he will be three in a couple of months' time—is in hospital with meningitis. The family's outlook is grim.

But they are all in the same boat in the area. Until something constructive is done to help them they will remain in this appalling state.

A high proportion of children born in District Six are illegitimate. Some younger Coloured women find it easier to make a living by selling themselves; the children just happen along. Some children in these households share the same mother only. If a woman becomes the *bok* of a petty gangster, she is regarded as more fortunate than many.

District Six should not be visited alone. Sightseers are not welcome and should stay away; no pride is stronger than that of those who are desperately poor and not accepted into any race. On my first visit, having rejected a police escort, I was taken by two Coloured hotel waiters. I was not welcome, but I was accepted.

These are the most unfortunate. Cape Town contains the highest number, but you can find them in other cities, Port Elizabeth, East London, Kimberley, Johannesburg. Others are not so unfortunate; some are definitely well off. An analysis of race mixtures made by Mr. George Findlay indicated that among the 1,900,000 people classified as "European" in the 1935 census, there were 500,000 "escapes", meaning those escaped from being classified as Coloured into the European ranks. Their ancestors were the original European farmers in the Cape and their female slaves. One of these farmers provided a list of his preferences in women to Dr. Andrew Sparrman, who included it in his *A Voyage to the Cape of Good Hope*, published in 1785, as being, "First the Madagascar women who are the blackest

and handsomest, next to these the Malabars, then the Bugunese or Malays. . . ." Towards the beginning of the 20th century the product of this delight was already noticeable. Olive Schreiner, the great writer and greater humanitarian, once exclaimed:

> It is strange how many of the leading men in South Africa have dark blood! That's the curious part of it all. If people with one-fourth or one-tenth of dark blood can say they will not have a man of half-dark or half-light blood sitting beside them in Parliament, why have not we, who have pure European descent (both our parents coming from Europe) the right to say: "We will not sit with you! You are not of pure European descent!"

She should have included women in the comment. Many South African women have dark blood. One said to me, "I have a drop of Native blood, a long way back. I'm not ashamed of it—why should I be? It wasn't my fault—but I daren't admit it. My children and I would be ostracized." At dinner one night a host of mine said: "You'll have to be very cautious about Colour. At least a fifth of the 'European' stock have Coloured blood somewhere in their family tree. It would be difficult to prove, but you can tell it—look at their eyes, their fingernails, and more—some of the wealthiest and most influential families have Coloured blood in them."

Between the unfortunates of District Six and the fortunates elsewhere are others, admittedly Coloured and leading sober lives as good citizens. They receive no noticeable reward for this forbearance. When I left Cape Town two waiters at my hotel, one named Henry, a name which caused him some wry humour, were taking their families on a fishing holiday in the country. Could anything be more innocuous? Many live in little villas in Cape Town's suburbs, and elsewhere in the Union. I made myself very unpopular with some Nationalist Party supporters for talking to some Coloured men and women as if they were people. The polite thing is to ignore them and preserve the *status quo* of what passes for Christianity amongst Nationalists.

Since the date of Union in 1910 a percentage of Coloured people have been on the common roll of voters. This is regarded as a grave menace to South Africa's Europeans, real, stated, or largely imaginary, by the Malan Nationalists, though these voters number only 46,000. They may be removed from the roll in 1950. Apart from changing a major article of Union, such an action would have a disastrous effect on the Coloured people and on South Africa's standing among the nations.

Dining with a friend in a restaurant in the city one evening I got into conversation with the waiter. It was the second night of *Oklahoma!* being shown in the Cape, after its triumph in Johannesburg. Between

attending to our needs and those of other diners, the waiter asked that I should tell him what *Oklahoma!* was about. Coloured people are not allowed into European cinemas or theatres. I told him the story of the show, described the ballet, and together we hummed out the choruses of the songs. Then my friend and I persuaded him to talk about life as he saw it.

"They—the Nats—are going to drive us all into despair," he told us. "We don't wish to be Communists. We want to be accepted, given a chance to live as ordinary men and women, not forever pointed at as something strange because we are neither White nor Black. They are driving us into being Communists. If they take our vote away there will be no stopping the younger men and women. They will go Red." He laughed bitterly. "It is about the only colour we haven't got already."

Henry told me an equally bitter joke which Coloured people had during the war years. Hitler, they said then, should be sent to South Africa and called a Coloured man; he would never have another chance to plague Europe. It was not an easy jest to hear.

In one of his books Lawrence Green, the South African explorer, newspaperman, and writer, tells the story of a Coloured town of half-castes, the Rehoboth "republic" of South-West Africa, where he encountered "sad-faced men with wide-brimmed felt hats, women in old-fashioned clothes, occasionally a pretty girl with a complexion almost white". Many of them have names well honoured in South Africa: Campbell, MacNab, van Wyk, Beuke, Diergaard, Maasadorp, and others. Their forefathers left Cape Town, shunning blood with skin darker than their own, and went north as pioneers and hunters on the northern frontier of the colony to escape colour prejudice. They were Christian, a number of missionaries lived among them, their conduct of life was based on the white man's civilization. To enhance their social standing and develop their community, they gave farm-lands to every white man who would marry one of their daughters in Christian wedlock. The language they spoke, and speak today, was a mixture of Afrikaans and High Dutch with a smack of English words. Originally they settled south of the Orange River; later, when the white man pushed his way north, bringing with him a threat more acute than that of marauding Hottentots and the Bushman's poisoned arrows, they pushed north again to the land where they now live. The only true ally they ever knew were the Germans, who used them to push back the Hottentots.

In the war of 1914–18 they proved, as the Coloured people have proved so often, that they would not fight against Britain. They told the German leaders that they had come originally from British soil and could not fight against South Africans. The Afrikaners, led by General Louis Botha, promised them much, when he landed at Walvis Bay. Today they are a broken, deteriorated people. They are reported as heavy drinkers, lazy, stupid, and socially disintegrated.

. . . Prosperity has passed by the slow Rehoboth people [Green wrote]. Nine thousand of them, and probably not more than a score with comfortable incomes. The ambition of a Rehoboth farmer at the present time seems to be to lease his land to a white man—a matter which can be arranged—and live in the village on the rent. Many idle families are to be seen in Rehoboth, resting on shaded stoeps, smoking interminably, and no doubt discussing the status of their obsolete "republic". Cows and small stock wander around the houses; the night resounds with animal noises.

Around them trek white gold prospectors, seeking fortunes.

Life, and the white man, has not been noticeably kind to Coloured people.

Back in Cape Town I paid a second visit to District Six, this time with Mr. George Golding, chairman of the Coloured Advisory Council. Like many others, Mr. Golding views the prospect before the Coloured people with increasing alarm, if Dr. Malan's Nationalist Government effects all its promised and implied legislation against the standing of Coloureds. We sat together in a room in the Tafelburg Hotel, the first Non-European hotel built in Cape Town, in a corner of District Six, and discussed the effect of Nationalist actions upon his people.

Not all Coloured people accept Golding's opinions. Many regard him as too moderate. On one occasion he said:

> Unless the Coloured people are prepared to share every aspect of their lives in an unreserved and honest manner with the Natives of this country, then they have absolutely no grounds for making use of the numerical superiority of the Natives for purposes of generating a social revolution.[1]

From my own conversations with Coloured people it appeared that most of them had little wish to be classed with the Natives. Their desire was to be accepted as a community of some standing guaranteed by the white man. Failing that, they desired to be accepted into a society in which colour prejudice played no part.

Some of these guarantees they believed they had secured. From the date of Union a number could qualify for the vote. From 1834, when slavery was abolished, until 1860, Coloured children were taught in mission schools and public schools along with European children, and from 1865 until 1921 no specific differentiation was made between the education given to European and that given to Coloured children. In 1923 a separate curriculum for Coloured children was introduced, and in 1945 there came an ordinance to make improved education for them, including compulsory education.

Today, as a result of Dr. Malan's Government threatening to introduce measures which will revoke solemn Acts of Union affecting the Coloured people, they do not know what their future will be. If Union can be revoked, what else may not be changed? That it will be done in

[1] *Race Relations Handbook*, p. 526.

Parliament, with a majority of Nationalist votes supporting it, is not doubted. But it will entail the abandoning of laws and pledges long accepted as the basis of Coloured life.

I asked Golding whether he thought that his people would turn to Communism.

"How can we stop the younger people from accepting any policy which may appear to offer them assurance?" he countered. "We do not accept it. But we cannot prevent others from doing so if they are given no security and no reason for incentive within any other order of society."

I asked if he thought that the removal of the Coloured vote would cause the more worried to form an underground movement.

He shrugged. "I shall not let my organization follow such a course, but it cannot answer for others. We willfight for our rightsopenly and honestly. We will endeavour to gain—or regain—the few planks of social standing on which we have stood. But we cannot answer for all. No man can do that."

Later we drove through District Six. Every few yards people waved to Golding or came up and spoke when the car was caught in a traffic jam. Not everyone shares Golding's opinions or those of his organization, as he said, but all Coloured people know him. And the overwhelming majority of them look to the English-speaking people to ensure their social status. It is not without significance that the room in Canterbury Street had a portrait of King George V on the wall, as it is not without meaning that the Native people still talk of Queen Victoria as their "Great White Mother". It appears unlikely that the portraits of the first Nationalist Government headed by Dr. Malan (comprising the gentlemen whose likenesses can be observed elsewhere in this volume) will awaken a similar respect.

At the bottom of Adderley and George Streets, close by the string of dilapidated hansom cabs which wait for customers below the station, is the quarter where most of Cape Town's evening amusements are found. Here are cinemas, the "bioscopes", gleaming into the darkness, the restaurants which cater for European and Indian palates. Here are brilliantly lit stores—Suttafords, OK Bazaars, the many more —where European, Native, and Coloured men and women can windowshop what they want or hope to buy. There is also another element. You hear the shrill call of Coloured and Native children selling newspapers. These papers are not those which appeared on the pavements early in the morning. They are copies of the *Guardian*, a paper with a strong Communist flavour, the paper which has been banned from publication in Rhodesia. On some corners a swarm of Coloured children surround you, begging you to buy a copy.

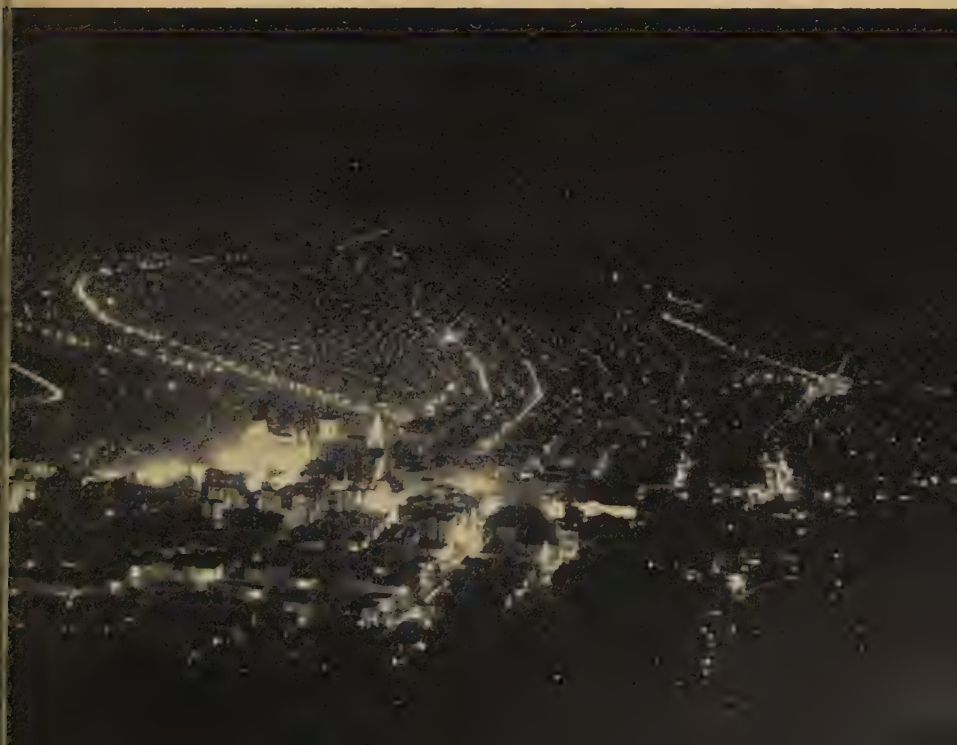
Why mention it? Because if Communism is the right policy, then there is no harm in doing so. If it is the wrong policy, one not calculated to find for any people in South Africa what they could not find in

wise leadership of a different brand, then the sooner the hovering significance of what these children do, the sooner some measures should be taken—not to stop the sale, which is no solution—to remove the causes which prompt the activity.

At this date the Coloured people are still concerned with gaining stability within the multi-racial society of South Africa. At this date they desire, for the majority of them and their families, security within the social order they know. At this date they look for aid from the Europeans, particularly the English-speaking people, from the white children of their own "White Mother". That individuals in their ranks have abused life and the society in which they live is true, as true as it is of individuals elsewhere. That they should be debased, by the removal of their political standing, because they are Coloureds is a crime against them and against humanity.

But in some way they fare better than their darker brothers and sisters, the Native people.

2. *Cape Town and Table Bay by Day*
3. *Cape Town by Night*



IV

"WE SHOULD LET THEM DIE"

A CHARMING lady friend, by name Bunny, had insisted that I accompany her out of Cape Town to lunch with a woman friend of hers who lived some miles away.

We arrived in a flourish of American car and anticipation, and were soon attacking one of those five-course lunches which Capetownians dismiss as a "simple snack". Our hostess was charming and very good fun. Scattered lavishly around us, the food was superb and the wine excellent. Beyond the windows the skies beamed good-humour. Luncheon ended, we strolled round a garden bright with hibiscus and roses, a silver glint of blue gums gracing the sky and in the distance a vision of sunlit mountains. Immediately at foot, a number of dogs indicated themselves ready for whatever distractions we might invent. Conversation, having ranged over Europe, books, music, and the doings of people unknown to me, turned to South Africa and kept turning until it reached the Native people. Abruptly our hostess said something oddly out of keeping with the day and the atmosphere around us.

"We should be like other countries with an aborigine population!" she exclaimed. "We should let them die!"

True, it was the only time I heard such an opinion voiced in South Africa. True also that the lady was not British or English-speaking. True also that a number of Government Departments exist to keep the Native in good health.

Nevertheless, however he be pushed into the background, the Native constitutes the country's largest problem.

According to the 1946 census the Native population of the Union is 7,805,515. They are classified as Bantu, a term of linguistic origin because they speak one or other of the Bantu languages, which traces their origin back to the areas known now as Kenya and Somaliland, where, originally, pastoral tribes of Hamitic origin are believed to have mingled with groups of the agricultural Negro and Negroid peoples. Both strains are still visible today. The Hamitic Native is generally tall, slender, with a dark skin, thin mouth and fairly thick hair. The Negro Native is of shorter, heavier build, very black of skin, with thick lips and a thin covering of hair. Into this union came the further mixture of Bushmen and Hottentot blood.

Divided into groups, forming the south Africa Bantu languages, the south-eastern groups have five group languages, Nguni, Sotho, Venda, Tonga, and Inhambane, among which fusion has occurred, producing in the Nguni group, Xosa and Zulu; in the Sotho group, Southern and Northern Sotho and Tswana; in the Tonga group,

4. The Easy Way of Ascending Table Mountain

Ronga, Tonga and Tswa; in the Inhambane group, Chopi and Tonga; and in the Venda group a language which is homogenous. Throughout the Union a large number of them have gained some fluency in both English and Afrikaans; these are accompanied by queer variations of tense and combination, but mean that the average Native, certainly one who lives in the vicinity of the larger cities and towns, can usually make himself understood in at least three languages, often four.

Native distribution throughout the Union is the process of natural historic changes.

With the advent of the White man, the Native people, who had roamed more or less at will, found themselves being pushed back into certain areas. As the influx of White men increased, so was the Native pushed farther back from the developing centres of European agriculture and culture. With the passage of time, the Native was ceded certain areas in which he was given an assurance that the White man would not interfere with his development. These areas, "reserves", have been subject to change. Industrialization, with its increasing use of the Native as the main labour force, has entailed that large quantities of Natives have left their reserves, at one time in an orderly manner, in order to work for a stipulated time, of one year, in the Rand gold-mines, and more recently, especially since the beginning of the Second World War in 1939, in a most unorderly manner, according to civic authorities, who suddenly discovered ever-increasing thousands of Natives camping in shanty-towns outside their cities in the hope of obtaining permanent employment in industry.

The two main centres for the Natives are these areas immediately adjacent to the cities and towns, and the reserves. A number of them hope to make sufficient money in the cities to be able to return to the reserves, where most of them maintain their tribal families, and stay there until necessity or mood leads them back to the cities. An increasing number, however, having got away from the reserves, are in no mood to return, for sufficiently good reasons. The reserves are not equipped to provide for them.

One instance may show the reason for Native reluctance to live in the reserves. In Natal and Zululand there are 39 reserves, totalling in all an area of 3,213,330 morgen (a morgen is equal to one and a third acres). Only 741,841 morgen of this total is arable land. On it live 1,148,138 Natives. The same is true elsewhere. The reserves are insufficient to house and maintain the Native people; in two of the Natal reserves—Umsinga and Ingwavuma—there is a density of six persons per morgen, or scarcely a quarter of an acre per head.

South African industry needs Native labour to enable it to develop quickly and at a cheap price, by which it can compete with imported goods in the home market and undercut competitors when produce is exported. This aspect of the problem we shall return to shortly, but meantime it is worth noting that the Nationalist Government is

pledged to support a policy of *apartheid*, segregation, under which the Native shall have certain areas in which to develop his own community and culture, which will be removed from the European zones. Remove all Natives from cities and towns, however, and South African industry would be unable to function, the machinery of the State would cease. To overcome this difficulty the Nationalists favour a return to the orderly system which obtained in some degree before. In the words of Mr. J. G. Strydom, Minister of Lands in the Nationalist Government, set out in a newspaper article published early in 1947, the plan (though given as Mr. Strydom's own) is to create three Black Provinces—the Transkei (between East London and Durban) and Basutoland—Nationalists are always eager to assume responsibility for the three British Protectorates, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland); Zululand and Swaziland; and the North-west Transvaal and Bechuanaland; an idea which bears some resemblance to cries of "My last territorial claim." After some undetermined time, these areas would have their own Parliament. Said Mr. Strydom: "The Black man will come in large numbers to work in the European provinces as labourers, but it will not be their fatherland" and meanwhile "the Union will have control over external affairs, railways, posts and telegraphs, customs, war and so on . . ." for the Black Provinces.

It is all very ingenious, a careful blend of the Nationalist dream of being allowed to live in supreme control of all areas, keeping the Native at a distance as a man while ensuring that he rushes gladly to assist Nationalists organize the country's industry and commerce on a paying basis. In the words of Oliver Walker, who replied to the suggestion in a newspaper article: "The Rev. J. G. Strydom, as all segregationists, would like to have the best of two worlds. He wants to have cheap Native labour available to wash his clothes, look after his children, deliver his groceries, dig the gold that balances the national budget, mend the roads he drives his car along, and dig his grave when he is gathered to his fathers." (Like many other Nationalists, Mr. Strydom is a predikant.)

From the time that the Nationalist Government headed by Dr. D. F. Malan assumed office in 1948 it has pursued this ambition.

The first steps were comparatively mild little tricks of snobbery and bad manners, such as keeping some entrances of the stations only for Europeans and in closing certain sections of the post-offices against Native people. This has been described by a non-Nationalist Member as being "vote-catching in the next election". Occasionally the Natives have responded to such insults in the only way open to them, by having a fight with whichever officer or official was enforcing the Nationalist decree. It has not as yet provoked any large-scale riots, but it is not likely to increase Native affection towards either Nationalist or European—the descriptions are not synonymous.

Presumably the intention is to keep the Native separated from

his family during the time he is working in the cities. This is already the practice in the goldmines and elsewhere, the Native recruit being apart from his family for his year's contract of work and living in a compound with other recruits. In this way it is hoped to ensure that no permanent force of Natives, other than domestic workers, shall be established permanently around the cities.

This practice has already had appalling results for Native health. Every care is taken, of this we may be sure, to know that the Native is in good health when he enters and leaves the mines. But there is always a possibility that any complaint from which he is suffering, disease or infection, may be undetected when he leaves and may only develop when he returns to the reserves or to a shanty-town outside another city. In either case, the medical services cannot ensure that he be kept under their supervision. Hospitals and hospital beds are appallingly few. Sir Alfred Beit has estimated it at 1 bed per 240 Natives in the Union.[1]

It is an odd truth that whereas Englishmen go to South Africa to avoid death from tuberculosis and there attain a great age, however subject to chest complaints, the Native death-rate from tuberculosis is amongst the highest in the world. Every day at least 4 Natives die of it in Johannesburg, 3 in East London, 2½ in Port Elizabeth, 3 in Cape Town, and 4 in Durban. This is only a beginning. The estimated non-European death-rate from tuberculosis is over 20,000 a year. It is rising so rapidly, as the *Race Relations Handbook* states, that "it constitutes probably the gravest health problem in the Union today". This figure is supplied largely by younger Natives. It is in addition to many other disasters, which begin with an infant mortality rate of never less than 150 deaths per 1000 live births, which in some areas climbs as high as 600 or 700 deaths per 1000 live births. The death-rate from tuberculosis among Europeans in South Africa is 34 per 100,000 of the population, 240 per 100,000 among Asiatics, and 500 per 100,000 of the Coloured population. It is difficult to estimate the position among Natives, but it is considered that the death-rate among urban Natives totals 700 per 100,000.

In the Transkei and in Zululand I saw individual Natives coughing away their lungs into the roads. Some were children, cattle-herders wrapped in their blankets. Others were wasted, skeleton-thin men who should have been in the prime of their maturity.

Occasionally a Native death is not easily definable. It may come to the individual concerned under several simultaneous diseases. One such case occurred in Durban, a city whose Native health problem has reached fantastic heights. The story was told by the late Dr. T. W. B. Osborn, Labour Member for Benoni, in May 1949, and concerned a young patient who had arrived in Durban to work. Dr. Osborn told the House of Assembly:

[1] *Race Relations Handbook*, Vol. XVI, No. 2, 1949.

The man, a young Zulu of about 22, was then a fine upstanding chap and healthy. He had been in a lucky reserve where there was food, and at 22 he was A1. He came to Durban and got work as a builder's labourer. He lived in a shack in a small room with four other Natives. He walked four miles to work every morning and four miles home every evening, and he did hard work as a builder's labourer.

He was not one of the rogues. He was not one of the out-of-works. He was a respectable Native doing a job.

Eighteen months after he had been in Durban he began feeling tired and found he was losing his appetite and that he was losing weight. In the meantime he had been living principally on mealie-meal or bread and black tea. He carried on for several months although he was in a weakened condition and he got gradually worse and worse until he arrived in hospital.

He had developed tuberculosis of the lungs, of the bowel, and of the kidneys. He had syphilis. He had amoebic dysentery. He died of a vitamin B complex deficiency, of round-worm and hook-worm infestation and he had secondary anaemia.

That was last year. It is difficult to say what killed him. Almost certainly tuberculosis killed him. Why did he have syphilis? Because there was no recreation for him whatsoever and he got among the shebeens (drinking-houses) and drank . . . here is a case typical of thousands. A man has died and he should not have died.

I am interested in the danger of that man to the health of the Europeans. Here was a man who had five different infections. If he had been dealing with milk or bread, or had anything to do in European houses, there was a choice of five different bad infections for him to pass on to those Europeans.

In every part of the country there is a permanent crime wave and this is the raw material from which such crime waves rise. If this man had been a rogue he would not have died. The cause of this is the state that Native affairs have got into as a result of these years of European Government.

Dr. Osborn said that Europeans provided nothing for Native recreation at week-ends:

We throw the thing between the local authority and the Government. The local authority cannot do it because they have not got the money. The Government won't do it because it is the business of the local authority. These things could be fixed. . . .

South Africa at the moment is a dangerous place to live in.

Since then the Government, through Mr. Swart, the Minister of Justice, has announced that it intends to stop all sport on Sundays for which a "gate" is charged. In the case of most Native sports a "gate" is essential in order to equip the players with their club outfit and maintain club expenses. Justice wears a strange political garb. Europeans may bask all Sunday on their sports-club stoeps or drive all day in their cars, and have an opportunity to be visited by a doctor immediately anything goes wrong with them.

Dr. Osborn's hint at infection entering the home from a diseased

Native caused some alarm to European housewives. Every European home has at least one Native servant, many have more. In one town which I visited I learned of a household with four Native servants, two male and two female, whose total wages per calendar month were £12. In another two servants received £6 10s. per calendar month and the lady of the house sold her cast-off clothing to the Native woman.

If this is the position which has existed and is developing under a Nationalist Government, or any other Government, it is scarcely propaganda designed to entice "the Black man to come in large numbers to work in the European provinces as labourers . . ." to conform with Mr. Strydom's roseate vision. He will go because he wants what money can buy.

Our list of diseases afflicting the Native is not yet complete. Rising steadily, side by side with tuberculosis, is venereal disease.

Fantastic stories have been told about the extent of venereal disease among the non-Europeans. Some estimates have placed the figure at between 80 and 90 per cent. of the total population. This figure is a violent exaggeration, though, it must be admitted, the actual estimate is far from reassuring. At the time of the Gluckman Report on the National Health Services, published in 1944, it was believed that the incidence among urban Natives was between 25 and 30 per cent. With the exception of gonococcal ophthalmia, the diseases were not notifiable. The Report said: ". . . the seriousness of the position lies not so much in the risk to the European population, as in the chronic ill-health and serious late sequelae—cardiovascular, visceral and skeletal syphilis, resulting in premature breakdown in middle life; and in the possible effect on the birth-rate." A prime witness before the Gluckman Commission was Dr. G. W. Gale, who was Venereal Disease Officer of the Union from 1939 to 1942. Dr. Gale is now Secretary of the Union Department of Health, and in this capacity I sought him out.

Dr. Gale was most helpful. A medical man of many years' practical experience before undertaking his position in the Department, he displayed a lively interest in the extended use of preventative medicine. In the staid, though very comfortable dining-room of the Pretoria Club, over lunch one day, he answered many questions, and beyond them all lay his interest in extending the preventative services wherever it was humanly possible. His genuine concern for the Native, I soon appreciated, was unquestionable. Both then and later he revealed the greatest sympathy and pity for the sick Native, showing great willingness to advance my knowledge by being completely frank.

In reply to my question on whether Native health had improved since the Gluckman Report appeared, he was perfectly candid. "What the Commission found between 1942 and 1944 still holds good in the main," he answered, "except that in respect to housing and tuberculosis the position has deteriorated, owing to increased urbanization

and industrialization." I asked what caused this development. "The conditions are unfavourable from both the hygienic and social viewpoints," he answered.

"What steps are being taken to improve the conditions?" I asked.

"The Government then in office refused to accept the idea that control of general hospitals should be removed from the four Provinces by *force majeure*, which destroyed the unitary administrative basis of the service proposed," he answered. "It did not accept the suggestion for a Health Tax." Nevertheless, Dr. Gluckman was appointed Minister of Health in 1945 and remained in that role until 1948. He set about establishing Health Centres. "By the end of 1949 we hope to have 44 such centres in the Union, financed from the general Union taxation and providing preventative services at the Centres for all. Curative services will be restricted to those who cannot afford to pay private practitioners—meaning that most curative work will be done among non-Europeans. The whole scheme is exploratory, an attempt to establish a system of medicine aiming at the prevention of ill-health through a continuous process of health education based on (1) the findings made at ordinary medical examinations and (2) an understanding of the psychological and social factors in the etiology of ill-health."

I suggested that this scheme would require a proving-ground.

Dr. Gale agreed. "We shall have to work with the sociologists and anthropologists. We have a training scheme for the health services' personnel in Durban, where they have a University whose Principal, Dr. E. G. Malherbe, is one of the leading sociologists in the country—he was Director of the National Bureau of Educational and Social Research for some years. Then there is Professor Krige, one of our best anthropologists, a nephew of General Smuts, and Professor Burrows, an economist of note."

I asked what the present health services cost.

"In the provinces in hospital services, purely curative, about £8 millions per annum," Dr. Gale replied. "The Union Health Department and local authorities combined spend probably the same amount, of which about only a quarter goes on the truly preventative services. The remainder is spent on hospitals for the mentally disordered, the mentally defective, and persons suffering from TB, VD, leprosy, and other infectious diseases and on domiciliary and out-patient services of a general nature."

I took the opportunity to point out that in some areas, particularly in Native shanty-towns, conditions existed in which the risk of infection spreading was increasing. "What are the chief causes of ill health in the Union, in your opinion?" I asked.

"Malnutrition of body and mind, the product of poverty, are the basic causes," he answered. "There is no quick or easy way to overcome poverty among backward peoples. I doubt whether our non-

Europeans are nearly as badly off as were the populations of the industrial centres of Europe in the mid-19th century."

Undoubtedly there is some truth in this last observation, but for the Native people the conditions are worsening rather than improving. (It should be borne in mind that Dr. Gale's summary of the points covered included health generally throughout the Union and was not solely concerned with the aspect of Native health.) Early in the South African winter of 1949 the Nationalist Government announced that it intended to cease the free milk grant to Native schoolchildren. This announcement came during one of the worst droughts in South African history.

Within a few weeks reports were being published, particularly in the Cape newspapers, of death and disease among the Native people in the Ciskei (below the Kei River) and the Transkei (above the Kei River) in the Native reserves, where men, women, and children were subsisting on roots and weeds. A contributor to the *Johannesburg Star* during the month of May wrote:

> I suppose that the Natives' traditional diet was mealie pap (or some other cooked cereal) with milk and occasionally meat. Nutritionally there was not much wrong with that. But it is quite common nowadays for an adult country Native to have no cattle, still less a cow in milk. Children in the kraals in many cases rarely get anything but plain pap; at their schools they are now to get nothing, and it is children more than any others that need the protein and other health-giving nutrients that milk, in particular, contains.

The average hard-working individual requires a diet containing 3000 calories per day. The average Native seldom gains this diet, his food "is generally deficient, both quantitatively and qualitatively. It is also ill-balanced and low in caloric content . . . overloaded with carbohydrates generally to the extent of 90 per cent. The amount of protein is low; it has been found to fall to levels as low as 20 or even 10 grammes per day."[1]

Malnutrition is increasing rapidly among the Native people. Undernourished in childhood, they become prone to contracting many serious diseases when the difficult years of adolescence are reached. The mortality rate of tuberculosis is rising. The present figure of 20,000 deaths per annum may be more easily understood if it is realized that it means that every two years Native people equal to the whole European population of Bloemfontein municipality die from TB. Natives who have left the reserves and who live on the outskirts of the cities may escape the worst ravages of malnutrition, but are subject to greater danger from other diseases and to the spread of disease, particularly those who live in the shanty-towns.

It was to these that I went to find out in what conditions the Natives lived.

[1] Dr. W. F. Nkomo, *Health and Africans*, in *Race Relations Handbook*, Vol. XVI, No. 3, 1949.

V

IN SEARCH OF KUMALO

EVERYBODY who goes to South Africa goes in search of something or other.

My search among the shanty-towns was for a sight of an old Christianized Native priest, by name Kumalo. He does not exist, but he is more real than many who live. He is, it will be remembered, the old father in Alan Paton's novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, who hears that his son is missing after serious trouble in Johannesburg and who sets off from his parish in the country to tour the shanty-towns outside the 'city of gold' to try to find his missing son.

I saw an old priest, who might have been Kumalo, on a Sunday morning in these same shanty-towns, only a few miles away from Johannesburg, out on the high veld.

Picture a brilliant, warm Sunday morning. You leave behind a city with criss-crossing streets dividing the skyscrapers, and drive out into the heat of a winter's morning, equal to that of a hot day in late spring in Britain or New England. For a while you drive between the slime dumps of the mines, huge, neatly arranged piles, some as tall as the buildings in the centre of London or Boston, glinting pale gold or grey-green or greenish-white in the sunshine, sloping inward from the base, flat-topped, with their sides gnarled into thick seams like defaced primitive gods on a Mayan temple: what is left of the bowels of Johannesburg after the gold has been extracted.

The road you take leads past Langlaagte Farm, where George Walker kicked over a stone and in doing so made Johannesburg what it is. You drive on over the rolling hills, beside the railroad leading to Orlando suburb where occurred the worst train disaster known in South Africa. The road is shadowed here and there with blue gums, their gossamery leaves shining silver as a little wind stirs them in the sunlight. On your left you pass a large collection of buildings, put up for war purposes and now Baragwanath Native Hospital. At another point, again on your left, a long drive leads up to the Diepkloof Reformatory, of which Paton was once Director: we shall be going there later. Then a line of white bungalows with silvery roofs comes into sight, curving down the crest of a long slowly descending hill, a strange sight after the huddles of red-brick houses you have passed in other places of your drive. And then, beyond the silver-white bungalows, you see them: the shanty-towns where Kumalo searched.

Most of them were erected overnight. During and after the war many thousands of Natives did their own Great Trek to the cities to find work and more money than they could find in the reserves.

One of the first of these towns they called Tobruk, because some of the men who put it up had knowledge of North Africa and what had happened at the "fortress on sand".

They are built in rows, close together with only mud paths serving as roads. They are made of odd scraps of wood, planks, and, more generally, of sacks hung in position as walls. Their roofs are either of sacks or strips of corrugated iron, most probably bought or traded from someone who had stolen them; in holes, rusted, smashed. The majority have no door leading into the interior, only an opening which in some places has a tattered and torn piece of sacking to give some privacy. Old newspapers or colourless strips of linoleum or ancient boards cover the ground in some of the "wealthier" huts.

The people who live in these hovels, totalling, it has been estimated, a quarter of a million men, women, and children, are not dressed in rags but they are not well-dressed. They wear old shirts, patched until some of them have scarcely any of the original shirt left, old trousers in a similar state, and occasionally what is left of the colourful blanket which was once purchased at a trading station in one of the reserves. Hardly any of them wear any covering on their feet. Only the younger men have hats, which may have been stolen. The younger women are clad in blouse, tight short skirt, an occasional pair of shoes and a saucerlike beret, the ensemble probably bought in one of the Native stores from having sold a body to earn a shilling or two. There are thousands of Native children, many of them showing signs of undernourishment, all naked, except their older brothers and sisters, running around in the mud and filth. Dogs scratch themselves as they run along narrow muddy lanes between the huts and dive into the openings. A few chickens peck at the veld. Everywhere there is dirt and disease. There are no lavatories.

These are the shanties, the cesspools you find not only outside Johannesburg but also outside Port Elizabeth (which has its own particular hellhole, Korsten), Durban (which we shall see later), and elsewhere.

These are the centres in which venereal disease is rampant, where tuberculosis strikes hardest, where crime is fostered, where children grow with diseased minds, where malnutrition is at its worst, where those "thousands of Black men who have come to the city to work as labourers" and their women live on the lowest possible level of humanity short of having no hut and eating grass.

How did they happen is as difficult a question to answer as is the other inevitable question, who is responsible?

Natives in the reserves and countryside heard that money could be made in the cities, particularly during the war years. Unasked, unheralded, they trekked. The cities watched them arrive, but were wholly unable to put up enough houses, and after all, they might prove a migratory population which would pass on or return to their

home kraals directly they found there was not sufficient work for them. Instead the Natives outspanned and sat down to wait. The cities tried to find them work and did so. Immediately more Natives arrived. The cities asked Government help in building houses. The Government pointed out that it had considerable demands upon its finances and referred the matter to local and provincial authorities. The Natives cannot be wholly absolved for having arrived without warning, though their reasons for doing so are understandable, and the Europeans cannot be wholly blamed for not having made adequate provision within a few years, though, as they always say that Natives are children, they should have had sufficient comprehension to know that what is reason for a White adult is not reason for a Native child.

Behind problems of health and morality in these cesspools made by chance and error is the great spiritual problem of the urban Native, the detribalized Native.

What detribalization means to the Native can best be understood by Europeans and Americans by reference to what happened in Europe during the early summer of 1940, and followed the Russian attack towards Germany and the Allied invasion of France. Millions of people were uprooted from their homes, the orbit of their life broken, the reality of once solid things in a familiar pattern of living destroyed. The victims were given the name of "displaced persons". Spiritually, psychologically, the detribalized Native is a displaced person.

Though he has become so from other reasons than war, there are strong similarities between him and the DP's of Europe and Asia. He has left the tribe and his native kraal. More importantly, he has left the tribal way of life. In areas around the cities, he finds himself some form of living, though it may be only a shack or shanty. There he lives with thousands of his fellow Natives, though it is quite possible that none of them has come from his tribe and knows nothing about his part of the country. No opportunity exists for him to continue his former tribal way of life. Tribal dances in the goldmine compounds, which entertain European tourists on Sunday mornings, are often the only form of tribal custom left, and these too are subject to urbanization in form. He is an uprooted individual. If he cannot write, and his woman back in the kraal usually cannot write, their only contact lies in the bead necklets she sends whose colours indicate her feelings about him. Among his new neighbours he may have no easy contact; they may not speak the same dialect. In such circumstances tribal customs die and the new city life makes no provisions to absorb him into a completely whole, identifiable life. He is adrift within himself. Without sport or recreation at the week-ends, he is easy game for his black sisters' embraces and increasing visits to the nearest shebeen to drink illicit liquor; from this beginning he may die as did the Native in Durban, described by Dr. Osborn, or be found stabbed to death on the veld.

The situation has occurred. That is truth and fact. It shows no sign of decreasing. On the contrary, it is increasing. As the Natives get work so they either spend what they earn on illicitly-brewed beer, go around among women heavy with venereal disease, indulge in crime to increase their money, or bring their families up from the reserves in order to make a permanent home near the city. This is also truth and fact. What counts is what is being done about it, not how it occurred.

I appreciated the honesty and courage of the Mayor and City Engineer of Port Elizabeth.

At a reception for the Master Marketeers Association in the City Hall, the Mayor said to Mr. Burt, the City Engineer (a Devonian by birth), of me: "Have you taken him to see the sub-economic housing scheme?" "I have," replied the City Engineer. "You'd better take him to see Korsten as well—we want him to get the whole picture." Said the City Engineer: "I have—we went there this afternoon." Which we had. Korsten is not as bad as the shanties outside Johannesburg and Durban, but provided my first sight of one, an experience which put horror into my heart and mind.

I record this incident to prove that, contrary to some opinions voiced elsewhere, there are civic authorities in South Africa who know they are facing a problem and are prepared to discuss it openly and honestly. It does not apply everywhere; in East London I was kept away from such sights.

Port Elizabeth has been able to find some answer for the problem by using its collective brains. One of the rising industrial cities, it has the assembly plants of the Ford Motor Works and of General Motors. Unlike Durban, it is not plagued by the white worm, which destroys wood. The Fathers of Port Elizabeth approached the Ford Company and asked if they could have the packing-cases in which cars are sent from abroad in sections, for assembly in the Union. Then the City Engineer and his advisers sat down and worked out a highly ingenious plan by which the packing-cases, planed and treated for preservation, aided by a few bricks for a chimney-stack and some sheets of corrugated iron, could be transformed into houses on a section-built job. Like other cities, Port Elizabeth was already constructing brick houses at a sub-economic rental to house Native workers, but these had been curtailed and slowed down by war and post-war stringencies in building. Wooden houses were decided upon to ease the pressure of slum-dwellings in Korsten and the arrival of thousands of Natives seeking employment. Both the City Engineer and Councillor Mrs. Pearson, with whom I made two trips over housing schemes built and building, told me that Native health improved directly the people moved into their new homes, crime and moral laxity were abated, as the city figures prove.

I was taken into a number of the packing-case houses. The majority

of them contain a living-room, a bedroom, and a kitchen. Gas and water will be laid on later. Rentals range from around 12*s.* 6*d.* to 38*s.* per calendar month, according to the number of rooms. Native people delight in having their photographs taken. In almost every house the walls display one or more photographs, for which they pay anything up to £3. The rooms are about ten feet by fifteen feet, but they are houses; more importantly, homes. Some have good furniture, of stinkwood or embuia.

One Native woman, who had lived in Korsten, told me she had never been so happy as she was in her new home. She paid 17*s.* 6*d.* a month. She kept it spotlessly clean; it had the appearance and feeling of a home which was loved.

In another packing-case home an old father was having his breakfast on the morning I arrived at the door. He had lived in the house for four weeks, he told me. His wife and their son and daughter were "less troublesome, baas" than he had ever known (this with a flash of white teeth), and were very proud of their house. In a third two Native girls in their teens were washing the family dishes and listening to a recording of the Beethoven Violin Concerto coming from a portable radio.

In the medical centre of one Native sub-economic housing scheme I met Sister Dora. Sister Dora is a fabulous figure. A Native woman, a highly educated graduate of Lovedale, she gave up a teaching career to aid her people through working as a nurse. The Native people know her and love her throughout the Union. Native health, she assured me, speaking perfect English, improved directly people had houses. There was little TB and hardly any VD among the people in the housing scheme where her centre is situated. Working with a young Jewish doctor, she found that she was dealing chiefly with ordinary complaints among children, pregnant and nursing mothers, and the troubles of older people.

In a home of Natives beyond the years of employment, I talked with a number of old women. Each had her own little apartment in a square building around a garden. Here they are kept by the city, given their little amusements and radios, and have a superintendent and orderlies attending to them.

There are not enough of these homes. More, many more, are needed. But they are appearing. In addition to what I saw in Port Elizabeth, I visited similar, equally pleasant housing schemes, health centres, centres for recreation and relaxation, and churches, in Pietermaritzburg and Bloemfontein, at Atteridgeville, Pretoria. Others are scheduled, not enough, but they are appearing.

By pointing the way to a courageous attack upon the housing problem the enlightened Fathers of Port Elizabeth are leading the Union and deserve the highest credit. Not only are they aiding the unfortunate, detribalized, and bewildered Native to gain a new entity

as a stable contributor to the country's overall progress, but they are combating crime and sickness which might otherwise infect the European community.

If this were the whole story, the outlook in some cities would be bad and in others hopeful. It is not.

Apartheid looms in the background. If Mr. Strydom's plan, already mentioned, were to be effected, and he is regarded as the most likely Nationalist successor as Prime Minister and possible Republican President to Dr. Malan, then what is being done to improve the urban position of the Natives might be imperilled. It is the Nationalist dream to keep the Native family outside urban territories, give them their own "spheres of influence" and import Native labour on contract into the European factories for a contracted time, during which Natives would be housed in compounds and the only Native women allowed any form of permanent residence in the area would be those engaged in domestic work or in the distributory trades.

Male Natives being men—as much as the free burghers—it is difficult to see how this development could aid the country.

Apartheid is the Nationalist dream. It will be pursued with vigour as a main political faith of men whose forefathers resented the abolition of slavery. It cannot work. Any attempt, such as that occurring now, which will continue while the Nationalists remain in office, can only harm both the present and future of South Africa.

There is a third, much smaller, group of Native men and women who must be taken into account before we leave this aspect of South Africa's problems. These are the educated men and women, students and teachers trained at Lovedale and at Fort Hare, the non-European University at Alice, in the Cape. Having gained some first-hand acquaintance with the shanties and the urban, industrialized, detribalized Native, I set off in search of Fort Hare.

VI

"EDUCATION IS JUST WONDERFUL"

Nkosi sikelel' i-Afrika:
Ma luphakam' uphondo lwayo;
Yiva imithandazo yethu,
Usisikelele– Usisikelele–
Yiza Moya– Yiza Moya– Yiza Moya– Oyingcwele–
Thina lusapho lwayo.

AT sight the words of the Xosa anthem do not give any indication of the beauty which they contain when sung by a non-European gathering.

I heard them sung, together with the British national anthem, the Sotho anthem which begins *Morena Boloka sechaba sa heso*, and the Afrikaans anthem *Die Stem*, at the graduation ceremony of the South African Native College: Fort Hare, the non-European University. It was an experience not quickly forgotten.

With three companions—"Dusty" Green, of the *Queenstown Daily Representative*, his wife, and Elizabeth Hutchings—I had arrived at Alice, the seat of Fort Hare, the previous night from Kingwilliamstown. We had toured the new Native industrial township of Zwelitsha, outside Kingwilliamstown, the previous afternoon, and driven the forty miles on to Alice. There we had no accommodation, but, with true South African hospitality, a hot meal and beds had been found for us by Dr. Mrs. Rolfe, the talented and charming wife of Archdeacon Rolfe, the College chaplain.

Until a late hour I had lain awake listening to conversations going on among some of the graduands talking in the quadrangles outside, as they waited eagerly on the eve of their great success. These boys—I use the word only to indicate age—were graduating in English, Xosa, Zulu, South African history, Native administration, English politics, botany, zoology, hygiene, physics, sociology, anthropology, maths, social science, and chemistry. They were graduating, the overwhelming majority of them, because their parents, most of them very poor, had, like parents the world over, contrived to make some sacrifices, and had undergone fresh hazards to keep them at college until they graduated.

They were still talking, being lordly in a nice way to others whose graduation would not come for another two or three years, when I had gone to sleep.

We had gathered in the great hall early in the morning.

"Dusty" Green and I sat with other newspapermen at the Press table, on the left-hand side of the dais on to which came in solemn

procession the scarlet, the gold, and purple, and rabbit, and green, of learned men in their gowns, all Europeans save for Professor Z. K. Matthews. In front of them, filling the hall, were mothers and fathers, Natives, Indians, Coloureds—for this is not only a Native college but embraces all non-Europeans—clad in European business suits and coats and skirts. Somewhat self-conscious these parents, proud, too, not knowing whether to be gay or rather tearful: parents in a state of great pride. Bright autumn sunshine shone through the high windows. The Europeans—friends, helpers, college people, visitors, missionary workers—sat in a block by themselves, in shadow. Freshmen students were festooned around the windows.

An ordinary scene among Europeans: for South Africa a triumph of human endurance. The way to this day for most had been started in a tiny school in a kraal where bare piccaninnies had gathered to learn an alphabet and count. They had grown and become clever boys, brilliant for their families. They had gone to schools in the urban districts in the Cape and Natal, and Free State and Transvaal. They had climbed and been aided by missionary societies, grants and goodwill.

And now these boys, and some girls, came trooping in, wearing gowns, nervous, smiling, cap and colour in hand, filing into the front rows, waiting for the opening ceremonies to be concluded before they went up to kneel in front of the Deputy for the Vice-Chancellor of the University of South Africa, Mrs. W. de Vos Malan, B.A., and return to their seat wearing their own scarlet and green, and gold and rabbit, and purple. Ninety-nine of them. Including women, very brilliant young women, Native, Coloured, and Indian, wearing their caps at a rakish angle, looking more feminine than learned.

They prayed humbly and they sang *The Lord's Prayer* with more feeling than I have ever heard before. Natives have a natural and superb understanding of singing: I had previously heard tots of three to five years of age, in Port Elizabeth, singing *Little Jack Horner*, and, later, children in a Sunshine Home for tubercular contacts singing *Now is the Hour* and *Danny Boy* with a feeling and pathos which did strange things to my eyes and throat.

Now, capped and coloured, the graduands listened to Mrs. de Vos Malan.

Mrs. de Vos Malan is a most amiable lady. Before the event began she had come across to greet me, and said, "We had a little discussion last evening, but I know it was in good spirit." We had, indeed, had a discussion. I had abused my host's and hostess's kindness by telling her that I saw no good in educating non-Europeans if no use other than teaching Native schoolchildren in the reserves and sub-economic housing schemes could be made of their talents. When arguing, my manners, which are usually atrocious, always give my friends alarm, lest my manner towards the victim becomes too fierce. On this

5. Cape Town University under Devil's Peak

occasion, Mrs. de Vos Malan had suffered. She was most gracious to forgive me.

Before leaving Fort Hare there occurred an incident worth recording. One graduand, a very brilliant scholar from the Transkei, by name Jimmy Hutchinson, had graduated with distinction in four subjects, including English. I asked to meet him, and was soon talking to the shyest young man I've ever met. What did he intend to do now, I asked. He did not know. He did not want to teach, he was far too frightened. Surely he wouldn't mind that? I asked. Wouldn't he, though! He was already frightened "to death as you would say, sir" (a flash of white teeth here). While we talked—in English, he being more clever at languages than I—he studied the ground, too nervous to look up.

We had our photograph taken. He seemed surprised when I said we should risk this, which one of his friends suggested. We shook hands. He wished me good luck with whatever I wrote about South Africa. I wished, and wish, him good luck in South Africa.

Later, in the Transvaal, I related this story at a party of Nationalist Afrikaners. The winter night's chill outside crept into the room. "I think," observed one sedately, "I think you should realize you are a visitor here." "I do," I assured him. I was not invited to that household again; I was obviously written off as a *kaffirboetie*. Well, they have to make the most of such a description. I do not expect to share the Native mentality, any more than the Native can share mine, but I see no reason not to wish good luck to and shake hands with any man who impresses me with his goodwill and intelligence.

Despite Mrs. de Vos Malan's opinions, which were mild compared to many I heard, I still see no reason for educating non-Europeans unless use is to be made of their gifts and qualifications. Why worry —if they cannot be given work as skilled or semi-skilled workers—if a consciously developed intelligence cannot be rewarded with some dignity?

In one town I heard of a Native woman of outstanding intelligence who was sponsored by wellwishers and sent to America for an academic training. She returned some years later with a list of qualifications and honours. She invited her sponsors to dine at her little house in a Native location. The meal having been served to her white sponsors, they ate alone. Being a Native she could not sit at the same table, and ate in the kitchen.

It is no easy thing to be an educated Native or non-European in South Africa. These people, they number only a few, still live among their own people in whatever quarters they can find in the locations. They travel in overheated, overcrowded carriages tacked on to the rear of the train. They are subject to *apartheid* in stations and post-offices. They are not allowed into hotels or cinemas frequented by Europeans: at one time I hoped to meet Professor Davidson Don

6. A Cape Province Farmstead

Jabavu (after the Rev. Davidson Don, who protested against a European farmer, William Pelzer, being allowed to go free after killing a Native, back in 1885). Our meeting never took place; had it done so I should have gone to Jabavu's home; he could not come to my hotel. Surely some better treatment could be devised?

Education (as Oliver Walker has said) for what? The annual bill for educating the children of 7,500,000 Natives is nearly £3,000,000; the corresponding bill for the children of 2,500,000 Europeans is nearing £25,000,000. Eighty per cent. of the Native people cannot read or write. Education for Europeans is compulsory; for Natives it is optional. If young Natives, who have received a good education at Fort Hare or Lovedale, at Cape Town or Witwatersrand Universities (where they are still permitted to appear, though for how long no one knows), wish to teach, they are sent out to the reserves or to housing schemes around the cities to teach young children over whom they have only a classroom control.

Behind this, increasingly so while the Nationalist Government remains in office, is the attitude that if you educate a Native, you immediately spoil his services as a means of labour, whether as male in the industrial spheres or as female in domestic work.

In this attitude the schizophrenic mind of many Europeans in South Africa is shown more clearly than anywhere else.

The Native, they tell you, is a child, and must be treated as such. But they are reluctant to increase the child's intelligence and bring him to full maturity. This, these same people tell you, strengthens their position against the Native's demanding or taking forcible control of the country. That it does precisely the reverse does not apparently strike them. Whether they wish it or not, so long as industry depends upon Native labour for its operation, so long will cities attract Natives from the reserves and rural areas and enforce that each European community have a corresponding Native community. The Nationalist scheme of *apartheid* cannot alter this, for, as has been shown, even Mr. Strydom, the Nationalist Minister of Lands, envisages Natives going to the cities to keep industry working.

South Africans are witnessing the birth of a large middle-class population of Natives. Given an adequate income to increase their purchases, those Natives will remain content because they appreciate, far more clearly than do most Europeans, that they have a long road to travel before they can undertake any conduct or part of control of government or industry on their own behalf.

In the Transkei I was permitted to witness an assembly of Natives representing their people sitting in a form of area government with the magistrates of the Transkei, under the chairmanship of the Chief Magistrate, Mr. J. J. Yates. The problems discussed revolved round the administration of the Transkeian Territories. Speaking in Native languages, interpreted for the magistrates, these headmen offered a

number of suggestions and were, indeed, willing to be shown where their ideas were impractical or unworkable. One of those in attendance was Will Stuart, one of the three Native Representatives in the House of Assembly, all of whom face the prospect of being axed from the House in 1950 by the Nationalist Government, which believes that Natives do not require European representatives in Assembly. Others do. It was invigorating to find among the many Transkeian magistrates with whom I talked the same understanding and sympathy with the Natives which gives Fort Hare its unique Christian atmosphere.

Education implies a right to exercise some authority, however slight, over the young. It also involves a right to think. Deny any man such a right, but tell him that he may be educated and he is immediately open to temptation to join those political factions which promise him the right to act in accordance with his thought—even if they do not intend that he shall do so. Should he succumb to temptation and join the growing class of semi-educated men of his own blood, then the country faces a graver problem. As it is, some Europeans are not as well educated or mentally alert as the more educated and alert Natives: intelligence is not a prerogative of colour. Some Natives have indicated an even greater spiritual comprehension than their white brothers in Christ.

There was Tiyo Sogas.

Shortly over a hundred years ago Tiyo Sogas was born in a Native kraal. A missionary society sent him as a young man to Scotland. From there he returned a fully qualified preacher. He brought with him a Scots wife. They brought up a family. Before his death he wrote out sixty-two maxims as *An Inheritance for My Children*. In this document, remarkable for its clarity as well as its purpose, Tiyo Sogas said:

> Among some white men there is a prejudice against black men: the prejudice is simply on account of colour. For your own sakes never appear ashamed that your father was a Kafir, and that you inherit some African blood. It is every whit as good and as pure as that which flows in the veins of my fairer brethren. . . . I want you for your own future comfort, to be very careful on this point. You will ever cherish the memory of your mother as that of an upright, conscientious, thrifty, Christian Scotch-woman. You will ever be thankful for your connection by this tie with the white race. But if you wish to gain credit for yourselves—if you do not wish to feel the taunt of men, which you sometimes may be made to feel—take your place in the world as coloured, not as white; as Kafirs: not as Englishmen. . . . You, my children, belong to a primitive race of men, who, amid many unamiable points, stand second to none as to nobility of character. The Kafirs will stand high when compared in all things with the uncivilized races of the world. They have the elements out of which a noble race might be made.

Under the policies being put into Law by the Nationalist Government, such as the Mixed Marriages Bill[1] and the Immorality Amend-

[1] Now an Act of Parliament.

ment Bill, to which we shall return later, the direction given to all Non-European races in South Africa is increasingly to bring out the worst in them and deny any good.

They are people apart. They cannot be given responsibility: so why should they ever trouble to seek it? If they do a working-day job conscientiously, they are paid for it, and that ends the notice taken. If they do not do such a job and are not minded to become conscientious citizens, their defalcation is hailed as proof that they cannot be trusted and must therefore be kept apart. Such political opportunities as they have are threatened with being removed. Such social standing as they have is being taken away. Under the Nationalist Government they are being put down again to a position of slavery.

This is not good politics. It is not even good sense. It is just plain stupidity, inhumanity, and, above all, lack of Christianity. It may bring down upon the European population a holocaust of hatred in the years ahead. For nothing can stop the tide of progress. If the Native people develop in mimicry, devoid of education, commanded only by the emotions of revenge and hatred, it can only ultimately harm all whom it involves.

Education—for what?

Another problem faces the educated Native. Already a lonely man, he is unlikely to find a Native woman who can meet him and treat him on the same intellectual plane. Only the barest fraction of his own countrywomen ever attain more than an elementary form of tuition. How then can he possibly advance, as a member of his people or as an individual, if his home-life is in direct contrast to his intellectual equipment for daily life, if, in his domestic setting, he is continually taken back to the life of the kraal as it was 300 years ago?

Tiyo Sogas was one of the first to face this problem and he solved it by marrying a white woman. This was one of the first twain-meetings. There have been a few others. One of them is causing considerable propagandist worry to South Africans at this time, Native as well as European.

VII

TWAIN MEETING: L. TO R., RUTH, SERETSE, UNCLE AND FRIENDS

HALF-WAY through the 20th century, Love in its more familiar and robust interpretation gives an appearance of having reached a fascinating stage, particularly in the Western hemisphere.

Young ladies of consentable age in some areas within this sphere enjoy a condition broadly defined as "emancipation".

When approached on the theme, few can give a precise definition of the term, which would suggest it to be a matter for purely individual interpretation. But all affirm they are much happier than were the downtrodden, unemancipated women of half a century ago. It is believed that "emancipation" was intended to stabilize and ensure the social dignity of women, their personal and financial rights, from personal maltreatment by their menfolk and impersonal debasement by society. Nearly 50 years' evidence seems to indicate that it has been largely demonstrated in divorce courts, in becoming snarled up for low wages in the working world, in the increasing use of contraceptives in countries with high taxation and rising costs of living, and in a widespread reading of novelettes of the "Enduring Love Triumphant Against All Odds" variety—or in watching celluloid unfold a similar theme in the cinemas. Occasionally, here and there it includes naming one's husband as traitor to an Ism political party and getting him shot dead or incarcerated for life. Fascinating, indeed.

These are the more accepted forms of what some understand by "emancipation".

Undeterred, the many continue to court disaster, determined to make Love work out. None is more determined than he who reaches out beyond boundaries which limit the vast majority of people. Amongst those to whom this applies the most determined appear to be those who strive to disprove the Kiplingesque belief that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet".

At the half-century, twain meetings develop apace.

Agog with excitement, Europe and America were aware of Miss Rita Hayworth, the American film actress, slipping quietly into Ireland from America with her young daughter, and then moving, still quietly, into the maw of post-war Europe, pursued by reporters. One British newspaper became so indignant over something or other that it made public announcement of paying no further attention to Miss Hayworth. Interest increased among readers of other journals when Miss Hayworth reappeared in Switzerland and the South of France accompanied by Prince Aly Khan, the half-Indian, half-Italian heir of the Aga Khan.

Announcements indicated marriage. In the best fairy story tradition, it occurred. The gentleman who conducted the civic ceremony, the Communist mayor of a small French town, appeared (from published reports of the function) to be slightly overawed, though whether from the wealth and importance which waited passively for his social benediction or from a recent or forthcoming speech as a Communist was not clarified.

Then there was the lady who, in September 1949, arrived unexpectedly in a large car and sari in Stoke-on-Trent. Unmistakably of European origin, her arrival created considerable interest in the six towns which are the home of England's pottery industry, grouped in a dark, brown-brick cluster in a corner of the Midland Plain. Windows were peered into at the house where she was staying; her brother appeared to assuage Press interest. Finally the lady herself announced that she was British, that her husband was a maharaj, that he already had one wife, and that she and the first wife got along nicely.

The crowning instance of twain meeting was reserved for Africa.

More significantly, for an area bordering upon South Africa, in a Protectorate of Britain.

The good wishes of everyone of fair mind are already with the two couples previously mentioned. The couple of Africa, in Bechuanaland, we may include in our prayers. Unlike other twain-meeters, this couple, from the moment their marriage was completed, has been involved in politics. It appears unlikely that politics will set them loose for some time. This is always a matter for appeal to some agency beyond what men usually conduct.

Ruth Williams' story is easy to state and understand.

She was a London typist, a slim, attractive young woman who lived with her family in one of London's grey clustering northern suburbs. During the daytime she worked in an office, efficiently, expertly. In the evening she returned to home and family, spending much time with them and occasionally going out and about with her sister or a few friends. She was quieter than many young women of her age, read more than most, and had an interest in life.

A few years after the war she visited a social club with her sister and there met Seretse Khama, chief-designate of the Bamangwato tribe of Bechuanaland. Despite a difference of colour, their friendship ripened. Ruth found Seretse an interesting companion. She enjoyed his company, his approach to topics which interested her, and the interest he showed in the world. They fell in love. In 1948 they were married, prepared to face out whatever consequences arose from their wish to share life together.

It is only difference of colour which makes Ruth's story different from that of other young women. Our own lives can instance innumer-

able cases of women, particularly when young and attractive, who have not heeded the advice of friends in their love for "unsuitable" young men, and have gained sufficient reasons after marriage to experience no regret for what was originally regarded as their "headstrong and foolish" action. Like many other things, it depends entirely on whether it is successful. Success is always acclaimed right; failure is always wrong and was predicted by some knowing soul.

Ultimately, Love is acclaimed by virtue of longevity—this is becoming true of politics also—in a world of "emancipated" women. Young ladies of good faith enter marriage hoping for the best and convinced that their choice has as good a chance of success as any other choice available. So did Ruth Williams.

Throughout the first months of her marriage, while separated from her husband, she acted with dignity. She refused interviews with the Press. Her single public utterance was, "I have no statement to make, not because I am prevented from talking, but because it is not my wish to talk." Her conduct throughout this phase was praiseworthy.

Seretse's story is more complicated.

His grandfather was the great chief Khama, one of the paramount chiefs of the Bechuana tribes (the others were Gaseitsiwe and Sebele) sixty years ago.

In the years shortly before 1885 continual trouble had occurred between the Bechuana tribes and the Boers of the South African Republic. In that year the three chiefs sought British protection. The country became the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and, in 1895, was annexed to the Cape Colony.

Khama became a genuine Christian.

A progressive chief, convinced that his people's interests would be best served by adopting more European practices, Khama instituted a number of measures which replaced the tribal customs which had existed until then. Native law concerns chiefly marriage and property. It was in the former that Khama noticed the greatest differences between Christian faith and Native custom. Thereupon he abolished the system of *bogadi*, or bride-price, paid to the bride's parents, the central feature of Native law, observed throughout the continent. He decreed that parents should no longer make compulsory marriages for their children. He sought methods to discourage the Native practice of polygamy. Under his guiding ambition and with the support of his people, an unusual feature was introduced into Native life: law and custom among Native people are frequently obscure, but, among those speaking Tswana, including those of Khama's tribe, no restriction was placed on the right of a chief-designate to marry whomsoever he wished.[1]

[1] *Handbook of Tswana Law and Custom.*

Earlier in life, while a young man, Khama had, naturally enough, accepted the polygamous system which he sought subsequently to discourage. This early acceptance was responsible for the situation which followed his death. A son by his paramount wife succeeded him as chief. Another son, the child of an inferior wife, was Tshekedi Khama. When the son of the paramount wife died in 1925 leaving a small son, Seretse, then only an infant, to succeed him, Tshekedi Khama, Seretse's uncle, was appointed regent until such time as Seretse should come of age and chieftainship.

Seretse was given a far more comprehensive education than that enjoyed by the overwhelming majority of Natives. He proved himself a brilliant scholar. The war ended, he went to England to study law.

While studying in London he met Ruth.

Their marriage coincided with the time when he could claim the chieftainship of his people, the Bamangwato tribe. He had no reason to ask their permission as to whom he should marry. But he showed acumen by calling a *kgotla* (assembly) of the tribe, numbering roughly 500,000, and asking them to accept Ruth, his white wife, as their chieftainess. A majority of those who attended the *kgotla* accepted his appeal and Ruth. But not Tshekedi, the regent, his uncle.

Tshekedi Khama is a figure on whom Press attention has already centred from time to time. He is a colourful figure, one of the most dramatic seen on the African continent for many years. He is an educated man, speaking faultless English.

I was told a story about Tshekedi which, whether authentic or not, is worth retelling.

On one occasion Tshekedi, accompanied by a number of his leading chiefs fully arrayed in their tribal finery of skins and spears and cowhide shields, attended a ceremony at Fort Hare (or Lovedale). The sight of these warriors, dark bodies gleaming with good health, skins catching the sunlight, sitting in the assembly-hall, holding their polished spears as they occupied chairs in the front row, surrounded by Native men and women in European clothes, Indians, Coloured people, and facing the European teachers in their robes on the platform, must have been a most colourful sight. For half an hour Tshekedi addressed the assembly from the platform, in English, upon the merits of Western education for the Native people. Every time he paused there was a roar from his warriors; feet stamped the boards, spears were raised in the sunbeams.

A European newspaperman, sitting at the Press table, was overheard during one pause to comment in a loud voice on the way "these ruddy Natives" applauded every time Tshekedi drew breath. "You'd think they understood English," said the newspaperman, "and not one of 'em knows what he's saying, poor ruddy fellows." Whereupon there

was another raising of spears and roaring of voices, the warriors glaring at him.

This went on for some minutes: the newspaperman talked of "ruddy Natives" in a loud voice, spears glinted, voices roared, and Tshekedi talked, while glances directed at the newspaperman became more and more angry.

All the warriors understood English. Indeed, the majority of them were graduates of Fort Hare or Lovedale. Most of them had been to Oxford or London Universities.

Tshekedi was summoned from Lovedale to take over the regency when his brother died in 1925.

He was then nineteen years of age. Like his father, he was, and has remained, a progressive.

On arrival at Serowe, seat of the Bamangwato tribe, Tshekedi discovered it to be suffering from bad administration. Much of what Khama had done had either been lost or was in the process of being lost. Among the Bamangwato he saw unmistakable evidence of laziness and slackness; the tribesmen were slipping back into the ways they had known before Khama became their chief. When he sat in conclave with the members of his council he found a number of them were reactionary. That this was against the interests of his people was self-evident. That it was produced by laziness was equally obvious.

Tshekedi wasted no time. He sacked the more inefficient and reactionary members of the council. He restored the innovations made by his father. Later, the first battles won, he began introducing new improvements and modernizations.

Since then it has proven an uphill fight. The Native is not inclined, if allowed to remain with his tribe and without a Western education spurring him on, to make sustained efforts to attain a higher, more complex form of life. Tshekedi's chief problem has been to keep his people intent upon working out the ideas introduced by his father and himself.

Eight years after assuming the regency, Tshekedi attracted world attention.

The year was 1933. Tshekedi was then twenty-seven years of age. Everything was going fine when along happened a young European named Phineas McIntosh.

Phineas was a blacksmith and mechanic. He had a battered, ancient, rusting car, which, nevertheless, went. It went too often by night, driving out from Serowe in the moonshine. At such times Phineas was observed to be driving and beside him sat one or other of the younger Bamangwatese maidens, eager to taste such delights as can be found in travelling by car at night.

At first Phineas was regarded as unwise—later both the few

Europeans living in Serowe and the Natives regarded his accompanied jaunts as causing a public scandal. This view was held particularly by fathers of maidens. *Bogadi* might have been abolished or changed into another system, but Native maidens were more favourably reviewed as possible wives than those suspected of being maidens no longer. A complaint was lodged against Phineas. He was told to take his jaunts alone. He ignored this instruction.

Further complaints were laid against him. He appeared in the Native Court, before Tshekedi himself. The substance of what Tshekedi told him was that he must either leave Native women alone or leave Serowe. If he did not, Tshekedi would have him flogged.

This introduced a new element into the matter. The flogging of a white man by a black opened up a racial hornets'-nest.

Phineas was reported as having become very angry at this threat. No Native would ever thrash him, he cried furiously. He accompanied the words with what appeared to be an ominously threatening gesture towards Tshekedi.

What followed is not wholly clear. One report stated that Tshekedi's councillors, using their light official wands, attempted to ward off his attack upon Tshekedi. Another was that the wands were somewhat too substantial to be classified as "light" and were used not for defence but for attack.

International complications ensued. The High Commissioner for Bechuanaland was away, on leave of absence from his official duties. The Acting High Commissioner, Vice-Admiral E. R. Evans ("Evans of the *Broke*") was in Pretoria on official business. When Admiral Evans received information of what had happened he telephoned the naval base at Simonstown, in the Cape Peninsula. Before a day was out a special train, carrying an armed naval detachment, was *en route* for Serowe, a thousand miles away. The detachment marched into Serowe, shouldering their rifles. A short while later Admiral Evans arrived and pronounced the sentence of the court of inquiry which had been held into the matter. Tshekedi was deposed from office and exiled for two months.

The matter caused considerable interest in South Africa, Rhodesia, and London. American newspapers reported it in headlines. It created considerable resentment on both sides, which might have become worse had not official quarters in London taken a hand. Resulting from this, the King restored Tshekedi to office. Tshekedi accepted this gesture without attempting to magnify what a number of Nationalist Afrikaners suggested that he would: a personal victory over the Europeans involved. Without question or recrimination, he returned to Serowe and continued his work for his people.

Eighteen months later Tshekedi was again in the news.

This time he made himself powerful enemies right on his own doorstep. He directed an appeal to the British Parliament to reject a proposal that Bechuanaland Protectorate be transferred from the care of Great

Britain to the Union of South Africa. His people, he affirmed strongly, regarded themselves to be subjects of the British Crown. They resented interference, by any other government, with that status.

This particular incident has been remembered on many occasions since by Nationalist Afrikaners.

Occasionally, in one or other newspaper supporting the Nationalist cause, tucked away in a corner of an article or introduced into a report upon this or that part of South Africa, may be read in Afrikaans an item which advises or claims that the Protectorate Countries—Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Swaziland—be taken in under the wing of the Government in Cape Town and Pretoria. Much joy is promised them. The Protectorate peoples concerned protest vigorously every time such a suggestion is made. They want no part of any area governed by Nationalists. The interest which Tshekedi's career has gained earned him many enemies when, as paramount ruler in Bechuanaland, he regarded a suggestion in 1935 as sufficiently important for him to communicate his feelings to Whitehall as a means of forestalling any such suggestion.

In February 1936 Tshekedi married Bagakanetse Sekgoma, a daughter of his half-brother. In March 1937 Tshekedi was granted a divorce from Bagakanetse, on the grounds that she had borne a child of which he was not the father. In the following month Bagakanetse was found guilty of practising witchcraft with intent to injure Tshekedi's mother.

Ten and a half years later, in October 1947, Tshekedi was accused by members of the Mswazi tribe, a people subject to the Bamangwato, of several crimes. He was charged with being a Native totalitarian who ignored Native law and custom. The charges were somewhat old in time, but they had, stated their sponsors, caused 1200 Mswazi to become refugees and flee to Rhodesia, claiming that Tshekedi had confiscated their cattle, grain, and movable property, destroyed other aspects of their life, and imperilled their tribal existence.

Tshekedi denied that armed force had been used against them. He claimed that the Mswazi had failed to pay their taxes and he had only impounded in kind what was owing, goods which he would hold until his subjects returned, and which, he indicated, should not be long. Through the agency of the Reverend Michael Scott,[1] a wandering missionary, the chief of the tribe, John Mswazi, appealed to the United Nations to hear the case. (Mr. Scott attracted attention late in 1949 with another appeal to UNO.)

This incident only heaped South African coals upon Tshekedi's head. Nationalists were observed going round the political circuit, saying this proved their contention that the Protectorates should come

[1] Mr. Scott was invalided from the R.A.F. and believes: "Racialism as a political or religious doctrine can do incalculable harm . . . it is imperative for us to realize this before it is too late." *The Outspan*, February 16, 1945.

under the guidance of a Nationalist South Africa: they were not then in office, but had hopes. When Native disputes were transported across the ocean and set adrift on Lake Success, the time had obviously arrived when a strong hand at the South African helm was necessary to keep the ship afloat and out of foreign harbours where it might capsize. Obviously also, Tshekedi was a menace; he was assuming too much authority and imperilling the white man.

Those who voiced such opinions may have heard the story told of Tshekedi's wartime attitude. This was not calculated to win him friends or influence people towards a more favourable estimate of him from the ranks of Nationalist Afrikaners (as will be shown later). A widely-circulated rumour stated he had sent a message to the King, saying he regarded the Nazis, and so did his people, as his enemies, and was prepared to raise an army from his warriors and march against Germany. And, the rumour concluded significantly, if the Union sided with Germany against Britain, he was prepared to march against the Union.

This story is most likely untrue, if not wholly at least in the conclusion. It may have been invented as a political trick. It sounds like one. But it has never been denied by Tshekedi. And the idea of armed Natives is not one which gains favourable smiles in South Africa.

In 1948 Tshekedi, after 23 years of ruling Bechuanaland, restoring his father's innovations, introducing his own, seeking to establish a system of collective farms on which his people would make increasing use of modern farm machinery and the latest methods of farming, building up one of the finest herds of cattle in the Protectorates, dispensing law and justice as the chief, found himself facing a new and difficult problem.

His nephew was returning from Europe to assume his chieftainship. His nephew was obviously in a rebellious mood—and had prior authority for rebelliousness on his side. With him was coming, to live in Serowe, his nephew's white wife.

Tshekedi stayed home that day, and did some serious thinking.

Serowe, headquarters of the Bamangwato tribe, is probably the largest Native town in South Africa. Its population numbers some 30,000. The country surrounding it is fertile. It has some developments lacking in other Native towns; dams, schools, a church, a three-times weekly postal service. It has a small European community.

Seen from the outside, Tshekedi's house appears rambling and old-fashioned. Inside it has a floor covered with the skins of animals, sewn together to make rugs. Photographs and scrolls cover some walls. Illumination is provided by oil lamps.

The house into which Ruth and Seretse have moved is a more modern structure, the rooms painted light blue and yellow.

Tshekedi is best known to Europeans by the likeness of him which appeared in the papers some years ago. He was wearing a smart military uniform topped by a glinting Guards helmet surmounted by a plume of feathers. When he arrives in Pretoria, some 600 miles away by road, he wears a neat dark business suit and carries a smart leather brief-case. Tshekedi and his brief-case created considerable interest during the early months of his nephew's marriage, when he arrived for important conferences with South African and British officials. Back in Serowe, Tshekedi can be seen moving around on official business and personal concern in an Oldsmobile car and a brown or grey suit, a blue cotton shirt and tie. On the two occasions when I saw him—though without speaking to him—he appeared slightly less than average height, solidly built with the beginning of a paunch, head set close to his shoulders, a strong Negroid cast of features topped by a round, close-clipped head.

Europeans in Serowe, numbering less than a hundred, are traders, the British administrative staff, some labour agents.

Near by in South African reckoning—less than 90 miles away—is the beginning of the first secondary school to go up in Bechuanaland, with provision for higher grades of education and instruction in such vocational branches as agriculture and mechanics. Tshekedi is determined that Native teachers must be fully trained, at such places as Lovedale, Fort Hare or even farther afield. He is also concerned with increasing the number of schools in the Protectorate.

Serowe is a somewhat ragged town, I noticed.

Streets are similar to country roads the world over, worn into ruts and with some potholes. Wooden palings enclose the habitations. There are some dusty trees. At the base of a rock a wire fence and Union Jack are in front of a group of huts covered with thatch, the administrative offices. The town lacks a sewage system; Europeans have introduced varying forms of privy, but Natives do not have even these. The hospital has one European and one Native doctor. There is a largish covered room in which some 350 Native children are given an elementary education.

At Moeng, where the new secondary school is going up, carpenters and bricklayers were as busy as their workmates were on some of the sub-economic housing schemes I had seen in the Union. Headed by Mr. Warffemius, an Afrikaner from Cape Province, three Europeans, 40 Natives and Coloured men, were at work on the school.

The Government of Bechuanaland is headed by the Resident Commissioner, under the High Commissioner for Basutoland, the Protectorate itself, and Swaziland. An Advisory Council of seven elected Europeans and a maximum of 35 Natives advise the Resident Commissioner, whose seat is at Mafeking, some 280 miles away down the

Cape Town–Rhodesia line from Palaype Road station, 32 miles from Serowe by road. Mafeking is in Cape Province.

The area of the Protectorate is some 275,000 square miles. In 1946 it had a population of 253,000—this included 2300 Europeans, 1708 Coloureds, and 96 Asiatics. Revenue increased from £246,574 in 1940–41 (expenditure £246,720) to £466,757 (expenditure £404,799) in 1946–47. In five Imperial Grants-in-Aid made during 1934 and 1938 a total of £417,000 was made over.

There is no bank. Roadways are generally poor and carry only motors. There are 26 post-offices and 27 postal agencies. In addition to Serowe hospital there are eight others scattered around through the principal districts. The prime interest is that of a pastoral community, with herds of cattle which thrive save for occasional diseases which either wipe them out almost completely or leave them seriously affected. Some attempt has been made at mining though without any resultant benefit to date.

This is the country. These are the conditions into which the hardest-affected twain-meeters have gone. To set up home and rule their people.

What has been described gives some indication of what the young English woman, Ruth Khama, will have to accept. It is not all. *Au contraire*, it is only the beginning.

In an interview with the British newspaper correspondent, Noel Monks, before the arrival of Ruth Khama (Seretse had been in his country only a few weeks), Tshekedi said: "The thing that cuts deep into my heart is that this tribe of ours is heading for disintegration. If Queen Victoria had been alive she would never have permitted this. My work in the past 22 years, the plans I have for the tribe's future welfare, all now go overboard because of a white woman 6000 miles away who has never seen Africa in her life."

This foreboding observation was true. It cannot be denied. No one who has not been to Africa can wholly appreciate the atmosphere, especially in the Native areas. For Ruth, in this respect alone, love will be a matter of longevity.

"How can a white woman appreciate it?" Tshekedi asked Monks. "No Londoner can have the faintest concept of Africa and no Bechuana could visualize London in a thousand dream pipes. My people are asking me all day long, 'Is that white woman of royal blood?' having been brought up on legends of Queen Victoria and having seen our gracious Queen Elizabeth. They think that a white woman who could marry their chief apparent would be of royal blood."

He showed Monks over a compound of mud hutments crowded with 250 chiefs of tribes and guests, and said: "My wife's first duty daily is to go among the women there, sit with them all morning and

entertain them while they listen to the grievances of their menfolk. They are simple people and come hundreds of miles to meet their chieftainess. . . . A chieftainess who could not speak their language would be completely stumped. The coming of a white woman can lead only to chaos and disintegration."

It was to mitigate this difficulty, which is undoubtedly a real one, that Seretse called the *kgotla* to seek his people's acceptance of a white chieftainess. This they did, according to the Deputy Resident Commissioner, Mr. V. Ellenberger; over 90 per cent. of the 3500 members of the tribe who attended the *kgotla* were in favour of Seretse taking over the tribe, notwithstanding the circumstances attending his marriage. If this acceptance continues, Seretse will be unique among 20th-century rulers who have married out of their own sphere and still remained at the head of their people.

Seretse's position can be appreciated if we understand the extremely difficult position in which he was already placed before he met his wife.

He is the living personification of the Rank film (scripted by Herbert Victor) *Man of Two Worlds*.

He is not only an educated man. He is a highly educated African. With all due respect to Native women, there is no Native woman who could be expected to keep pace with such intelligence as is his. Only a handful of Native women have any education beyond an elementary schooling. From this fact, what may have been originally regarded as his audacity in even contemplating marriage with a white woman is seen as something different. It represents courage, and, can it be, a progressive spirit? It may well be that somewhere in Seretse's mind there is a belief that only a woman of high education and social appreciations can undertake the task of leading the women of his country to a higher society. Women have always been the hard core of the social unit: the introduction of European customs into Bechuanaland would stand more chance of success were the woman who undertook the task as one of their leaders a European.

Away on the extreme right of this snapshot of twain-meeters are a number of others. These feel themselves involved in the nuptials. They are the Union's Nationalists.

Dr. Malan, referring to the marriage, stated that it showed the wisdom of the Nationalist policy of *apartheid*. No such union could have occurred in South Africa, he stated. A Cape Nationalist paper stated that the decision of the Bamangwato to accept Seretse and his wife was more than disappointing: "The marriage can only create new problems and also possibly complicate race relations in our country. The Union Government cannot stand idly by in the face of developments of this kind and therefore the decision of the British Government will be awaited with exceptional interest."

This opinion is—it is surely obvious—prompted more by political instincts than moral indignation.

The argument is not concerned so much with the case of Ruth and Seretse but whether the British Government is going to support the Nationalists in their belief that the Native people should be segregated.

If Britain should agree, then Nationalists can claim to all other British territories in Africa that Britain has heeded *their* advice. If Britain does not agree, then they can claim that Britain has an unreal attitude towards the Native peoples and Nationalists wage a gallant lone fight to protect European interests in Africa.

The definition of this particular gambit is "Heads we win, tails you lose." It is, in effect, a test case, conducted against Britain by gentlemen who, at the hour when they have finally gained their objective and become the Government of South Africa, are extremely unlikely to allow any such chance to pass.

In this manœuvre the bridal couple at Serowe are not themselves, Ruth and Seretse Khama. They are pawns in the larger game of politics being waged around them. Individually, we may deem their marriage wrong. We may regard it as brave but foolish. We may deplore it. We may say that true love is sometimes given its greatest expression by renunciation in the light of greater duties. But we cannot help but feel sorrow for this young couple, however foolish or mistaken or courageous or deplorable their action may have been.

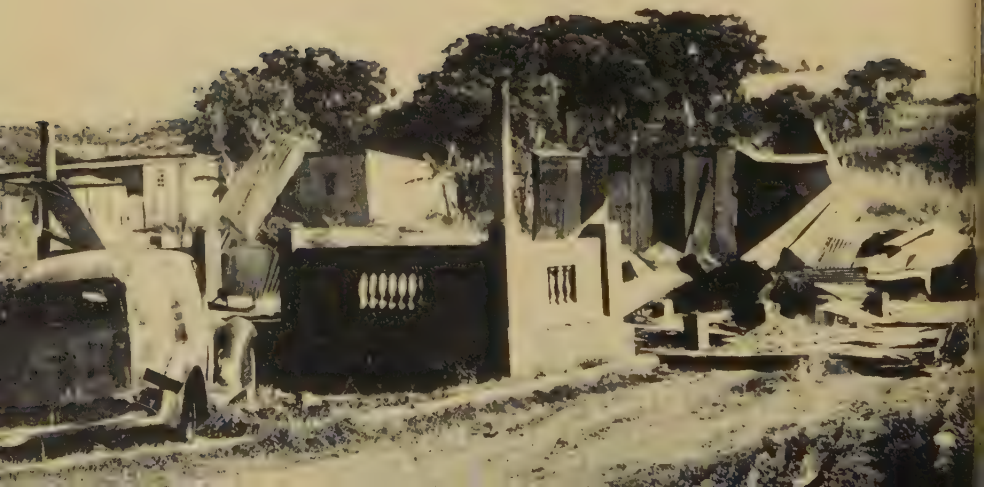
The dilemma facing Britain is this: if she exercises any authority over the young couple to persuade Ruth to give up her self-appointed task of becoming chieftainess of the Bamangwato, all the other Native people, and of Colour everywhere, will lose any faith they had in Britain's increasing claim of supporting social equality, and if Britain does not exercise such an authority, then Nationalist Afrikaners may use this in an attempt to prove Britain's degeneracy and seek to ally to themselves all Britons in Africa—against the British Government.

We may be sure that whatever can be done unobtrusively to add to the young couple's difficulties will be done by some individuals who support the Nationalists. We may be equally sure that the Nationalists officially, having stated their viewpoint, will not be inclined to let the matter lie, thereby assuring themselves of comment in future speeches which will do the couple no harm, admittedly, but will keep the Nationalist viewpoint on *apartheid* to the fore.

What should Britain do?

This is largely a matter of personal opinion. Discussion is likely to arise if ever attention is centred upon the couple in Serowe. On July 3, 1949, the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* reported its understanding that the South African Government had decided it would be better if Ruth Khama did not land in South Africa on her way out from London to Serowe, which negatived a reported request that she would be permitted to remain in Johannesburg for two days to reserve accommodation in a maternity home.

The situation is fraught with difficulties. An official report from



Whitehall on Tanganyika assured the United Nations that no racial discrimination was recognized there. In the Union itself are Europeans who, if not inclined towards racial discrimination, at least believe in maintaining the *status quo*.

But those who go out and deliberately make Britain their enemy, such as the Nationalists have sought to do, cannot claim propaganda value from the action of a British Government which refuses to allow itself to be intimidated by their speeches. This stance has long been taken by the Nationalists (as will be shown later). No matter what pressure is brought to bear upon Sir Evelyn Baring, the High Commissioner, in Pretoria, the British Government should refuse to allow the Malan Government to stampede it into action. No move should be made which Nationalists can parade as evidence of Britain kow-towing to their theories, and which could cause only considerable lively conversation at United Nations assemblies, with further violent attacks upon Britain by M. Vishinsky and his Soviet colleagues.

There is a point at which humaneness for those individuals most concerned in a specific matter, herein Ruth and Seretse, should be the prime consideration. As was said in a leader article in the *Johannesburg Star*, it is best to leave them alone to work out their own destiny, give Ruth a chance to learn about life in Africa and Seretse to discover if she is capable of aiding him. This will be the final consideration between them. No Nationalist cry should deafen our ears to what these young people, however foolish, may learn to say.

The hunt is on. Dr. Malan (at Paarl, September 28, 1949) announced that South Africa had protested to Britain against the marriage, which, he contended, would have a psychological effect not only on his own people but on Natives throughout Africa. It will, of course, if Nationalists keep raising it. Malan stated that his Government had stated its view to Britain. He also pointed out to his audience that he could do no more than await a reply because Bechuanaland was a British Protectorate. It would appear that the Nationalists intend keeping the Protectorates under a propaganda fire, and in Bechuanaland the fortuitous arrival of a young London typist is their chief *modus operandi*.

It is extremely unlikely that Tshekedi will remain silent in the impending dispute.

Ultimately, it is true, much of Britain's prestige throughout Africa will rest upon her treatment of the twain-meeting of Ruth and Seretse Khama. That will be of longer and more important consequence than Nationalist propaganda. Britain may be stampeded into action by Dr. Malan; it is to be hoped she will not. Meantime, the couple in Serowe may work out their own life in a situation in which they are not exactly surrounded by love and affection.

VIII

"PLEASE DO *NOT* LEAVE YOUR BOOTS OUTSIDE"[1]

ALL of us, I imagine, have arrived in some strange town and within five minutes felt at home in it, sensed it good and comfortable about us. Directly we leave the station or airport and the streets twine about us we feel, "This is a friendly, happy place." Others impress us with their age, grandeur, pride. And still more, like my own native city, with the cathedral spire which has soared aloft and aloof above so much tumult in English history, make us realize how peaceful life can be.

These are numbered among our fortunate encounters. Other towns impart a very different atmosphere. Within seconds of arriving you sense a malignancy, a brooding tension which might flare into violence at any moment. You feel a need to maintain constant vigil; an extra pair of eyes at the back of the head would be useful. Uneasiness, uncertainty of what may happen, surrounds you. No matter how magnificent the streets and buildings may be, how modern or imposing —and it is usually the newer, more garish, infinitely more noisy towns which create this atmosphere of tension—you are never at rest.

Any South African reading these words knows, instinctively, the name which is about to appear.

Beyond question, the fault is mine. Not as a long-haired, emotional writer—too many other people to whom I talked described having the same feeling—but as a very ordinary individual. This uneasiness, this atmosphere of tension, I shall always remember when anybody mentions Johannesburg.

Other writers have described the domestic architecture to be seen here, the horrors which money alone can buy, described by Mr. Osbert Lancaster as "By-pass Variegated" and "Brewers' Gothic", and the roses, petunias, dahlias, bougainvillæa, and cannas, which bloom somewhere in gardens devoted to several other purposes. But these accomplishments are by-products of a community; they are not its reason for being or its purpose. Houses equally atrocious, equally devoid of artistry and taste, can be visited elsewhere, and flowers can be observed in equal profusion in other climes—Johannesburg is an entity apart from these features of its existence.

I made a number of friends there, people who showed me endless kindnesses. Alexander Campbell, who wrote *Smuts and Swastika* and a score of other acute studies of South Africa, and who sits in an office

[1] I am grateful to the Editor of the *Forum* for permission to reproduce in this chapter part of an article which appeared in that journal during July 1949.—H. G.

in the *Star* building, looking more like a composer than a writer, fair hair never quite tamed above a broad Beethovenic brow. And his wife, Sheena, with her swift humour, enough for three Scotswomen, each thrice her size. Dark-haired, vivacious Nadine Gordimer, who quotes Plato in one breath, discusses the Native dilemma in the next, passes to praising kakemonos and admiring da Vinci, and ends by dismissing her excellent cooking as "inexpert". Big, bearded, soft-spoken Oliver Walker—the beard has no connection with the Voortrekkers—who startled South Africans with a study of the Native, *Kaffirs Are Lively*, produced an historical novel of Natal, *Proud Zulu*, and an adroit fripery on Johannesburg, *Wanton City*, and is presiding genius behind publications coming from the South African Institute of Race Relations. Hugo Ollemanns and his charming wife. Many more. They aided me in many ways.

But at no time did I feel at ease in the city where they live. And my uneasiness had nothing to do with "earth tremors", when falls of rock in the mines six to eight thousand feet below the ground shake the skyscrapers.

It was an uneasiness of the senses.

At first the stranger walks along these straight, criss-cross American-type streets, dwarfed by the skyscrapers which compose the city's centre, uncertain what it is that awakens his inner uncertainty. After a second visit he recognizes it.

Johannesburg is a small town which has suddenly shot up like a large, pugnacious overgrown schoolboy, a wonder-child, used to bullying smaller kids, ready to take on many older ones lacking its stature, and immensely impressed with its own self-importance.

Sixty-five years ago the ground on which Johannesburg stands was veld, bare as a winter beach, with only a few farmhouses dotted about on its fringes. Then a workman kicked stones on Langlaagte Farm, saw the gleam which lay beneath, and the race to get gold had begun. Ten years later the race was gathering speed. Gold-gatherers had disappeared underground. Slime dumps were cutting pale gold and grey and orange wedges from the sky as the earth was dragged up, pulverized and beaten. Ox-waggons, riders on horseback, nomads on foot, were streaming up from the Cape, across from Lourenço Marques, down from the Kenyan highlands, to play their rôle in building "the city of gold". Most of the skyscrapers have soared up above the veld since 1910.

Today Johannesburg is one of the best-known cities in the world, a name familiar to millions of schoolchildren who have difficulty in remembering in which country it is. It is miraculous, it is fantastic, it is a superb achievement, and utterly characterless in its concrete impersonality, "tough" without moral fibre, as empty as an old jade's heart. The only outstanding tradition it has yet achieved is lust, for gold, for power. Its history is dominated by ruthlessness, from

squabbles between early prospectors over a division of wealth, to today's clamour for shares in gold, fights between Native mineworkers in the compounds, and race riots. Kindness lingers in many nooks and crannies, like the fading perfume of a long-dead French duchess once imprisoned in the Bastille. Intelligence gleams like drops of water on a river-bed of mud. It is a monument to what is wrong with the world, as Paris has been a monument to what was right with it.

Perhaps I am prejudiced because a laundry there generously starched my vests and underpants, which induced a feeling of stamping around the streets in a suit of protective chainmail.

I saw it first through early mist on a May dawn, as the night train from Kimberley crawled through suburban stations. Natives in khaki greatcoats and stained flannel trousers grouped on platforms in the chill winter light. Skeins of fog clung to dried grass. In the main station at the top end of Eloff Street the air was icy when we climbed out, smacking across one's face like a cold, angry hand.

We drove to the hotel through streets not yet warmed by the sun, grey concrete canyons along which Europeans, Natives, and Indians were making their way to commence the day's work.

Some benches in the square facing the City Hall were occupied by the "sherry-boys", the drunks who spend on sherry whatever they had earned the previous night and use the square as a bed; if they work through the night they start drinking directly it is dawn, moving out to the square when their money is gone or they can cadge no more drinks. Two of them watched the car with glazed eyes.

The hotel into which I had been booked was some distance from the station. Shortly after the previous Christmas, in this hotel, an American visitor, entertaining a few friends, had gone to answer a ring on the doorbell and been shot dead by an armed burglar. It appeared to entertain fears of more mundane crimes. Behind my bedroom door a large notice read: PLEASE DO *not* LEAVE YOUR BOOTS OUTSIDE: RING FOR THE MAID AND GIVE THEM TO HER TO BE CLEANED. Forty years ago this suggestion might have been an ingenious device by the manager to ensure that visitors removed their boots before going to bed. Today it has more dramatic content. Though I left the hotel with my luggage and person still intact, every morning shortly after six o'clock there was a faint rustling which dragged me upright in bed to see a black face peering across the room as its owner crept out carrying my shoes. My initial alarm at this visitation disappeared in time, fortunately, but for the first two days it was sufficiently melodramatic in its unexpectedness to become memorable.

Within a few hours of arriving I met Alexander Campbell at the *Star* offices. Over lunch I rashly commented on a column in the morning edition of the *Rand Daily Mail* which indicated that some crime had occurred in the past twenty-four hours. The column, though I did not know it then, was a regular feature, called *The Crime List*.

Alex scratched his nose thoughtfully, studying me through his glasses. I had a dire feeling of having plunged too far into a city's private affairs for a newly-arrived visitor. But no reprimand was forthcoming.

"I was trying to remember which day it was," he replied at length. His voice was mild. "It's Friday. Man, you wait until Monday, the week-end hasn't begun yet!"

On Saturday evening I wandered round the city. Overhead the skies were black. Shadows hid the upper reaches of the skyscrapers. Below the shop windows blazed with light. Up the first few storeys of the buildings neon signs blazed scarlet and blue and green and gold, like some gigantic fairground. The hour was around seven o'clock; Eloff Street and the streets cutting across it were thick with people.

Natives in broad-brimmed hats or bareheaded, wearing either the "zoot-suits" favoured by younger men or the collection of second-hand garments which the older men wore. Native women in black skirts and shawls, or, particularly the younger women, in tight skirts which reached to just above their knees, coloured blouses, with little white berets balanced on their heads. Jews stepping from American cars into large hotels. Europeans of all economic grades, milling along in front of the lighted shop-windows, hurrying for a meal before going to the last house at the bioscopes. A Salvation Army lassie, bonneted and uniformed, selling papers. Native boys selling papers stretched out along the pavements. Young-looking policemen walking slowly across the tramlines. Faces all colours and all shapes glowing scarlet and gold, green or blue, in the light of neon signs.

Later that evening I spent some time with Geoffrey Bargate, manager of the Metro cinema, at his flat in a block just outside the main city area. He drove me back to the hotel shortly before midnight. The crowds had vanished. Only a few Natives were about, a last bus or tram swaying wearily down the streets. But the neon lights, the electric signs, still blazed and changed colour, spelling words and spilling their patterns over the cold faces of the buildings.

Alex's prediction proved sufficient to justify the mildness with which he had given it. My first visit to Johannesburg concluded the following Wednesday evening, when I took the slow overnight train down to Natal. Johannesburg in those six days had assumed the complexion of a little Chicago during the heyday of the beer-barons. Indeed, I was not alone in thinking so; during that week-end Mr. Arthur Barlow (Unionist Member; Hospital) had said that there were more murders in Johannesburg "than in Chicago in its worst days", and that they were "probably more revolvers being carried in South Africa today than in any country in the world".

The week-end had certainly been lively.

Between Friday morning and Sunday night: seven Natives and five Europeans had been killed (three Natives shot dead one day, one shot dead

the following day, one died after being shot, one stabbed and beaten to death, one killed after being hit on the head with an iron bar); five drunken Europeans had been arrested for carrying firearms after they had pointed revolvers at other people, shot wildly into the air of a suburb, and, after being refused drinks in an hotel, had levelled revolvers at the barman; nearly 100 Natives had been arrested for housebreaking, housebreaking with violence, breaking and entering warehouses, shops, and schoolrooms, assaults on Europeans, bag-snatching, attempted housebreaking; one Indian woman had been stabbed five times and was dying; one European diamond-cutter had been attacked, left unconscious, and taken to hospital; two Natives were arrested for stealing bicycles; two Natives had been killed when the car they had stolen side-swiped a tree while travelling at speed; 11 Europeans had been arrested on gambling charges. A Native woman had seen her two companions stabbed and battered to death by seven other Natives. Cars, clothes, food, cigarettes, and other articles were stolen, singly and in bulk. And a monthly bulletin of statistics, published by the Office of Census and Statistics, reported that a total of 934,922 persons were convicted in the Union courts during 1948—approximately 1 in every 11 of the total population—the total being made up of 34,539 Europeans, 680,280 Natives, 22,475 Asiatics, and 8,274 Coloured people.

The bulk of these latter events did not occur in Johannesburg. A sufficiency did, including all the cases quoted. Far too many for the well-being of many of its citizens, who have come to expect a week-end of crime with some incidental events on other days.

Later I spent another week in Johannesburg. Here is a typical *Crime List* from the *Rand Daily Mail* during that time:

Cash and clothing worth more than £1090 were stolen from Edgar's Mail Order House, Kerk Street, Johannesburg, yesterday afternoon, when three Natives entered a store-room on the third floor by removing door bolts through the rear of a lift. . . . Police found that £234 in cash and cheques and a large quantity of clothing had been removed.

An attempted theft from the Ex-Servicemen's Industries premises on the corner of Smal and President Streets, Johannesburg, was foiled by a Native watchman at six o'clock yesterday morning.

A Native, alleged to have taken part in a housebreaking at Sandfontein early yesterday morning, died in hospital as a result of the injuries he received when he and a companion were set upon by two Native watchmen.

A pair of diamond earrings valued at £300 was stolen from . . .

A suitcase containing clothing and documents valued at £250 was stolen from the car of . . .

Thieves took clothing and blankets valued at £200 from a car parked at Wolmarans Street last Saturday.

Cash and clothing valued at £50 were stolen from the car of . . .

The body of a Native was found in the veld near the Wattville Native Location, Benoni, yesterday morning. He had been stabbed below the right eye.

A Native man was found lying unconscious in Edward Street, Regent's Park, yesterday morning. He was taken to Baragwanath Hospital, where he died. There were signs that he had been assaulted.

The crime list is continuing. The above is only a sample. It is significant that only a Johannesburg newspaper publishes a regular feature of crime reporting.

The police make valiant efforts. Little discredit can be attached to them. Indeed, from an interview which I had with Major Piet Grobler, of the Johannesburg Police, at Marshall Square, the Scotland Yard of South Africa (in that it is a centre for directly combating crime, whereas Police Headquarters in Pretoria is more of an administrative head and training centre), I gained a clear appreciation of how efforts are made to prevent crime and how successful those methods are when scientifically planned.

Major Grobler showed me a number of intriguing maps, stuck with coloured pins, indicating the nature of crimes reported and the racial groups of the criminals and their victims. The maps covered the whole of Johannesburg and surrounding suburbs. He assured me that the introduction of the fleet of new radio-control cars recently acquired will greatly increase police efficiency in reaching the locality of a crime, thereby creating new fears in the minds of potential or hardened criminals.

But South Africa's police face an old problem, with sharpening tensions, with inadequate resources of men.[1] To complicate the issue, many of the charges made in court concern not crime as it is understood in other countries but such items as Natives charged with not possessing an adequate or full supply of permits to explain their presence in a certain locality. The multi-racial nature of South Africa still further increases the confusion by introducing a large quantity of special crimes: sexual relations of Natives with Europeans, the brewing of illicit liquor, and other peculiarly South African charges.

A glance at some official figures provides insight into the magnitude of the problem.

In the year 1912 when the estimated population of the Union was

[1] It has been difficult to recruit the right type of men for the force. Many, it has been said, are backward scholars. A large percentage come from rural homes. Vide *Race Relations Handbook*, p. 77.

6,101,853, including all races, the number of persons prosecuted totalled 280,115, or 46 persons per 1000 of the population. In 1947, with the population increased to an estimated 11,391,949, the number of persons prosecuted had risen to 1,019,912, or 89 persons per 1000 (the highest level ever). But during the same time the number of police had increased from 8705 (or 1.42 per 1000) to only 17,612 (or 1.55 per 1000). Police strength is patently inadequate to the demands made upon it.

Murder cases involving Natives employing the knife, or similar weapon, for stabbing, increased from 104 in 1938 to 255 in 1947 (the number of Native males accused in these cases rose from 92 to 204, the number of Native women increasing only slightly from 9 to 15). In stabbings classified as "assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm", in 1938, 1304 such charges were made against 1108 Native men and 178 Native women. In 1947 similar charges totalled 2922, and were made against 2459 Native men and 406 Native women.

Bad strains of Europeans, usually of the shiftless variety, seeking to get by with a minimum of work, or with the gangster mentality, complicate the issue by leading some Natives to adopt the attitude that if White men can attempt a crime so can they.

Johannesburg suffers from the periodic activities of gangs of European car thieves and hold-up bands. Car thieves are ingenious in their methods. Watching for cars usually parked in the same area, they go and obtain a fresh set of identification numbers and a new licence carrying the same number, but made out in a false name. They then steal the car and drive it to a town 100 miles away. If stopped and challenged *en route* they produce their licence with its number. Arrived in the distant town, they sell the car on one pretext or another and hand over both sets of plates. The other chief tactic is the familiar one of having a completely different set of number-plates, driving the car into a shed and giving it a new coat of paint, changing the head-lights and number-plates, and then selling it in some distant town.

Native criminals have not yet equalled this ingenuity. The majority of their crimes involve theft, robbery with violence, assault, offences against women, drunkenness. And towering above all, failure to comply with the pass laws.

Sexual crimes have an added import in any multiracial country. Frequently, what amounts to such an offence in a European society has no such significance for the Native or Asiatic. Over 2000 cases of rape were reported in 1947. But, as Major Grobler pointed out, such charges are frequently difficult to substantiate. Of the 2000 cases reported, only 1500 were sent for trial; 193 were withdrawn, 63 were undetected, 212 were proven false, and at the end of the year 86 were still pending decision upon investigation.

Prostitution is increasing among young Native women living in shanty towns and on the outskirts of the cities: venereal disease

afflicts over a quarter of the Native and Coloured populations, although a high percentage is latent. It has been suggested that the police may be generally indifferent to soliciting.[1] Incest, sodomy, and a surprisingly high level of cases of homosexuality among Native men are reported.

The Native's attitude towards his women cannot be judged from the European viewpoint. For many tribes, the Native woman is still the beast of burden. She does the work, bears the children, and tends such soil as they make productive; older children herd the cattle; the man remains in the position of warrior. The Native boy herding cattle across the Transkei, the Free State, in Natal, in the Ciskei, is a diminutive little figure who is never forgotten once seen, nor is his mother as she moves around the kraal while the warrior lazes in the sun. Three hundred years of gradual penetration by Europeans into South Africa have not broken the time-honoured balance of the Native sexes. Seduction, therefore, is not a major crime; rape is only a stage worse than seduction. In the tribe the woman has little standing, certainly no status comparable to that of European women even before they became socially emancipated.

The spread of Christianity has as yet affected only a small minority. Polygamy may be less prevalent around the European cities, but it is doubtful if the development of monogamy has a more solid core than that supplied by economic difficulty. In a Cape town I encountered a Native house-woman who has been "married" for some years but cannot live with her husband because he has not managed to pay the *bogadi*—the marriage purchase price made in cattle—to the bride's family.

Away from the still strong code of the tribes, the Native male who has been recruited for work in the mines and lives in a compound with his fellows, or who, having tasted the opportunities of earning money, migrates to the cities, is an unresolved problem.

The only women of his own people close at hand are those living in the neighbouring townships, close by the cities, or in shanty towns. His wife, if he has one, has been left behind in the Native territory for the year he spends in the mines or whatever period it takes him to obtain work sufficient to give him funds in the other cities. If he stays away from faction fights between his tribesmen and Natives from other tribes, if he does not drink his earnings in *shimiyana*, if he does not smoke *dagga*, it is still possible that he will want to indulge in the oldest drug of all. Provided that he has collected some earnings, a number of Native, and some Coloured, women will give him ideas of how these should be spent. In indulging this desire he does not view intercourse as morally unjustified: he places neither the White man's religion nor his wife as high as that.

Shanty towns are a major source of crime. To a Native already demoralized through having become detribalized and having no code

[1] H. J. Simons, *Race Relations Handbook*, p. 92.

beyond that he can make for himself, the shanties lack any impetus beyond an urge to gain money and work. They are also the largest source of venereal disease; the women are down to the same level as the men. Education is lacking; the idle Native has nothing to occupy his time. What can happen to Europeans devoid of employment has been observed. What happens to Natives in a similar position, and detribalized, devoid of a social code, can be imagined. There is always the temptation to indulge in petty crime. When the shanties are torn down or the Native moved to a decent house, a centre in which he can attempt to imitate—it is that at present—the European way of life more completely than before, he has a source of pride for himself and his family. This has been noted in sub-economic housing estates going up at Port Elizabeth, Durban, at Moroka (Johannesburg), and elsewhere. Without that, he is adrift from both tribal convention and the city's social order.

In Johannesburg the Native has sensed that the European is after money, gold, geld, by whatever name it is known. In the European home this is absent, but not in the city. The atmosphere is totally different from that which can be found in other cities, even in Kimberley with its diamond mines. Hundreds of thousands of Natives have learned the difference and been swept up in the cosmopolitan life of a city whose roots are not yet strong. To bolster up their pride they develop exaggerated forms of Western clothing. They know they have no roots either. The introduction of *apartheid* measures at the station, introduced in July 1949, in pursuit of the Nationalist ambition to segregate the races, was both laughable and in tragic error. The measures taken meant that Natives, Coloureds, and Indians could no longer use the main entrance and had to stay on one stretch of the platforms. This was already the chief practice. Most trains which were divided had the Native coaches at one end; most Natives taking them found the quickest entrance to that end of the platform, which was not the main entrance. But the measure deepened resentment, increased the feeling of rootlessness, and can breed a mentality which may cast overboard all attempts at absorbing the White man's code.

In a study of the English working-class in 1844—the term working-class then had significance in Britain—Frederick Engels, the collaborator of Marx in *The Communist Manifesto*, gave his belief that crime was "the earliest, crudest, and least fruitful form" of revolt against social oppression and degradation.

If this opinion is accepted, increasing oppressions by the Nationalist Government, however prettily tricked out in words with a quasi-philosophic or religious content, for Europeans, will increase the volume of anti-European feeling in South Africa in the next few years. If the opinion is not accepted, if one subscribes to a psychological or philosophic or religious viewpoint, or believes that some individuals will always be criminals, it being their nature to be in conflict with the

ruling social code, then Non-European crime will continue until such time as the Native has found sufficient reasons within his own or the European's codes to forswear recourse to violence against his neighbours and theft in order to obtain what he wants.

This is not to say that Natives are instinctively criminal. On the contrary, the overwhelming majority are law-abiding in the European sense—especially if they can understand the complicated pass-laws and pass-systems they have to obey. It means only that the circumstances in which a Native may slip into the ways of crime will remain until he has been provided with sufficient reasons at all stages of both his individual growth and his racial development to appreciate the tragedy of crime and the folly of remaining a suspected individual unabsorbed into the communal life.

Proof of the gravity of the situation is shown in the extent of juvenile delinquency among both Europeans and Natives.

In Queenstown, Cape Province, is one of the Schools of Industries, a centre for European boys who, though not young offenders, have been found destitute or have been removed from parents or guardians for such reasons as the latter's inability to provide for them, cruelty, or providing bad examples.[1] Originally this school was Air School 47, built for the R.A.F. and later taken over by the S.A.A.F. At the time of my visit to Queenstown it was under the direction of M. N. Smuts, M.A., Ph.D.

Dr. Smuts welcomed me on the morning I visited the School. A tall, strongly-built, dynamic man, with a shock of unruly black hair curling over his forehead and lively eyes glinting behind horn-rimmed glasses, Dr. Smuts reminded me of John Creasey, the thriller writer. They share the same physique and the same dynamic interest in their work.

Dr. Smuts showed me over the School. A great enthusiast for the work of the late Father Flanagan, founder of Boys' Town, he is building the School on a similar pattern, and does not expect that it will be completed in his lifetime. He led the way through old R.A.F. messrooms turned into large, cheerful dining-rooms for the boys, into offices where the boys had built fireplaces, laid the floor with parquet, torn out walls to increase space, and built the tables and chairs in use. Behind the communal buildings, hangars had been transformed into carpentry and engineering workshops. In one workshop the boys were engaged on precision jobs, working to finenesses of a thousandth of an inch. As a souvenir of my visit, I was given a beautifully-made T-square and a spanner (which came in extremely useful later when my car broke down). In another workshop a dozen boys, between 13 and 16 years of age, were engaged on making furniture. In the surrounding grounds more boys, a number of them from Cape Town, a majority

[1] The recent Lansdown Commission's report stated that 16 industrial schools had been established for Europeans, but none for Non-Europeans.

from the Peninsula, were cutting grass, laying out flower-beds, digging a large oblong ditch in preparation for a swimming-bath, and laying bricks for a new house. Others were attending ordinary school classes, Dr. Smuts told me.

At that time the number of boys in the school was 343. The plan is to increase accommodation until it can house far more. The Doctor's own house, a long, rangy bungalow with parquet floor and big fireplaces, had been converted from a messroom by the boys.

An Afrikaner, Dr. Smuts had some initial difficulty in persuading his family to let him take on a white-collar job; they wished him to continue in the family tradition of farming. Since starting his career in rehabilitating boys in danger of becoming social outcasts, he has toured America and parts of Europe, to gain acquaintance with the latest methods employed there, has been associated with a School of Industry in Cape Town, and Principal of an Industrial School at King-williamstown. That he chose correctly, both for himself and the boys, was evident. His charges looked fit and healthy. None showed any evidence in eyes or manner of feeling himself unwanted in life: the first battle against delinquency had been won.

Several such schools are operating in South Africa, and all of them can report good work in preparing boys for and placing them in skilled employment. Their only major difficulties are to keep pace with the demands placed upon them and in equipping less mentally active boys for life. The latter is a problem of some moment in the Union, boys of weaker intelligence not being easily absorbable in a multi-racial society.

For young Native delinquents the position is far worse. Only 32 certified institutions cater for 2850 Non-Europeans against 68 for 7000 Europeans. European children have 55 orphanages; Non-Europeans only 28. Many Non-European children go to reformatories, other institutions having no room for them.

During my second visit to Johannesburg I went over Diepkloof Reformatory.

Readers of Alan Paton's novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, will remember that it was written while Mr. Paton was Director at Diepkloof. In placing the story's setting in these shanties—Mr. Paton's description errs if anything in understating their tragedy—a finger was placed surely on the greatest menace to Native youth.

Half-way through the 20th century a major problem confronting world society is juvenile and adolescent delinquency. The problem is increasing, not diminishing, as many sincerely believed that it would with the advent of "peace". Decreases of a purely statistical character have occurred in some countries since the war years, but in almost every country delinquency amongst the young is considerably higher than it was before the war and offences include a higher percentage of the more serious charges. This is as true of South Africa as it is

of countries elsewhere. Within a few years it may well be even more significant.

Mr. Kieser, the present Principal of Diepkloof, showed me over these buildings which house 500 delinquent Native boys. The Reformatory was originally designed to house 400 of them. Often it has had 700 on its books.

Claud Mullins, who has made an intensive study of the causes of crime, has listed three major causes for juvenile delinquency: lack of affection, broken homes, and illegitimacy.

These causes are all present among the Native people. Most delinquents come from the shanties and urban areas, bespeaking both broken homes and the lack of affection which children receive in the Native kraal in the territories. One estimate given me was that a clear 50 per cent. of all Native births outside of the Reserves are illegitimate. The percentage is even higher in Johannesburg, Durban, and Cape Town. It is reported that 59 per cent. of births in three locations at Pretoria, the administrative capital, during 1934-45, were illegitimate.

The significance of this is not hard to find. Detribalized adult Natives produce many problems for themselves and South Africa generally. For young Native children, illegitimate, and growing without absorption into any stable society, the problems which have to be faced may be insuperable. They lack all codes. No one gives any appearance of wanting them. Christianized Natives are among those who bear most heavily upon them, seeing them as the product of sin and therefore sinners.

A number of the boys at Diepkloof have intelligence. I watched them at work in the tailoring school, cutting uniforms, operating sewing-machines, and engaged upon farm work. Half-way through the morning over a hundred gave us a P.T. demonstration, perfectly executed on a lawn in the grounds. A number have more than ordinary ability. Dormitories have walls decorated with paintings whose origin lies in the cinema: stalwart cowboys riding in pursuit of escaping bank-robbers, gallant American cops saying, "It's all up, Jim Brady, come out with your hands up," to a cowering masked figure carrying a sack of swag on its back. It is an interesting, and sad, comment on these boys' minds that none of these stalwart or cowering figures is Native; they are all White men. If one pursues this to its logical conclusion the boys obviously accept the world as the White man's ground and, hero or villain, follow the pattern he sets.

Most boys respond to treatment, Mr. Kieser told me. The tragedy is that most had to be convicted as young delinquents before they ever had a decent chance to be properly fed—in the kitchens I sampled the midday meal which some boys were preparing and found it good—or educated or even decently clad. A number go to great lengths, I was told, to keep their reformatory garb clean and neat. When they leave

Diepkloof they have been provided with some education, some equipment for a job, and some ideas for evolving a personal code.

The dangerous time comes when they leave Diepkloof: a far worse time than is experienced by any boy leaving the British Borstal and who has Henry Scott and the Borstal organization to help him find work. European and American delinquents can be reabsorbed into an organic, cohesive social structure. Native society in neither. At Diepkloof Mr. d'Lange, one of the staff, works continuously to ensure that boys who have been taught trades in the reformatory are given jobs to which they may go directly they leave. There are difficulties here, on the principle "Give a Native a bad name . . ." But providing work cares for only one aspect of life. If a boy returns to a shanty-town he is in immediate contact with precisely those elements which contributed most to sending him to reformatory. He is surrounded by companions who may find excitement in trying to get away with crime and Native girls lacking the moral code of either kraal or Christianity. Only too often his attempts to become a good citizen are less heeded than his earlier attempt or attempts to be a bad one.

There is something very wrong in this. It is easy for him to revert to crime and finish up stabbed to death on the veld, shot or clubbed to death while robbing a shop or factory, or amid a mess of broken metal in a crashed car which he has stolen. It is tragically easy for everything the devoted Diepkloof staff has done for the boys to be wasted.

Father Flanagan once said: "There is no such thing as a bad boy." Unfortunately he said it in America. Such a belief is not held by Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikaners, who believe, as shown in their policy of Christian-National Education (as will be seen later), that since the fall of Man all children are born in a state of sin. Particularly Natives. What happens is that these dark young plants grow in the half-light and filth of Native slums, lacking affection and discipline, all too often deterioriating into weeds which poison still further the air they breathe.

At no time is it any use telling any criminal or delinquent of any age or colour that "crime does not pay". Particularly is it no use telling young Natives. They have to be given good reasons for seeing that the decent life does pay. Punishment is no alternative. It may avenge society upon the misdoer but it never has and never will remove the causes of criminality.

This viewpoint is probably farther from the now ruling section of South Africans than from most other people. In their Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikaner way they expect evil, because man has fallen; crime, particularly Native crime, seems only to provide additional proof for their theories and must be treated as a tragedy inflicted upon mankind by the forces of darkness, the power of Satan—not the indeci-

sion, confusion, and tragedy of a young Native mind and heart which has no guide to lead it to stability.[1]

Such unreality in dealing positively with the problem beggars credulity. These boys have no wish, those who can reason, to become the adult criminals of the next 10 and 20 years. But they will do so. They and the others who are not found out. They—and the young Europeans and Asiatics and Coloureds.

South Africans have to face the consequences which have faced Europeans and Americans—and Russians too—in the problems of delinquency. They include such things as: how big can future gaols and Diepkloofs be made? Who will pay for them? How will society be protected? What guarantee is there that treatment of such a social sickness is better than prevention—particularly when prevention has not been adequately tried?

Basically, the question, one of increasing gravity as the figures quoted have shown, is this: how many South Africans are prepared to be murdered, stabbed, assaulted, robbed, burgled and raped within the next ten years, rather than make a determined effort to minimize the danger by removing the causes of juvenile delinquency and ensuring the rehabilitation of offenders?

There is another alternative worthy of consideration. If Engels' theory that crime is the beginning of revolt against social degradation is correct, and if Dr. Malan, Nationalist Prime Minister, is correct in saying that Communism makes its greatest appeal to such people as Natives, then it is possible that from among the unhappy young Non-Europeans in South Africa today will come the leaders of the most determined attempt yet made to drive, first, the Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikaners, and, second, the White man, from Africa. Communist riots have occurred around the Johannesburg goldfields for a number of years. It may be held—it has been said—that these were the product of propaganda. It may be that at some future date they will not be the product of progapanda.

If that time should dawn it would be advisable to be nowhere around to leave one's boots inside or outside of the door.

The tragedy is that such an event could be averted. But present measures of *apartheid* in the Union are increasing tension. In the confusion and turmoil of South Africa today it is not that crime does not pay, but that the good life is not paying so well and crime might pay a little better.

[1] Many readers will feel inclined to discredit this criticism of the Nationalist-Calvinist Afrikaners. It is dealt with later on.

IX

TURNING WHEELS

PROWLING around factories is not everyone's pet notion of having a good time.

It has always fascinated me. I have been heavily burdened with an insatiable curiosity to know how the wheels turn and what miraculous processes transform raw materials into finished product. Before 1939 a number of kindly-disposed newspaper editors took pity on this affliction. After 1942, at the behest of the Government and allied officials seeking another voice to sound for ten minutes in factory canteens during meal-breaks, I was able to indulge the complaint hugely in ironworks, shipyards, airplane factories, bomb and bicycle, tank and soap, cable and pottery, small-arms and shell and tyre and biscuit and radio factories, in London, Bristol, the Midlands, Black Country, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Scotland. Hundreds of pairs of shoes have been worn out along these treks. But the com plain has been eased.

This credential disposed of, it can be said that South African industry is in an interesting stage of development.

Opportunity was afforded me to visit a number of varying factories in the Union. In Port Elizabeth, accompanied by Mr. van Sandwyk, General Motors' publicity chief, I was taken round the large assembly plant, a system laid out on the latest American model, by which, on a continuous scheme, all component parts of cars imported in sections are gradually put together, and finally driven off the line.

With Captain Cyril Buckner—that remarkable man, formerly of the Indian Police, fluent linguist in three Indian languages, and possessing the true Englishman's knowledge of how to get around his home country, from landmark to landmark, and hotel to hotel—in Pietermaritzburg, I went over three factories. Mr. R. Matthey, the manager, took us over Nestlés, where, at 10 a.m., we saw and smelled cocoa beans and sugar and milk being transformed into chocolate: Buckner and I both decided we preferred our chocolates in smaller quantities and at a later hour of the day, so we removed a box each of really excellent sweetmeats. At Eddels, a factory making shoes and sandals, Mr. M. M. Dodo, the managing director, handed us over to a foreman, who took us round and explained each process in keeping abreast of the ladies' desire in footwear fashion and service ability. With Mr. J. J. Bueb, the managing director, we toured the new plant going up to house the Aluminium Company of South Africa.

In Durban, Mr. William Campbell, of the old-established sugar

family, arranged for me to tour the factory where cane is crushed and turned into the product lacking in British hotels and restaurants.

With the redoubtable J. C. Pauw in Bloemfontein I visited a windmill factory, a factory where skins are dried and dyed for all varieties of leather goods: these skins are not of the finest quality, but are today under the attentive eye of a Hungarian expert who has worked wonders, we were told, in improving their quality.

With R. R. Parry, in Kimberley, I had a bird's-eye view of De Beers' diamond mines, of the pulsator plant which pours a thin mixture of crushed earth and water down oscillating tables on the top of which diamonds in the mixture are caught on a sensitized surface, visited the central sorting and grading offices, though without being able to remove even the smallest of the £70,000 of uncut diamonds which I was allowed to hold in my hands, and later toured alluvial diggings a few miles out of town.

At Zwelitsha, a few miles out of Kingwilliamstown, a party of us were shown over the new £7,000,000 cotton factory which is going up.

In Johannesburg there were more diamonds, in one workshop being cut, in another being mounted; there was the usual tourist trip down what was, I suspect, a showpiece mine.

At Pretoria I was shown around Iscor, the great plant of the South African Iron and Steel Corporation. Elsewhere I saw a copper mine, an ostrich farm where the feathers were dyed and made into fancy articles for export, Native women at work with beads and cotton making "curios" for the tourist trade, and so on.

This brief personal *résumé* may serve to indicate what is happening in South African industry today.

Great plants already erected or in the process of erection are turning out on an increasing scale the basic heavy industrial requirements for heavy industry.

Other plants are assembling imported parts into finished articles for the Union's consumer market.

Other factories specialize in producing articles which South Africa exports in order to gain her consumer imports: notably gold and diamonds.

Elsewhere smaller, light industries are developing to provide articles for personal consumption.

The list is far from complete.

South Africa's wealth is not only gold and diamonds. There are fruits, grown all over the Union, exported in ever-increasing quantities: oranges and apples, a variety of grapes, plums, pears, peaches and apricots, carefully graded and tested for weight. The export value of Union fruits in 1939 was nearly £2,500,000, to which was added another £500,000-worth of dried fruits (currants, raisins, and sultanas). Cape wines and brandies are exported on an ever-increasing

scale as shipping refrigeration increases and quality and bouquet are maintained even on the longest ocean voyages to distant lands.

Sugar exports are subject to fluctuation, due to international agreements, but before the war the average export value was in the vicinity of £2,000,000 per annum.

The export value of wool is well over £30,000,000 per annum. Hides and skins add another £3,500,000 per annum at the present time. A little-known export, wattle bark and extract (for tanning and resin), a main agricultural interest in Natal, adds another £2,000,000 per annum to the national exchequer. Millions of karakul pelts are exported annually to America and the northern countries.

Fluctuations of world trade produced by the Second World War, with the division of the world into two main financial groups, "hard" and "soft", has proved extremely beneficial to South African tobacco exports. Some 20,000,000 lb. are produced annually, which frees the Union from having to buy it from abroad. The best cigarettes in the Union cost 3*s*. 6*d*. for a pack of 50. Exports have fallen from 123,000 lb. in 1943 to around 50,000 lb., but attempts are being made to improve the leaf and re-establish the before-war export of 1,000,000 lb. and compete with tobacco produced in Rhodesia.

Diamonds are a special class of export. It has been estimated that the total yield up to 1948 amounted to no less than £400,000,000. The sale of rough and cut diamonds in 1945 was £10,739,000, and in 1946 was £11,987,000. Despite the hundreds of tons of earth which have to be dragged up each day, the hazards involved in alluvial diggings by old-time prospectors with shovels and wooden troughs for washing the red gravel through each sieve-load in the hope of finding a diamond —I spent a particularly valuable morning with Parry of Kimberley and diggers in the alluvial fields—the mines are capable of producing these tiny blue- or yellow-white stones to the tune of £16,000,000 a year on 1948 prices. The overwhelming majority of these are exported, millions of pounds' worth going overseas to the Americas, to Europe and the East.

Development of industry in every country has considerably aided the production of copper in the Transvaal. After a slump of some years, war increased the market. In 1946 copper exports totalled £1,670,000.

Between them the coalmines of Natal and the Transvaal give up nearly 15,000,000 tons. Vast reserves are believed to exist, though much is of poor quality. There is an increasing export market for the best coal in the Transvaal.

Asbestos is already sent abroad, a total of 25,000 tons out of a present production of 125,000 tons per annum. Manganese, of which 3,000,000 tons has been brought up, finds an expanding market in America. Chrome ore is being taken from the Transvaal in increasing quantities, a total of 1,887,000 tons being mined between 1936 and

1946. Only four countries—India, America, Brazil, and France—are known to have larger deposits of iron ore: South Africa has an estimated reserve of 122,000,000 tons of high-grade ore and a total of 2,000,000,000 tons of poorer quality.

In addition there are deposits of corundum, the hardest mineral next to diamonds; vermiculite, similar to mica, in use for grinding and as an abrasive; antimony; and mercury.

New industries aimed at the consumer market, such as finished rubber products, soap, leather goods, and so on, are continually springing up. A soda ash factory, costing £5,500,000, intended to remove the necessity of importing soda ash for manufacturing chemicals and for use in clothing, shoe, glass, steel, and other industries (previously imported from Japan and I.G. Farbenindustrie in Germany), is under construction in the Cape, near Kimberley.

The picture which one gets from this parade of figures and articles is of a country which is rapidly expanding its industrial development. Behind each new venture stands the large Iscor works at Pretoria, ready to supply iron and steel for the project, and the twenty-five-year-old Electricity Supply Commission, whose capital in 1925 was £389,327, with assets valued at £952,486, and which in 1947 had a capital of £28,644,150 with assets totalling £40,725,284, taking power through its increasing number of generating stations, all over the Union, to railways, industry, and private residences.

Exports have increased, and could increase further when the world financial situation has stabilized and currency restrictions are lifted to permit freer exchange of goods. Goods for domestic consumption are being fostered. A host of small new factories are appearing alongside larger industrial projects at Zwelitsha and Kimberley.

Herein may be found the first (and for many the final) fallacy of the National Government's financial and business outlooks.

Although export markets are increasing, South Africa must increase them still further if she is to ensure that the 2,500,000 Europeans enjoy their present standard of living. Costs of living in the country are rising continually, as developments are pushed forward to increase industrialization and communications, the supply of power, and conditions of city life become more complex and make increasing demands upon the individual in taxation and taxes to maintain government-sponsored projects. The country is in a phase of development wherein the former pastoral and agricultural economy is receiving less attention, both from capital and individuals, than industry and city life.

Emigrants have been going into the cities. The movement of Afrikaners is away from rural areas into more densely populated neighbourhoods. In a word, industry is the main concern. At the same time, more and more smaller factories are being erected to cater directly

for the national consumer market, whose principal purchasing community is the 2,500,000 Europeans. The main national market is, by the Government's policy of *apartheid*, in the first stages of being lost. This is the great mass of the Native people.

Millions of Natives have had their purchasing-power increased in the past 50 years. This was a logical, historical development. It could not be developed at a rapid pace; the country was not sufficiently exploited or developed to permit it; the process was therefore slow. But these same millions are moving ever more closely towards wanting to share the European way of life. Native migration after the war to the shanty-towns is the first and latest evidence. Having tasted the European way of life, however meagre or limited, the majority of Natives have become dissatisfied with tribal life in the reserves. That tribal life is probably infinitely happier than what awaits them on the outskirts of the cities provides no argument. Quiet rural homes never provided an argument for Europeans who left fields and villages in the first years of industrialization to trek to towns where cotton factories were going up, iron and steel mills rising, and more varied forms of relaxation and pleasure making their appearance. Native migration from the reserves to the towns is equally historic, equally inevitable. Once started it cannot be easily halted. But this is precisely what the Nationalists, in their clever Canutish way, are attempting to do, indicating that the cityward trek must be organized and the rewards arising from work in the cities controlled.

This is the economic face of *apartheid*, under which Natives are intended to operate their own "spheres of interest", the reserves, those already in existence and those which (it is rumoured) will supplement them, and from which, for stipulated periods, they will migrate on contract to work under Nationalist bidding in industry and then return to the reserves. These "spheres of interest" are to be developed, though in such a way as to cast no financial burden on the European community, not even for education. How this will be achieved, particularly as the reserves are already agriculturally sterile, by a mass of economically uneducated Natives devoid of capital, is a mystery which the Nationalists have never attempted to solve. They have voiced the "policy" without explaining the means, time-honoured gambit of politicians whose aim is to squeeze the hard facts of economics somehow between the whalebone and steel of ideology.

It requires little effort of the intellect to recognize that such a policy owes all to colour prejudice and nothing to economic comprehension. It is an attempt to do one thing by parading it under the name of another which may appear more creditable and which those who lack economic knowledge cannot disprove, so that they become confused and accept it under the label tagged on to it.

Severallong-range questions reveal the "policy's" worthlessness. If after an initial demand for a new consumer goods the factory or

workshop producing it is to be operated successfully a wider market must be sought. In South Africa the European market is limited; therefore the wider market is that made up by the Natives. But if the Natives are impoverished through being confined to their own "spheres of interest", they will be unable to purchase sufficient supplies of the commodity to keep the factory working. On the other hand, should the miracle occur and, despite every fantastic difficulty placed in their way, the Native people develop "their sphere", agriculturally and industrially, then the bulk of output for a Native population which has acquired European tastes may come from their own industries and farms. It is extremely unlikely, but it may happen. What would happen to European industry in such a situation?

More immediately important is what is going to happen to the Native as an economic unit now. If he does not develop industrially, if his income does not rise sufficiently to enable him to purchase increasing quantities of goods made in European-owned establishments, how can the European standard of living be maintained? Alternatives are to increase European immigration and find increased markets abroad. But immigration is being deliberately hampered in order to strengthen Nationalist political domination and at present there are only a few exported items, principally gold and diamonds, which are not available from other countries and which can, in fact, be obtained more easily because the other producing countries are nearer to white consuming markets.

From this it would appear that in either case it would be well, assuredly during these difficult transitory years of industrial expansion, if the European community, with its wider range of tastes and higher incomes, were increased. This is what the Nationalist Government is pledged to its supporters to prevent, no matter how harmful it may prove to South African economy. Under the terms of the Citizenship Bill introduced by Dr. Dönges, the Minister of the Interior, immigrants arriving in South Africa from this time forward must wait five years, instead of two, to qualify for a qualified citizenship, which may be revoked by the Minister of the Interior even if granted. There may be, there cannot help but be, men and women who will accept such conditions, largely because they have no capital save the skill of their hands and brains. But individuals with capital to invest, not large sums but sufficient to start a small business, are unlikely to regard this as an attractive beginning for life in a new country.

Already the tide of immigrants has decreased since the Nationalists assumed control. Between January and May 1948, 14,839 immigrants entered the Union; in the same five months of 1949, during the first session of Dr. Malan's Government, immigrants totalled 7539. In the latter five months 3025 immigrants left the Union, following 7534 who departed during 1948. In the months January–May 1948, 4548 persons entered the Union on business; in the same period of 1949 only 3948.

This meagre inward, and heavy outward, flow of Europeans continues. In the first ten months of 1949, at a time when the tide of immigrants should be reaching great heights, only 12,860 entered the Union compared with 35,600 for the whole of 1943. In the same period 7,725 Europeans left South Africa (6,470 in 1948).

Nationalists claim this a great success for their credo. To them it represents Afrikaner freedom from an increasing vote of British emigrants. Economically its seriousness cannot be too strongly emphasized. If this process continues, as it appears likely to do, it may menace South Africa's progress for the rest of this century and add another reason for believing the European community of Africa as a whole imperilled. For, as will be appreciated, already the trend has lost not only potential consumers of locally-produced goods and investors with capital, but future citizens born in the country.

A word must be included about capital investments in South Africa.

A number of superbly produced official books and brochures are distributed abroad. Amongst these is the *South African-American Survey*, edited by Mr. Henry Moolman of the Union of South Africa Government Information Office, at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York. In the second edition of the *Survey*, published in America in 1948, in the first of a group of three articles on "Industrial Revolution in South Africa" appears the following:

> The amount of new capital coming from abroad for investment in mining and secondary industry is almost phenomenal. A statement issued by the South African Reserve Bank for the week ended December 31, 1947, shows that the flow of capital into South Africa from abroad during that year was almost equal to the Union's unfavourable balance of trade. The foreign exchange resources of the Bank amounted to £240,185,000—made up of £187,117,000 in gold and £53,068,000 in foreign bills discounted. At the end of 1946, the comparable figure was £241,685,000.
>
> The latest estimate of the movement of capital entering the Union places the total figure at £80,000,000 for the full year 1947. Much of this fresh capital is represented by money brought into the country by immigrants for investment in fresh industrial enterprises.

It will be remembered that in 1947 Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by the Royal Princesses, visited South Africa.

General Smuts headed the United Party Government.

A short while before Dr. Malan had affirmed that Britain was the mother of South African freedom and voiced the opinion that a new era of friendlier relations between the two countries had been started (his actual words on that occasion are quoted elsewhere).

Many people were planning to immigrate to South Africa. Investors everywhere were interested. It was believed that a great age of development was starting.

During that year of 1947.

In 1949 there was a different story to be told. At the end of May the latest S.A. Reserve Bank statement showed that Government borrowings at May 20 had reached the figure of £18,000,000. The Government was living from hand to mouth, with very little in its exchequer and only monthly collections of revenue meeting its commitments, and was being financed by loans from the Reserve Bank. The Exchequer balance at the end of the previous April totalled £371,000. In a review published in June, Mr. T. W. de Jongh, statistician of the Reserve Bank, commented on the drain on South African gold, saying that in the first quarter of 1949 the total deficit, excluding gold, amounted to £59,000,000, and stated that the amount of money in circulation in the Union had dropped from £418,700,000 at the end of 1948 to £351,500,000 at the end of April 1949, a drop of £47,200,000, of which £46,400,000 was in commercial banks' demand deposits.

Perhaps this may be better understood if it is recalled that within the first few weeks of the Nationalist Government being elected capital losses of £400,000,000 were recorded. Within a year gold holdings have been reduced by over 50 per cent. Holdings in sterling have diminished considerably. The national banking account has contracted by over £250,000,000.

In a statement made in Pretoria on July 28, 1949, Dr. M. H. de Kock, Governor of the South Africa Reserve Bank, stated: "South Africa is faced with the greatest financial crisis in its history. There is no avoiding it. We shall just have to accept it, and in doing so tighten our belts and prepare to work harder. We have been living beyond our means. We have depended on gold and diamonds, and this has given us a sense of false security." Dr. de Kock stated that the country had a yearly deficit of about £150,000,000.

Since that statement was made the South African £ has been devalued, along with the British £, but the resulting benefit to South Africa (as to Britain) depends upon factors beyond her control. Among these are whether other countries will allow South African goods to be sold in their home market at cheaper prices than their own identical products, whether the output of goods in certain categories can be maintained at an economic price, how long it may be before other currencies are devalued similarly, and other factors which will appear as time progresses. It is unlikely that devaluation will restore in their original value the financial losses to the national vaults; to achieve this, a greater amount of gold would have to be deposited, the original sum plus the amount lost by devaluation.

That this situation is seriously affected by present international financial difficulties is true. The South African solution, as argued by Mr. Havenga, the Minister of Finance, is for a higher price for gold. This would not considerably ease the flow of dollars, however, for America already has vast quantities of gold, sufficient for her own international dealings for a long time, and such a move as raising the

price of gold could be regarded as a benevolent loan given on a security of gold. The overall value of gold in America would rise, but without doing more for America than increase the value of what is tucked away in the vaults of Fort Knox, America's gold "bottom drawer".

This is not the only consideration. International discussions upon financial tangles are attempts to unravel cords which strangle trade and thereby imperil the standard of living of all people. They attempt to solve a problem which exists. For South Africa the danger lies in that the international situation may be unsnarled to aid countries with large deposits and large consumer markets, but that by the time this has occurred the Nationalist Government will have introduced measures as racial and political policy, which will prevent her own difficulties from being solved and will thereby create a local problem which cannot be solved until those measures have been removed. That Nationalists will not be minded to remove them without some dispute can be appreciated. But it is precisely this understanding, allied to the other points which have been considered, which is edging South Africa towards a parlous financial situation.

X

NATALINE TAPESTRY

FAR to the north sprawl the burning dry sands and foetid steaming jungles of the Equator.

Nearer, though still northward, the flat pink-grey soil stretches in loose coils.

But here is a land of hills.

Hills sweeping down from the towering grey mountains whose sharp peaks claw at the sky lying inland to the west. Hills which roll down in swelling brown folds, falling away towards the centre of the country where there are valleys down which splash a score of rivers. Hills rolling on until they are large no longer, but small, tightly clustered, like the breasts of women clad in green, tumbling and rolling as they descend to the straight coastline whose sands fringe the dark blue-green waters of the Indian Ocean with a hem of pale gold.

Up this ocean in the blazing heat of Christmas Day of 1497 comes sailing a venturing ship, carrying the flag of Portugal and the determination of her king, Manuel the Fortunate. On board her captain paces the deck, frowning over the course he is plotting to the fabulous wealth of the Indies. A sailor comes up, addressing the captain as Messer da Gama, to tell him that unknown land has been sighted on the port side. Vasco da Gama goes to the rail to see the distant shape of land, a thin ribbon between sky and sea. He does not stop, but directs the ship on, naming the land *Terra Natalis*.

Four Portuguese ships are wrecked from this coastline in the following century. Their survivors set off on foot through the heat and chill, through the sand and unknown hills, many of them falling and dying by the way, as they toil on in an attempt to reach the Portuguese colony known to exist a few hundred miles on, whose centre is Lourenço Marques.

The year is 1685. A British ship, the *Good Hope*, is wrecked along the coast. Survivors reach the Bay of Natal, beside which is to rise the city of Durban. They establish a tiny community on a ridged tongue of ground on the south side of the Bay, the Bluff.

Within three months another British ship is sighted. Its boats put in to rescue the survivors of the *Good Hope*, of whom five prefer to stay on the Bluff. A year passes and 13 survivors of a wrecked Dutch East Indiaman, the *Stavenisse*, join the handful of Britons to build a vessel on the shore of the Bay. Nine members of the crew of the British ship *Bonaventura* arrive early the following year and work on the boat.

Christened the *Centaurus*, the boat sails, taking with it 20 men. Four Englishmen and a Frenchman remain on the Bluff.

The years pass.

The year is 1689. The Bay of Natal is sold by the local Native chieftain to the Dutch East India Company for goods valued at £1650 but produced for £50.

Sixteen years pass. The Dutch vessel *Postlooper* calls at the Bay, finds a Briton living there and learns that the Natives have refused to recognize the sale of their land by the former chief.

Only occasionally in the hundred years which follow does a European ship put in along the Nataline coast.

In 1818–20 the great Zulu chief Tshaka ravages Natal, enslaves the Bantu women, kills their men, and establishes himself as tyrant of the country.

Four years pass and Lieutenant F. G. Farewell, formerly of the Navy, who had visited the country the previous year, returns with ten companions. From Tshaka he obtains a grant of Port Natal and the surrounding country; nine of his companions depart.

The year is 1835. The date is June 23. The few residents name their little township beside the Bay. They call it D'Urban, after the Governor of the Cape.

The year is 1838. The date is February 6. Piet Retief, leading a band of Voortrekkers from the Cape, is murdered with 60 Europeans by bloody treachery in the kraal of Dingaan, brother and murderer of Tshaka. The date is December 16: under their new leader, Andries Pretorius, the Voortrekkers defeat the impis of Dingaan at Blood River, kill 3000 of them, and break Dingaan's power for ever: the day is remembered throughout the Union as a public holiday, Dingaan's Day. Voortrekkers found the Republic of Natal and the city of Pietermaritzburg.

In 1842 Captain T. C. Smith, commanding a force of 263 men, marches into Durban and is besieged in what is now known as the Old Fort. A settler named Dick King rides 600 miles in ten days to Grahamstown to call for reinforcements.

A year is turned. British sovereignty is proclaimed over Natal. Sir Henry Cloete is appointed Commissioner. Many Afrikaners refuse to accept British rule and trek beyond the mountains, inland to the west.

The year is 1847: the seeds for 20th-century problems are sown in Natal when the first sugar plantations are commenced. In 1860 the seeds germinate when Indian labourers are imported to work on the sugar plantations.

Bloody wars occur in Natal, risings and rebellion, the Zulu War of 1879, but gradually the Native is quietened. The Germans attempt to land. The Anglo-Boer war echoes across the top of the widening gulf.

Zululand and Amatongaland are annexed. On May 31, 1910, Natal becomes a Province of the Union of South Africa.

Today the land is fruitful. Great heat scorches the sweet green hills. Durban and Pietermaritzburg are becoming industrialized. Indians and Natives and Europeans lie uneasily in a cauldron of industry whose temperature has been rising since 1860, and the cause is the sugar which South Africa and England stirs into its cups of tea, pastries, and fruit tarts. . . .

XI

GEORGE AND THE HERMIT'S SWEET TOOTH

LONG, long ago, a Hindu legend tells us, there was a very worthy man, by name Vishva Mitra.

Vishva Mitra was a hermit. He passed much of his life in holy meditation. As he grew older he wished to bring happiness to others by more practical means than were to be found in meditation. One of those for whom he wished to find a practical way to happiness was his Prince, the Rajah Trishanku, who had been refused admittance to the Heavenly Paradise by Indra, King of the Heavens. So Vishva Mitra made the Rajah an earthly paradise and to make it more pleasant and delightful he created sugarcane. Trishanku was finally admitted into Heaven; when this occurred Vishva Mitra's conception of paradise was destroyed. But the gods relented and left Mankind the sugarcane as a token of the old hermit's greatness.

If this charming little legend provides any reliable guide, knowledge of the use of sugar originated in India.

The cane is believed to have been taken to China 800 years before the birth of Jesus, and to have found the soil good for its growth. Two hundred years before the birth of Jesus the Kingdom of Funam was paying it as tribute to the kings of China. Alexander the Great brought it back to Europe with him after his expedition to India. Its first known cultivation in Europe was in Sicily in 703 A.D. and, only 12 years later, in Spain. The Arabs knew it first in Persia and then developed its growth along the northern shore of Africa. By the 13th century it was growing in the valley of Jordan and in Tyre. In 1419 the cane was sweetening the air of Madeira, having been brought from the east by Portuguese sailors; by 1432 it was growing in the Azores, and later in the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands.

Some 500 years after the beginning of the Christian era the Indians discovered how to make sugar. The process was simple. The cane was cut into short lengths and crushed by heavy weights. The juice produced by crushing was then boiled until it solidified into tiny crystals. Although very fine, the crystals were of strange, uneven shape and size, so that in their pale yellow-brown colour they resembled gravel and were given the Sanskrit name of gravel: *sarkara*. In Persia the name underwent a slight change to *sakkar* and later *sukkar*; in the English tongue it became *sugar*. The ancient Indians enjoyed chewing delicacies made from the larger crystals, which they called *Khanda*, a word known to modern Americans and Britons as *candy*.

The first man to cultivate the sugarcane in Natal is believed to have been W. C. Holden, who described the experiment in a little book he

wrote on the *History of the Colony of Natal*, published in 1855. The first use of sugar in Natal appears to have been eight years previously, in 1847, when it was introduced from Reunion Island. Edmund Morewood, one-time Harbour Master of Durban for the Voortrekker Republic of Natalia, founded the growing of sugar as an industry. He started a plantation at Compensation, 30 odd miles from Durban along the North Coast, and made the first sugar from it in 1849 or 1850.

In 1852 Mr. M. J. McKen, curator of the Natal Agricultural and Horticultural Society's Garden in Durban, visited Morewood's plantation and the primitive mill it used for crushing. In the same year a firm of merchants in the town imported 15,000 sugarcane tops from Mauritius and started a plantation at Isipingo, ten miles from the town down the South Coast. In 1855 a steam-driven mill was opened at Springfield Flats, near the town. In the same year the first public sale of sugar went under the auctioneer's hammer; some eight tons realized £30 a ton; the event was toasted by everyone present with a glass of champagne. Later, they might have preferred a less festive air.

In the year 1860 nearly 3000 acres of Natal were under cane, a total of 3500 tons was being collected, and a small export trade was flourishing.

This development in sweetness was not, we might be tempted to say, all honey.

From the very beginnings there were labour difficulties.

Supplies of cheap labour to forward the infant industry were available, but inclined not to assist, an old problem in South Africa. The Zulus refused to work in the plantations. Filled with memories of their warrior past, the men refused to demean themselves by hiring themselves out to work. They had never worked: their women attended to that while they, the warriors, indulged the true function of men by keeping fit for war and hunting expeditions. Labour in the canes was beneath their dignity. Their wives were too busy, having children, attending the kraal, doing other work, to be put to work making the white man's sugar.

In 1854 one of those interested in production suggested that labour should be imported.

In the following year public opinion supported the suggestion. Sir George Grey, Governor and High Commissioner of the Cape of Good Hope, was petitioned to assist in developing and stabilizing the situation. Already the pioneer mills were facing great difficulties in being able to maintain operation with inadequate labour supplies available in the plantations.

A petition was made in May to introduce Chinese labourers. Sir George did not agree and refused to approve the idea. He frowned upon a later idea to introduce convicts into the Colony to do the work. Another suggestion was made that Amatongas should be persuaded to undertake the labour, but they were unwilling to face the perils of

having to reach Natal by leaving their homes and trekking through Zululand. The Government decided against this proposal until 1858, when permission was given for 118 Amatongas and their families to enter Natal. At the time the Zulus were restive. The Amatongas left shortly afterwards. The Government instructed Natal magistrates to direct any available labour to the plantations. The situation was complicated by frequent desertions and continual strife. Natalians petitioned that workers from Basutoland should be allowed to enter the Colony. The Government refused the request. The people then petitioned for young Native apprentices, who, said their plea, should have the privilege "for three hours each working day in instruction in reading, writing, grammar, geography, and arithmetic, according to their state of forwardship, through the medium of the English language by a competent teacher"; the offer included clothing and religious tuition. Sir George replied that the law did not enable him to usurp the authority of the parents of the children, petitioners would have to contact Native parents themselves.

But Sir George appreciated the plight of the Colonists who sought only a natural expansion of an exportable commodity for which their land was eminently suitable.

On behalf of the petitioners he addressed requests for labourers to the Governments of Mauritius and India. He assured the Indian Government of his reasons for favouring immigrants from that country: advantages that had accrued to employers in Mauritius and to Indian immigrants, rich soil for crops for which coolie labour was suited, a vast extent of lands in the hands of private proprietors which gave the labourer assured employment and a means of becoming a petty proprietor if he so desired and had the means of retiring from service; the fact that by their labour the coolies would ensure production of food; the absence of slavery, which had never been practised in Natal; the distribution of immigrants by Government officials and a supply limited by demand.

Some discussion upon terms followed his request.

These were eventually agreed.

On November 16, 1860, a large crowd of colonists gathered at Port Natal to welcome the first ship bringing over 150 indentured labourers from India to work in the sugar plantations, the "harbingers of prosperity" as they were hailed, certainly the forerunners of the 1431 labourers covered by the terms of the first agreement.

Immediately the sugar industry thrived. By 1862 output had risen to 2624 tons. Imports increased, fresh immigrants were attracted. Money was invested in the Colony. Loans were raised.

So attractive was the outlook that more and more labourers were sought and secured. They were allowed to have their families with them in Natal. Their own merchants, catering for their own tastes and religious observances, were allowed to enter the Colony. Their own

lawyers and doctors were permitted. Many signed on for a second period of work directly their first contract had been worked out. For many of them Natal offered greater security and a chance of greater wealth than they would ever know in their own overcrowded cities and fields in India.

On that beginning the prosperity of Natal was built. Sugar gave the Colony its first great forward movement as a country with a stable and expanding industry. It gave the European community fortunes and fine houses. It built their security. It educated their children and equipped them to enter business or the professions, with the knowledge and equipment of cultured men. It laid the foundations of great cities, railways, shipping offices and ports, pushed up the value of the land, and put cities where villages had been only a half-century before. It covered the rolling hills with high pale green banks of ripening cane, in whose hue was the sap of a young country climbing rapidly to prosperity and power, striding ahead of other sections of the South African mainland. And through the cane moved Indian labourers and their families, their own prosperity increasing, their families enlarging, their own future green with the promise of an unexpected spring in a new land.

Sugar brought money and success to Natal. It brought more than that. It brought racial muddle, the worst muddle in all South Africa. It brought fear, strangely out of keeping with the sweetness which caused it. It brought death and tragedy, the makings of great disaster, for it split the human element in Natal into three sections, keeping them apart, watchful, for ever wary of each other, and it may yet bring down the whole of European life in South Africa.

Among other things that it did, indirectly or directly as the onlooker estimates it, was to play a strange trick on a hot summer's afternoon in the first weeks of 1949 when the head of one George Madondo went through the window of a shop in the Indian quarter of Durban.

XII

GEORGE AND THE WINDOW

THE morning of Thursday, January 13, 1949, dawned brightly over Durban. Sunlight glowed down into the busy streets. Ricksha boys in their barbaric finery of horns, skins and gaily-coloured ribbons were soon whistling after visitors spending a holiday in the city. The Indian Ocean was a brilliant blue, only occasionally shadowed with grey.

Throughout the morning and early afternoon Durban's bread-winners were busy in their offices, their factories and stores. At home wives went about their usual round of household duties. Hotels were full. The Bay of Natal was busy with shipping: the *City of Tokio* had arrived from Britain, the *Avismoat* was in from Mombasa, the *Hermion* from the Baltic, the *Gerusalemme* from Italy, the *Norden* from Canada. The *Stirling Castle* was leaving for the Cape and Britain, the *African Planet* and *Silversandal* were both departing for Mombasa. One ship, the Argentinian steamer *General San Marrin*, had left behind a good news-story for the papers: the youngest stowaway, brown-eyed little Maria del Carmen Toledano, aged six years, who with her mother had crept aboard at Barcelona and spent 13 days hiding in one of the ship's deep tanks, fed by a member of the crew.

Summer entertainments were in full swing for both Durbanians and visitors to the city port. A revue company was rehearsing for Saturday night's performance at the City Hall. At Kenilworth Showland, on the North Beach, they could pay a few pence and see an "exotic South Sea Mermaid", a calf with two heads, a breathing picture, and "A Human Head Shrunk to the Size of a Cricket Ball". Restaurants offered "the best food" and dancing under the stars. Dancers were also catered for at the Roadhouse Hotel and other night-spots. Cinemas were busy. There was a choice of *A Foreign Affair* at the Playhouse, *Tarzan and the Huntress* at the Theatre Royal, *Great Expectations* at the Criterion, and a score of others. For those who preferred to hold their money until Monday, there was a promise of "the Screen's Mightiest Adventure!" Errol Flynn in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. Sports reporters were busy discussing the English cricket test team.

Around lunchtime the heat, usually rather fierce along this strip of coast in January, became stronger. Men in the streets took off their jackets: white shirts vied with the gaily-coloured dresses worn by the women. The Mayor, Leo Boyd, was in his parlour eating a hurried snack between the endless appointments of a normally busy day, ruffling through some preparatory plans for the forthcoming Natal settlers' centenary celebrations to be held in a few months' time.

ROFTS. I KEUNERT LTD

Despite the heat, Durban was a pleasant place to be in. Particularly for those who could lounge in the cool of their homes or hotels along the Berea, the strip of hill directly behind the town, or were taking off on the journey to Cape Town or Johannesburg from the airfield behind Snell Parade.

Among those who found the city and the weather good was George Madondo, a young Native boy (*Umfaan*).

George was 14 years old. There was nothing remarkable about him. Not yet. He was well-built, quick with city quickness and with a true Native humour. He was as intelligent as most Native boys of his age, and it was said later a speck more lively. No, George was not yet remarkable. No one paid any attention to him as he went through the morning and early afternoon as was his wont.

Then, shortly before five o'clock, George became remarkable. He went to meet his brother. He dawdled along towards the appointment with his brother and History, and reached an eating-house in Victoria Street.

Victoria Street lies in that area of Durban most heavily populated by Indian traders. Close by are the covered stalls of the Native and Indian markets, and the bus terminus from which Natives and Indians who do not live immediately around the city can go in Indian-owned buses to their homes farther away, the Indian homes in more distant areas than Springfield, the Natives chiefly to the neighbourhoods of Booth Road (Cato Manor), Clairwood and elsewhere. Many hundreds of them were about Victoria Street at the time that George arrived for his double appointment. He was no different from other boys, as yet, and so they saw him without knowing he was there.

Now George was in the habit of going into a shop owned by Harrilal Basanth, an Indian who sold, among other things, cigarettes and cold drinks. Basanth was a stockily built man of average height. He believed that George, who liked both cigarettes and cold drinks, belonged to a gang of boys who had been causing him some trouble. To attend customers when he was busy meeting the requirements of others, Basnath employed an Indian boy age sixteen years. The boy's name was Danragh. It was he who most frequently served George.

George was waiting for his brother outside the Victoria Street eating-house when Danragh appeared, sent out by his employer on a mission. George espied him coming through the crowds and, it was said, asked Danragh for a cigarette. Danragh said that he had none, that he did not smoke, and then George (according to Danragh) caught hold of his arms and slapped him twice in the face.

Danragh went back to his employer and told him the story. Basanth became angry, his ire aroused at this apparent latest incident with one of the gang who had been troubling him. He went out in search of George, and, incidentally, his own place in History.

Danragh went with him.

16. Johannesburg Slime Dumps

They found George still waiting.

Later Danragh said: "Basanth caught hold of Madondo and held him by the arms. He asked why he had assaulted me. Madondo tried to get free. He then got free and hurt his head in the window."

George's version of the story was somewhat different. He affirmed that he had been peaceably awaiting the arrival of his brother when Basanth came up, caught hold of him, and pushed him back through a big shop window head first. "The glass broke and cut my head at both sides behind my ears," he said. "I was taken to hospital where my wounds were stitched and I was allowed to go."

It would be easy to imagine such a spectacle as this awakening the bitter condemnation of onlookers, some of whom might call an ambulance for George, flat on his back amid the broken glass, and a police-constable for his assailant.

In the circumstances which existed this was not the whole chart of possibility. Neither of the principal actors belonged to the more phlegmatic races. George was a Native. Basanth was an Indian. The onlookers, their attention claimed by the noise of the dispute and subsequent shatter of glass, were also Natives and Indians.

George *did* go to hospital. Basanth departed in great haste, chased by a number of Natives, to his shop. The final element of History attendant upon the scene, the onlookers, provided their contribution, many lacking true knowledge of what had happened to George after he vanished into the window or to Basanth as he endeavoured to vanish into the crowds.

A fight started. Natives chased a man whom they believed to be Basanth. Indians chased Natives chasing the man. Some Natives commenced to break the windows of Indian-owned stores. Some Indians organized bands to attack forcibly Natives who seemed likely to set about breaking windows. On balconies and in windows above shops and stores, Indian men, women, and children started throwing down bottles, brickbats, and other missiles, on the heads of Natives attacking Indians. Some Indian bus-drivers glanced at the situation which was developing, reached a decision and started off ahead of schedule; others departed without their buses.

Travel on those buses which did leave the Victoria Street terminus was eventful. Passengers divided into two camps, unable to relax lest some argument should provoke a fight. On more than one bus discussion was heated. Away from the centre of disturbance, some drivers gave word of progressing to their destination only if their passengers kept quiet. Discussion slackened into smouldering resentment.

Away to Cato Manor and Clairwood went many thousands of resentful, frightened, uneasy Natives and Indians.

Back in Durban a force of police had been rushed down to the area where the fight was developing in the Indian centre. Sight of the

constables quietened the atmosphere. It did not extinguish the flame of resentment leaping in Native hearts at Indian brutality towards a Native boy and leaping too in Indian breasts at Native brutality towards Indians injured in the fight.

In Durban and the neighbourhoods lying on its outskirts, resentment and fear simmered. Sporadic outbreaks of violence kept occurring wherever the police were absent. Windows of Indian shops crashed in. Indians were beaten up and left injured, some dying or dead, on the pavements and roads; when the police appeared the area was empty of all save those left on the ground. These incidents were all in the city. By 11 p.m. order had been restored. The streets were quiet save for a sound of patrol cars, ambulances, private cars carrying wounded to or from hospital.

But streaming out along the roads to the distant neighbourhoods were people carrying garbled accounts of what had been happening in Durban.

Wildly exaggerated stories circulated. Most of them came from Natives. They told how a Native *Umfaan* had been killed by Indians, done to death in a shocking way. That he had been decapitated. That he had been insulted in death, his head placed in an Indian mosque and kept there, despite every plea that it should be given up for burial. That Native women were being raped by Indian men.

The Native in his anger is a man knowing no European control. His resentment is a long time stirring, but when it comes to the boil only time will cool it. Before then he may have a period when he is beyond the ease and good humour which mark his normal days, a man who knows what he is doing but is unable to stop himself from doing it.

What he, in his thousands, now heard drove him forth in search of revenge—not only for what he believed had been done to his young brother but for all the other things which the Indians were supposed to have done against the wellbeing of him and his brothers and women, grievances which this reported event seemed to establish as true and all harmful to his dignity.

He waited alongside roads leading from the city to hurl stones at the Indian-owned buses which passed.

Through the succeeding hours the bush telegraph was busy with fresh rumours.

Each new report carried the news to a higher peak of tragedy, shocked its hearers with ever-sharpening reasons for fear for his family and himself. Perhaps the worst story, one heard through every district, was that the Indians had risen and were killing off all Natives in the city area. This story sent many Natives out in search of the Indians whom they knew to be living nearby, to stone their homes and set them on fire, to kill off the men and attack Indian women who cowered, screaming, in the back rooms.

Leaders of these incidents marched to their headmen to demand that they be organized into impis and descend upon the city in their thousands to kill the Indians. Their headmen, wiser, less susceptible to rumour passing from mouth to mouth, often from mouths drunk with fear or anger or such earthly causes as Native beer, managed to restrain the more hotheaded who sought to implement the demand.

While violence and conference were in progress, many Indian families hastily packed a few belongings and fled to the wooded slopes of neighbouring hills, to the sanctuary of their mosques, or to ground behind a nearby police-station, to camp there for the night.

By midnight the area was quietening. Here and there glass shattered abruptly in the darkness, flames licked up through the blackness cloaking the hills, a woman screamed, children whimpered, but the worst was over. Indians and Natives dozed. In hotels along the sea-front Native houseboys and Indian waiters, too frightened to risk the return to their homes, if these still stood, lay down in opposite corners of lounges, restaurants, wherever they could find a convenient place, and drowsed fitfully, uneasily, scared lest they might be dragged out and done to death. City officials dozed behind the steering-wheels of the cars in which they had been transporting the wounded to hospital since five o'clock in the afternoon.

The early sunshine which flooded the city on Friday, January 14, seemed unnatural.

Durban is a city whose Native and Indian population is astir early; on this morning the Europeans were up at the first streaks of dawn. No one knew truly what had happened during the night or what the day would bring. Around the streets whispers of violence, murder, rape, and fire, crawled their evil way.

Among the Natives the first anger had vanished. In its place was a deeper, more purposeful resentment against the Indians, a resentment which held that every known irritation and injustice, whether real or imaginary, experienced since the Indians had first arrived, was proven true.

The Indians waited in their homes, their own anger rising as word came of how Natives had murdered a relative or lamed a friend or raped a known woman.

In European homes the morning newspapers' accounts of what had happened up to the time of going to press provided the only topic of conversation. Wives were hastily instructed in how to protect themselves. Many families accompanied their breadwinners to work or made plans to leave the city if further disturbances occurred.

Working Durban reassembled at its shops and stores, offices and factories, aware of tension increasing with every hour as more and more stories, some true, many garbled and embellished, reached it from outlying districts.

Police patrolled the Indian quarter. Detachments of the armed

forces stood by. Officials came and went from the City Hall. Telephone conversations were put through on priority from civic offices to departments of the Government and police in Cape Town and Pretoria. From newspaper offices accounts of what had happened were going out to other parts of South Africa and the world beyond.

The city simmered.

At midday the storm in the central area raged out afresh.

Over 2000 Natives suddenly appeared in the Indian commercial quarter, armed with sticks and stones, smashing windows, looting shops, attacking every Indian in sight. Squadrons of police were rushed to the Indian market, to bus-ranks nearby, charging the Natives with batons, sticks, and *sjamboks*, trying to break their ranks. Hundreds of Natives were arrested and marched away, grinning, laughing, many with eyes still glazed as they were herded across streets crusted with broken glass to the police-stations. Whenever one mob was broken it scattered in all directions and reformed almost immediately round a neighbouring corner. The dead, dying, and injured were left in the gutters. Europeans attracted by the noise, hearing that they were being left alone, made their way to the area and lined pavements to watch what was happening; it was later reported that some encouraged the Natives with cries of "Hit the coolies!"

Outside the city disturbances had been in progress all day. Early in the morning a crowd of Native compound dwellers had beaten up a number of Indians near the Dalton Road location. A European worker at a dairy had been threatened by over 200 Natives after detaining a Native for assaulting an Indian. Fights with sticks and knives occurred in many areas.

Police leave was cancelled. Armoured cars manned by the Services appeared on the streets. Appeals for help were telephoned to the State Police Headquarters in Pretoria, to the Minister of Defence in Cape Town.

In the city, incident succeeded incident. Pine Street, which stretches a parallel course with West and Smith Streets, the main commercial streets, one end at the old cemetery, the other near the sea-front, was noisy with the crash of glass, the howl of injured men, and the charge of police. In Plowright Lane an Indian was chased by Natives into a shop. Indian lorries in Grey Street were stoned and overturned. Natives raced up Cathedral Road brandishing clubs and shouting war cries. Indians in windows flung bottles. Looting was going on everywhere. Indian cars were smashed. In Grey Street Natives rushed into a shop and helped themselves to cigarettes. A ricksha-boy helped himself to a bundle of khaki shirts from a window, put them in his ricksha, and returned to the window for a load of women's shoes. An aged Indian, escaping from one band of Natives, fled straight into the midst of another gang, who proceeded to beat him up. No Indian buses were anywhere in sight. Around 3 p.m. a

mob of some 300 Natives, waving sticks and clubs, chanting war cries, marched through the centre of the city, heading towards Grey Street, within five minutes' walk of the City Hall, leaving behind them any Indian who had been in their path.

Riots continued all through the remainder of the day and night.

A reporter of the *Natal Daily News* was up at Cato Manor when Saturday, January 15, dawned over Durban:

> At dawn today a soft dank mist crept down on the stricken areas of Cato Manor [he wrote], but it did not hide the signs of a night of terror, plundering and killing, almost unprecedented in South Africa.
>
> The half-light was pierced by hundreds of fires, the silence broken by the measured tread of patrolling police, army and navy detachments, by the occasional groans of dying Natives in the damp grass. At midnight I had seen the last desperate bid by police, army and navy squadrons to stem last night's tide of mass Native violence. Defiant bands of looters were hounded out of the dense bush and shot after being called on to give themselves up peacefully. For three hours the valleys echoed with hundreds of shots from rifles, pistols, and submachine guns.
>
> This morning I saw the result of that drive—the pitiable scenes of misery: Native women searching for their dead or wounded menfolk; the grotesque remains of sacked and looted Indian-owned houses and stores burning fiercely; small groups of terrified Indians seeking refuge, the bodies of Indian men and women, brutally killed, left lying in the smouldering remains of their houses.
>
> Yet [he continued] early this morning, in the areas still uncombed, could be heard the defiant chant of Native bands reforming, their taunts of "come and get us" and the queer clicking noise as they beat their sticks and assegais together.

A defence force captain called on a group of Natives to surrender themselves. The Natives refused, shouting: "No. We want Indians, not White men."

The same reporter stood beside an 18-year-old naval rating, a machine-gunner, when 200 Natives charged down a slope shouting defiance at four machine-gunners of which the rating was one:

> He aimed at four advancing Natives as they came nearer. First 200 yards, then 100, then 50 yards away they stood up and charged him. He called upon them in a choking, sobbing voice. Then, when they were ten yards away, he averted his eyes and, shouting "God, I can't do it!" he fired his gun until the magazine clicked empty.

Through the night and early morning Durban airfield was busy with a roar of descending planes carrying reinforcements from Pretoria and Potchefstroom, running into the town from the south, dropping down under the Berea's green hump.

Incidents continued throughout most of the day. A Native with a cash register was shot down. Another was bayoneted in a burning shop.

Two young Indian girls were found raped in another shop. Glass crashed throughout the day. Cars were set on fire. Fights and stabbings occurred in areas around the docks, out at Clairwood industrial area, at Cato Manor, at Springfield, and in the city.

For four days the riots raged. When finally they were under control, the city and people felt as though they had been through a war. If casualty lists compiled later are any guide, they had.

The roll comprised 142 dead (1 European, 50 Indians, 87 Natives, and 4 whose race could not be determined); 1087 injured (32 Europeans, 11 Coloureds, 541 Natives, and 503 Indians; of these another 58 people of all races died from their injuries); 1 factory was destroyed, 58 stores, and 247 dwellings; 2 factories, 652 stores, and 1285 dwellings were damaged.

A Commission was appointed to investigate the cause of the riots. It consisted of three members. The president was Mr. Justice F. P. van den Heever (whom I met in Bloemfontein) of the Appellate Division; Mr. Ryle Masson, chief magistrate of Johannesburg, and Mr. W. Schultz, chief magistrate of Durban; with Mr. B. C. van der Merwe as secretary.

The report made public during the following April is not as clear or as wise a document as the circumstances indicate was essential if further outbreaks of violence are to be prevented by the experience gained. It is perhaps understandable that members of the Commission should view angrily some extremely critical reports and comments which appeared in the "foreign press" about the Durban riots, but, whatever their feelings as individuals, the Commission's anger towards these reports was scarcely their official concern. Towards the end of the report there come some weighty words which are worthy of reprinting though their connection with the riots appears slight:

> A form of government can be good only if it is in harmony with the mental outlook, character and moral fibre of the people concerned. Because it suits his temperament and moral fibre, the publicist, especially of British stock, is inclined to regard the vote as the *everriculum omnium malitiarum*, the panacea for all social and economic evils.
>
> In his altruism he regards this nostrum as an article of export. He has exported it to neighbouring nations infinitely closer to him in civilization, culture, and moral fibre—closer to him in blood even than the Bantu and the Indian.
>
> Yet our publicist will have it that, politically, even traditionally vegetarian peoples would thrive on good red British beef and that, if they do not take to it kindly, they or their caterers should be taught some sense.

These utterances convey a stronger flavour of Nationalist sympathy than they impart of legal determinations into the cause and future prevention of race riots.

Having studied the course of events, the report seeks to establish the underlying reasons for its occurrence, "concomitant causes".

A number of these were suggested to the Commission by individuals, drawn from all sections of the peoples in Natal, who appeared before it to give evidence.

The first was neglect by the authorities to prevent the initial outbreak. The Commission rejected this on the grounds that no warning had been given that relations between Indians and Natives were poor.

Secondly, that the police did not use sufficient initial force. The Commission stated itself satisfied that the police acted, as indeed they did, with promptitude and discretion.

Thirdly, that the police had failed to foresee the resumption of the riots of January 13, which the Commission rejected for reasons best summed up in the words: "Nobody warned the police, as no one expected a resurgence of the riots." (During my visit to Durban I asked many Durbanians about this; all stated that although they hoped no further violence would occur they lacked any reason for believing it completely ended; admittedly, this opinion may have been "being wise after the event".)

Fourthly, the police were criticized for not using tear-gas. The Commission rejected this on the grounds that police issued with tear-gas were unable to get sufficiently close to the rioters to use it effectively.

Fifthly, the police did not put down renewed rioting with sufficient vigour. The Commission pointed out that the police immediately available totalled 11 officers, 460 Europeans and 504 Non-Europeans, of which number 8 officers, 214 Europeans and 203 Non-Europeans were engaged in the central area of the disputes: "In the circumstances the police did what they could to protect property, but concentrated on saving life. They collected thousands of Indians and convoyed them through dangerous places to safety."

Sixthly, alleged ruthlessness in putting down the riots, an allegation made against the police, which the Commission rejected on the grounds than no greater energy was used than circumstances demanded.

Seventhly, encouragement of Native rioters by the police. This was rejected by the Commission, despite pressure from the Natal Indian Organization, on the ground that it lacked sufficient evidence to support it.

Eighthly, incitement by Europeans. "Unfortunately [said the Report], there were Europeans who actively incited the Natives to deeds of violence against the Indians. . . . We are satisfied, however, that the type of European who actively incited the Natives to violence were rare exceptions."

Under the heading "Alleged Antecedent Causes", the Report commented upon political speeches made by the (White) intelligentsia, speeches by public figures, and reports of these printed in newspapers, which, when interpreted by Natives, appeared to indicate that the

authorities were hostile to Indians and would like to get rid of them: "superficially, the inference seemed plausible". However, the Commission found nothing to substantiate such a feeling among Natives convicted of being involved in the riots; "the only resentment we discovered was the naïve complaint that the authorities interfered when Natives had an opportunity to recoup themselves for losses sustained at the hands of the Indians".

A second alleged antecedent cause was slum conditions, which the Commission found had some basis in fact but from a different angle of approach to that suggested by witnesses. Third, a feeling of frustration by Natives. The Commission held that this opinion emanated from "intellectuals" saying that the type of Native who took part in the riots was in general "quite satisfied with the housing available to him, the amenities he can enjoy, and with the 'disruption' of his family life", which accorded to his tradition. The Commission held that young Natives did not want their wives living with them in cities, because they wished to retain their tribal standing in the reserves and would not wish to expose their wives to "the corrupting influence of the city".

The Commission held the principal contributory factors to be: (1) Increasing lack of self-discipline by the Natives; (2) Bad precepts and bad examples; (3) The character of the parties to the riots; (4) Increasing tension between Natives and Indians; (5) Unsatisfactory local conditions. On (1) it held that there was increasing lawlessness among the mass of urban Natives. On (2) that certain Indians had sought to unite Natives with their own organizations and, in so doing, invoked assistance from abroad: this referred to such bodies as those which proclaim their Indian race but claim South African citizenship, and bodies practising Passive Resistance. On (3) the Commission held the Native primarily responsible as being the aggressor and added: "The Zulu is by tradition a warrior. The veneer of civilization which has come to him during his urban existence is but a thin covering. When this breaks under the stress of emotion—especially the emotion of a mob—he again becomes one of the warriors of Chaka."

Item 4 received closer attention. The Commission held that the Native had always seen the Indian as a stranger, that many thousands of Natives had arrived in the urban area since the war with a result that housing could not keep abreast of demand, and many Natives settled on Indian-owned land, creating slum conditions, for which the Native blamed the Indian. Events in India had repercussions, some Indians antagonizing Natives by their high-handed methods and self-assurance; the Native said to himself: "The Indian was introduced into South Africa as a labourer. Now we find we have to serve two masters." Further, many Indian landowners had taken advantage of the housing shortage and the arrival of thousands of Natives to demand extortionate rents. This allegation the Commission held unfounded. Another factor was population trends, the Native becom-

ing worried at the natural increase of the Indian people. Another was miscegenation, the Zulu resentful at Indians, with more money and cars, seducing Native women and then disowning women and children. "Responsible Indian witnesses conceded that miscegenation was taking place . . . but contended that this was, to a certain extent, going on between all racial groups."

Another factor was the treatment in Indian-owned buses of Natives, who were frequently bundled off and assaulted by Indian officials. ". . . this grievance played an important part during the riots". Finally, many Natives held that they had been ruthlessly exploited for years by Indian merchants. The Commission stated: "We believe that there is much truth in this allegation . . .", and later said that it had heard many reliable witnesses, including Indians, who had detailed how they had received similar treatment "at the hands of Indian shopkeepers, but they were loth to give evidence for fear of reprisals". The Commission then supplied figures of cases of persons convicted of selling at excessive rates in the Durban area for the two years ending December 31, 1948. The figures totalled 64 Europeans, 162 Indians, 21 Natives and 3 Chinese, and for exposing goods for sale which were not price-marked, 10 Europeans, 95 Indians, 6 Natives and 1 Chinese.

The Commission held that slum conditions on the fringes of Durban were "a disgrace to any community which calls itself civilized", but stated that "on the whole, the shack-dwellers themselves seem to be quite content with their lot" and that the feeling of frustration "from which the average Native is alleged to suffer" was, in its opinion, "largely imaginary". It recorded that 70 per cent. of Natal Indians were "desperately poor", and that hitherto without political ambitions they were now awakening, their anger directed against their more wealthy fellow-Indians.

The report of the Commission ended:

> In a multi-racial country like South Africa greater responsibility weighs upon the individual than in more homogeneous societies. The sins of the fathers are visited not only upon the children but upon all others of their race. The position in Durban requires constant vigilance.

It was regrettable, in the interests of all concerned, that the Commission refused cross-examination, which, as the Press pointed out when the report was published, "gagged truth" and cut off a large body of informed testimony.

During May 1949 I toured the riot areas of Durban on several occasions. The first to take me around was Ken Clarke, deputy-mayor of Durban, with whom I drove out to Booth Road, Cato Manor. Directly we had crossed the Berea evidences of the riot became visible.

Many Indian shops were still boarded up. Nearer to the Manor itself we passed the shells of burned-out houses, only walls and chimney-stacks still standing, broken planks and cindered remains of furniture and clothing forming black patches on the grass. In Booth Road itself no Indian-owned house was whole. All had been damaged, their walls blackened or flaring pink from the heat of the fires which had destroyed them in January. A burned-out private bus blistered on top of one hillock; on another rusted the bent, discoloured shell of a car.

Shack dwellings had reappeared in great quantity. At one point in Booth Road, opposite the bus terminus, several thousand Natives were living in a settlement whose individual dwellings were composed of odd planks and boards, some ripped from the destroyed houses behind us, covered with sackings or strips of corrugated iron.

We entered a number of these dwellings, a single room with one box or trestle of wood in service as a chair. Inhabitants slept upon the floor, bare earth scuffed into a filthy mud and covered with dirty newspapers or a few planks. No window gave any light into the hot, stinking blackness inside. Some dwellings had a partition down the centre, turning them into rooms for two households. In some, seven, eight, nine, or ten people were living, men, women, and children, the total space they occupied roughly eight feet across by ten or twelve long. There was no sanitation. Glancing round, I saw only one latrine wide to the sky, used by hundreds of people; during the time Clarke and I spent there it was in continual use, its occupants watching us with great interest. Around this corner of human flotsam circled a score of chickens, a dozen dogs, some pigs, and between two and three hundred children, the younger ones mother-naked, trampling about through the slimy filth which coated much of the ground.

The Natives accepted our presence unwillingly, I felt. Nothing in their manner gave any indication of the friendliness one finds everywhere in the territories where the Native is still tribalized. Most men were young. A number showed signs of having lived in cities; perhaps they had been in the goldmines or in the Transvaal copper area. Many of the youngest wore the broad-brimmed American-type hat, the exaggerated long jacket and narrow-pointed trousers of the "zoot-suit" favoured in New York's Harlem, brilliant yellow and red shirts, and ties which looked like the last anguished sunset over a ravished and chaotic universe. The few older men wore stained hats, greasy and discoloured 'khaki greatcoats, and tattered trousers. For both the clothes were old, even the zoot-suits stained and patched. Their shoes were broken at the seam, laceless or tied with string, often a sole gaped as its owner walked across the uneven ground.

By contrast with the men, most women contrived an air of neatness. Some of the younger women were smart unto their fashion, in short, tight skirts, tight jackets, white blouses or knitted jerseys, and the small, usually white, berets which most young urbanized Native women

prefer. Though they wore no stockings, which is not usual amongst Native women, their shoes were in fairly good repair. There was evidence of further tragedy in this appearance. Older women were wrapped in blankets or tattered black gowns, their heads bound in a dirty white or grey cloth which served as a scarf.

In my life I have seen many slums and many instances of tragedy among the poor. I have toured the worst which can be seen in Glasgow, Liverpool, around the docks of a number of European countries. During the London blitz of 1940 I saw what happened to the tightly-packed areas of the East End and South-East where a lifetime's endeavour was destroyed in a split second by the brave bombs of the Nazis.

But never in all my life have I seen a more horrifying or pitiable spectacle than Booth Road, Cato Manor, Durban. Had I tears to weep they would have been wept then. There amid filth and the tawdry trappings of young men who find in exaggerated clothing an outward display of assurance, amid dirt and stench where life was down to its lowest level—without any war to give it some slight justification—were hundreds of desperate men and women, hardening into a hatred of anyone who did not share their plight or in whom the spirit of life had been flogged by adversity until they were cowed into despair.

The Native is still a child in many ways. These children were without anything save the wish to have bright, glittering things to wear or show. The vast majority had no conception of why they should be in their plight; its causes were beyond their comprehension or their care. They had come to the city for the work which meant more money than they could find in their reserves, but such money as they found was insufficient. Meantime they had to live, remain close to their chance or because they had no wish to return to their tribe. Frustration they might not feel; it is the more aspiring, more complex peoples who, deprived of opportunity in a state of life wherein others have abundant opportunity to progress and enjoy, can know frustration. That these Natives were apathetic, without a positive social goal as individuals or as members of a society, was tragically evident.

Venereal disease and prostitution are appallingly high among these people who have been crowding into Durban and the surrounding area.

In 1943 there were 6862 new cases of VD, 5658 ward admissions and a total of 60,150 clinic attendances for all races. In 1947 the same three classes had climbed to 14,774, 6311 and 78,008 respectively.

In his report for 1947 the Durban Medical Officer of Health stated: "The number of young Native girls under the age of 14 who acquire syphilis through sexual intercourse continues to prove a depressing problem." Further on he said:

Since the advent of the sulpha drugs and penicillin, the treatment of cases of both gonorrhoea and syphilis has become so easy in early, uncomplicated cases that a new problem is becoming evident. Africans (Natives) especially are losing their fear of VD and tend to cast whatever little discretion they ever had in this connection completely to the winds. No inhibitions as regards their sexual instincts are powerful enough to induce them to avoid the dangers of promiscuity. This danger, already too manifest, is likely to increase still further. Every day we see patients in the Non-European clinics who are being treated for their second, third and fourth infections.

On slums, the Medical Officer of Health wrote:

The most pressing problem is the housing of some 30,000 Natives, comprising about 6000 families, of which about 25,000 live in shanties in the Cato Manor (Booth Road) area. Overcrowded and lacking "basic sanitation", conditions in these shanty-towns are highly conducive to the spread of typhoid fever, dysentery, typhus, tuberculosis, and venereal disease.

The M.O.H. concludes with what is the truth of the housing situation, that housing programmes already developed cannot keep pace with the increase of population.

Deaths from pulmonary disease rose from 303 in 1941 to 389 in 1947, among the Native people. This gives no true picture of what is happening to Natives suffering from TB. If no hospital bed is available when the Native goes to hospital and is confirmed as suffering from the disease, he may well vanish back to his kraal. Employers are unwilling to continue having in their factories Natives suffering from the disease; workless, they disappear, carrying the complaint back to the reserves with them. Moreover, in the M.O.H.'s words:

Many Natives leave hospital against medical advice, many hundreds every year, and return to their kraals. . . . Advice from the hospitals [to the nearest local authority, for detention of the Natives] usually arrives too late.

This shocking state of affairs continues. Attempts are made to tackle it, but while minimizing some aspects, fail to combat the main dangers. In many ways the situation is out of control.

The truth behind the Durban riots would appear to be that:

(1) Many thousands of Natives exist in conditions which do not provide them with any reason for awakening or maintaining their individual self-control;

(2) Many endure living conditions which make them apathetic to all save the personal accounts of other Natives who succeed in gaining

some ephemeral financial and social reward by defying the code of rules imposed upon Natives;

(3) Many have no social or working interests to absorb them into an organic society and found in the riots an outlet which their racial emotions had no power to resist;

(4) The attack was made upon Indians because the Native is aware that a number of Indians have become as wealthy as many of the European people, and while the Indian is also coloured he has never revealed himself to the Native as a man of courage as he, the Native, particularly the Zulu descendants of the warriors of Chaka, understand a man of courage;

(5) All Natives dislike their women being mistreated as sexual vessels by Indians.

If these assumptions, which are only general and in no way provide any individual or particularized reason for the riots, are accepted, then it would appear possible that further disturbances are likely. The next outbreak may not appear for some time. Sufficient interest was created in the riots to warn even the most foolhardy against indulging in another outbreak. But the riots have passed into Native history. It may be that another generation will have to gain maturity before the next violence occurs. If, however, the Indians increase in numbers and wealth, it may well come sooner, unless measures are taken by local authorities and Native and Indian bodies to provide adequate deterrents. The most unlikely assumption would be that no future riots will occur. The causes have not been removed.

That the Durban authorities are well aware of this state of affairs I know from long conversations with the mayor, his deputy, police officials, and others. A major improvement would be the provision of adequate housing conditions. This is being attempted, but it is a major task. Houses cost money, considerably more than they did before the war. The presence of white ants in Natal prevents the authorities from adopting the wooden houses being erected elsewhere, notably at Port Elizabeth.

There remains the unended argument as to how much money shall be provided by local, provincial, and national authorities towards the cost of building. Yet even the provision of houses would not finally solve the problem. It would inevitably send a fresh flood of young Natives from the reserves to seek their fortunes in the city. It could not assure an immediate return to, or development of, highly moral conduct among Native women, many of whom believe prostitution in the cities the best way to gain their baubles. It would not provide detribalized Natives with sufficient personal comprehension of their individual dignity as members of the community to mount guard against their more emotional impulses.

Indeed, the situation in Durban, as elsewhere, will repay continual vigilance. There is good reason to assume that other riots will occur before long. The one which has been recounted may prove to be only the forerunner of many, far worse outbreaks.

And what of poor little George Madondo and Basanth, the first actors in the holocaust which raged through Durban?

On February 1, 1949, Harrilal Basanth was fined for common assault upon an *Umfaan*, George. He had an alternative punishment. He could pay £1 or suffer seven days' imprisonment.

At the price, it was cheap.

XIII

DAUGHTER INDIA

MANY writers create an atmosphere, rightly or wrongly, of having a nostrum for whatever social problem they discuss. Often, indeed, this is comparatively simple. Where the problem is caused by an obvious evil, or where it has been created for no reason other than stupidity, the removal of this can be urged before it gains proportions which make it inoperable or unsolvable.

The problem of Indians in Natal half-way through the 20th century has no such obvious remedy. Solution may be possible. If it is, it has yet to make an appearance.

The dimensions of the situation, the product of need and chance, are alarming.

Between 1936 and 1946 the population of South Africa increased by 18 per cent. Europeans and 18 per cent. Natives. The Indian population increased by 29 per cent. As General Smuts pointed out to me later, religion plays a large part in the sexual life of the Indian.

The overwhelming majority of the Indian people in South Africa live in Natal. Out of a total of nearly 300,000 people, 232,300 live in Natal, 120,200 in Durban. The European population of Durban is 128,200. At the present rate of natural increase of population, there will be more Indians than Europeans in Natal within 15 years; lest that seem too remote, let us point out that this is by 1965, when a child born in 1950 will be ending its schooldays. Already, in 23 towns in Natal, there are more Indians than Europeans. Had the two repatriation schemes of 1926 and 1927 not been introduced, following the Cape Town Agreement, there would already be more Indians than Europeans in Natal; under those schemes 28,000 returned to India. When it is realized that many Indians do not wish to return to India —either because they were not born there or because they find a better life in Natal than in the steaming, overcrowded cities of India—and thereby instruct their organizations to conduct strenuous campaigns against attempts to induce them to return to India, some initial understanding of the problem is gained.

Worse is to come. The first petals removed from the bright bloom of contention, myriad clusters of other petals, crushed tightly upon each other like segments of the same skin, are uncovered. None is easily separated from its fellows.

Financially, as the *Report of the Durban Riots Commission* stated, over 70 per cent. of South Africa's Indian population live in dire poverty. A total of 211,859 women and children have no incomes. Another 66,300 have incomes rising from under £50 to £349 per annum: the

17. Bloemfontein as the Naval Hill Zebras see it

bulk of these are in the lower half £100 brackets. Between them these groups number over 278,000 of the 300,000 Indians. Another 3600 earn only between £400 and £999. Only 722 earn £1000 to £5000 and over. Incomes of another 4900 cannot be classified.

These figures are given in the State Information Office booklet, *Meet the Indian in South Africa.*

This booklet, which contains a number of photographs, was widely circulated abroad at the time when the position of South Africa's Indians was being raised before the United Nations. Among his Nationalist colleagues in Dr. Malan's Government, Eric Louw, Minister of Economic Affairs, gained considerable prestige by his clever arguments on the matter. He stated that the U.N. could not discuss the matter as it was a purely internal affair in South Africa.

I may well continue briefly to give the position of the Indians as the State Information Office booklet finds it.

It states that some Indians have remained on the land, descendants of the original 152,641 indentured labourers who arrived in South Africa between 1860 and 1911 to work in the sugar plantations. Others, no longer indentured, have moved to the towns. A number have purchased land and acquired houses: since the war plans for housing Indians in 17,600 houses have been passed at a cost of nearly £12,500,000. Durban has an area of 44,814 acres: it is estimated that scheduled areas owned, almost owned, or ultimately to be completely owned, by Indians, totals 13,891 acres (31 per cent. of the city total). In predominantly European areas, such as the Berea, they own some 2700 acres of land, which carries a rateable value of over £3,500,000 and has an estimated market value as property of over £10,000,000. (A private estimate given me was that Indian holdings in all classes of holdings might be reckoned at £500,000,000, but I was unable to verify this figure.) A number of once European homes in fashionable quarters were purchased by members of the Indian professional and business classes, which, South Africans claim, led to the passing of an Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act which prevents further purchases in residential areas.

Indians own blocks of flats, such as that erected by the company headed by Mr. A. K. Hoosen on Berea Road at a cost of £80,000. They own considerable property in Grey Street, near where the riots began and where the worst damage was done to Indian business property, apart from the destruction of homes outside the city. They own 1000 automobiles; 21.7 per cent. of licensed trade vehicles; 44.7 per cent. of the taxis; and 58 per cent. of the buses. They own general stores, restaurants, garages, butcheries, mineral water stores, bakeries, eating-houses, laundries, and cinemas. They work as produce dealers, market gardeners, mechanics, shirt-makers, metal-workers, photographers, hotel waiters, school-teachers and so on.

Among industrial establishments there are, the booklet affirms, over

400 proprietors, nearly 200 managers, accountants and salaried staff, and nearly 17,000 employees in what are classified as secondary industries.

In 1939 salaries and wages to Indians in industry amounted to £896,000. By 1946 the wage bill had risen to £2,780,000.

Back in the comparatively quiet years of the 1920's, in 1922 to be exact, the Government spent £25,000 on educating Natalian Indians. For 1948–49 the estimated figure was £513,419. Nearly 5000 receive old-age pensions, 3000 get maintainance grants, 1500 have disability grants, and over 100 receive blind persons' pensions. Another 1600 are in receipt of family allowances.

Among these Indians the religions, in order of numerical strength, are Hindu, Mohammedan, and a small number of other sects.

There is an Indian sports centre, and an Indian section of the beach, at the far end of Snell Parade. A proposal has been made to grant £31,563 and loan an additional £30,000 from the City funds for an Indian sports ground containing all outdoor recreations. There is a scheme to build a pavilion which will cost some extra thousands.

Statistics, a word over which most of us boggle, are, like most tedious things, necessary. They set the overall pattern. But they tell only one side of the story.

There is a reverse side.

With these figures, sugar, and George Madondo, in mind I made contact with the present President of the Natal Indian Congress.

The Congress states that it was founded by Mahatma Gandhi in 1894. It would be more accurate to say that the Mahatma helped to found it. Certainly he was the guiding light during its early years.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was then twenty-five years old, a slim, unknown, hard-working genius, whose livelihood came from his law practice. His years until then had certainly been unusual for a son of India, but not sufficiently dramatic or significant to fasten world attention upon him. The son of a temporary Prime Minister of a small state in Southern India, Gandhi, a brilliant scholar, had been sent by his family to London in 1887. From his lodgings and lecture-rooms in the sprawling grey capital crossing the bends of London's River, Gandhi collected a degree in law. He appears also to have collected a number of ideas, partly due to Indian philosophy and religion, partly due to what he found in the teeming, thriving streets of Queen Victoria's capital at the height of its pride and power, and from which his own unique interpretation was to gain its strength. Returned home from London, he discovered his family out of favour and had to depend utterly on his practice as a lawyer for his livelihood.

In 1893 an Indian living in Natal wrote to the future Mahatma, asking him to go to South Africa to represent him in a lawsuit. Gandhi

accepted the brief, believing he would return home directly the case ended. The story is told that while he was in Pretoria, in connection with the case, a South African policeman pushed him into the gutter as he walked past President Kruger's house. From many such similar little incidents men of latent genius have been prompted to enter the larger affrays of mankind. Gandhi was no exception. On his return to Durban he found the Indian community alarmed over the proposed Indian Disenfranchisement Bill, whose main provision was that no Indian could appear on the South African voters' common roll unless he had been registered before the Bill became law: the Act was passed in 1896. Durban Indians were seeking a leader to aid them fight the Bill. Gandhi postponed his return home, alarmed over what the position of his fellow-Indians would become in South Africa, and remained in Natal to lead the community. This event was the first act in the drama of his life which was to end with a crazed fanatic's bullets sixty years later in India.

The story of Gandhi's years in South Africa is one full of incident, rising to ever higher levels as his destiny pushed him nearer to the centre of world events.

In 1896 he returned to India to collect his wife and family. While there he wrote and published a number of articles which described the conditions of Indians in Natal as he saw them. The articles attracted considerable unfavourable mention, both in South Africa and England. When Gandhi returned to Durban the following year, returning to the successful law practice which he had built up in Johannesburg, he walked straight into trouble. Durbanians had taken considerable umbrage at what he had written in the articles. An overcrowded public meeting, held in the Town Hall, had passed a resolution, which it telegraphed to the Colonial Secretary and to the Prime Minister of Natal, Mr. Harry Escombe, which stated that the meeting was of the opinion that the time had arrived to prevent the landing of any more free Indians or Asiatics in the Colony and called upon the Government to return to India, at the Colony's expense, Asiatics and Indians on board two ships in or nearing the Bay of Natal. The two ships were the *Naderi* and the *Courland*. On board the *Courland* was Gandhi.

No official action was immediately taken to implement the resolution. Gandhi landed to be almost lynched by the waiting crowd. From this fate he was saved by a policeman and an Englishwoman; the lady had a large umbrella which she unfurled over Gandhi as some protection from the hail of stones and other missiles which greeted him. Although the incident was investigated, there are no signs of any action having been taken until Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, instructed the Durban police to do so. Gandhi refused to support the prosecution, however, contending that in the circumstances it was natural for Durbanians to be excited at his arrival and seek to do something wrong. The future Mahatma's philosophy was hardening.

Another illuminating indication of Gandhi's outlook occurred during the South African War, the event known to Afrikaners as "the War of Liberation" and to Britons as "the Boer War". Gandhi held the view that, by and large, justice was on the side of the Boers: an Indian, it was natural that he should do. "But," he added, when discussing the issue, "so long as the subjects owe allegiance to a State, it is their clear duty generally to accommodate themselves, and to accord their support to acts of the State. . . . Our rulers profess to safeguard our rights because we are British subjects, and what little rights we still retain, we retain because we are British subjects." Examination shows that in this utterance Gandhi was not supporting the British but was seeking to stabilize the position of his fellow-Indians in Natal and the Transvaal. Following his words, the Indian community supported the British, to the extent of forming an Indian Ambulance Corps, whose members displayed great bravery and a number of whom were mentioned in despatches and awarded decorations. There are Afrikaners still alive who have remembered both Gandhi's words and the subsequent action of the Indian community, for both of which the Indian people have never been forgiven. Most of these Afrikaners are members of the Nationalist Party. Gandhi's political actions were consistent: he adopted a similar attitude during the Bambata rebellion of 1906. This consistency earned him no regard among those Afrikaners with whom we are here concerned. They regarded him as personally antagonistic towards themselves and their people.

The first Indian passive resistance campaign took place in South Africa in 1906 and under Gandhi's leadership.

At a meeting at the Empire Theatre, Johannesburg, at which the slim little lawyer presided, a large audience took the Satyagraha Oath, refusing to carry the compulsory passes introduced by the Transvaal Government, to apply for certificates of registration which they were to carry with them, or to supply their thumbprints, rules which would have had the effect of reducing Indians to the status of pass-carrying Natives. The meeting (which was supported by Johannesburg's Chinese population) refused to co-operate and undertook to resist passively all attempts to enforce these measures which they called "the Black Act".[1]

Gandhi went to London to seek the British Government's aid in vetoing the Act. Lord Elgin, then Colonial Secretary, promised that it should be withdrawn. When the new Transvaal Constitution came into operation, in January 1907, however, the first Transvaal Parliament immediately reintroduced the measures against which all Indians had indignantly protested. Further protests were lodged. This time no promises of assistance were forthcoming. The British Government refused to intervene. Lord Elgin stated that any self-governing State "had the right to go to the devil in its own way". This about-face

[1] In September 1949, Dr. Malan told Johannesburg Nationalists that his Government intended to introduce identity cards for everyone.

attitude earned Britain only Indian criticism; the Transvaal people certainly did not hail it as a sign of democracy.

Only 500 of the Transvaal's 13,000 Indians complied with the order. Gandhi and Leung Quin, leader of the Chinese, refused to comply. Taken to court, they were instructed to leave South Africa. Both refused such an undertaking. Gandhi was marched through the streets, handcuffed, wearing prison garb, followed by other Satyagrahis, to work out a sentence of hard labour. Later he had an interview with General Smuts, then Colonial Secretary of the Transvaal. According to Gandhi's version of what occurred, Smuts stated that if the majority of Indians voluntarily registered, the Act would be repealed. Gandhi stated that he left Smuts' office believing this to be a promise. The Act was not repealed. Subsequently, in the street, Gandhi was attacked by a group of Pathans who believed he had betrayed them and who beat him with the sticks they carried.

The Indian community continued to resist the Government's instructions. At a meeting in August 1908 the high air of Johannesburg was darkened by smoke from the passes which Indians threw upon a ceremonial bonfire. Passive resistance continued for many years, with Gandhi and his followers in and out of gaol like rabbits in and out of a warren.

While in South Africa Gandhi translated works by Tolstoi and Ruskin into Gujerati, wrote *Hind Swaraj* (*Home Rule for India*), gave his other works *My Experiments with Truth* and *Satyagraha in South Africa* a South African setting and founded, in 1903, the first Asiatic paper there, *Indian Opinion*.

Gandhi's early life in South Africa is too often seen as of importance because it marked the first social clashes of a great leader of men. For South Africans it has a far greater significance. It provided the Indian community with a tradition. Unlike the Coloured people of the Cape, unlike the Native who had abandoned his tribal way of life and now lives around the cities and towns, unlike the smaller Native communities whose life and affairs remain purely tribal, the Indian people have a social and Indian consciousness. The tradition established by Gandhi provided them also with an organized body which could and does fight the community's battles for recognized social standing.

Two main Indian organizations are operating today, largely in Natal, the Indian Congress, which Gandhi helped to found, and the Natal Indian Organization. The NIO is a body of moderate opinion, believing its aims can best be effected by understanding and negotiation with the Government, the European community, and other representative bodies in South Africa. It has condemned the Natal Congress for pursuing a policy likely to be "highly detrimental to the interests of our people", and has said that "the interests of the various racial groups within the South African nation are common. . . ."

Throughout a week in which Durban had three public holidays I

made continual attempts to get in touch with the Natal Indian Organization. Telephone calls during the day failed to produce any response. Two visits to the local office ended at a silent door. Advice from Indian waiters at the hotel gained no reward.

On one of the public holidays I interviewed Dr. G. M. Naicker, president of the Congress.

Dr. Naicker, a smooth, well-built man, black hair flecked white at the temples, giving him an appearance of greater age than he possesses —I should place him in the late forties—received me in the Congress offices in Baker Street.

The offices are plain and functional. A few chairs, plain tables, a desk behind which is a stack of leaflets, reports of the Indian Provincial Congress; plain greenish-grey walls on which were photographs of Dr. Naicker, Mahatma Gandhi, and other South African Indian leaders.

Like Gandhi, Dr. Naicker has been in gaol for his activities. No trace of resentment for his experiences showed in his voice or eyes when he mentioned the fact. While we talked two young male assistants were busy in an outer office despatching booklets and leaflets. Dr. Naicker spoke to them once or twice through a small glass window behind his desk, when he wished them to find a report of the Congress's Second Conference for me.

The Congress was very busy at that time issuing a reply to the State Information Office's booklet, *Meet the Indian in South Africa.*

This was precisely the matter which I wished to discuss with Indian leaders.

Dr. Naicker emphasized that the community feels its grievances against the Government to be of long standing.

The Government's brochure, he said, did not mention that Indians are totally prohibited from living in the Orange Free State or that the vast majority of Indians lived in Natal, their original base in South Africa, because of rigid provincial barriers which deny them the right to move outside their province without a permit.

"Whenever I wish to go to the Cape or the Transvaal," said Dr. Naicker, "I have to apply for a pass." His eyes flashed. "Even if I am visiting members of my family or friends—or on business." He shrugged. "Indians have no freedom in South Africa either to move around or to represent the community elsewhere."

He denied the Government's claim that all amenities of life were afforded to Indians, affirming that well over 70 per cent. of the community lived in dire poverty and disease. That a percentage of Indians had become very wealthy in South Africa he did not deny, but, he stated, the number was very small and did not affect the overwhelming majority of citizens. Natal, he declared, had been built not upon sugar but upon Indian labour, an opinion voiced at the beginning of the century by Sir Liege Hulett, one-time Prime Minister of the Province. He countered the argument that Indians were large land-

owners by saying that 2½ million Europeans owned 87 per cent. of the land in the Union, and 300,000 Indians owned .05 per cent., and that in Natal, out of a total of 18,000,000 acres, where 80 per cent. of South Africa's Indians live, they own .83 per cent. of the total (roughly 150,000 acres).

"What do you believe to be the cause of this apparent racial unrest in South Africa?" I asked.

Dr. Naicker said: "Without qualification, the Government's policy of a racial and colour bar which denies the Non-European people basic human rights." He emphasized the point by affirming that one-third of all Indian families live in one-roomed houses.

My next question was upon Indian health.

Dr. Naicker obtained the official South African Yearbook for 1946, the latest figures available, and drew my attention to the page which showed that in 1944 the infant mortality rate among Europeans was 42.52 and among Indians 90.6 per 1000. In the same year the maternal mortality rate for Europeans was 2.20 and among Indians 5.77 per 1000. Among Europeans 34 out of every 100,000 died of tuberculosis, the lowest rate in any civilized country, and among Indians 240 per 100,000.

On the point that schoolchildren of all races received one free meal a day, Dr. Naicker stated that the amount spent on this for Europeans in 1947–48 was £706,661 and for Indians £79,000. I pointed out that there were fewer Indian schoolchildren than Europeans, with which he agreed.

He countered the Government's statements upon provisions for Indians past the years of work, in receipt of old-age and blind pensions, and maintenance and disability grants, by saying that the lowest old-age pension paid to Indians was £18 and the highest £30 (Europeans £48 and £60); blind persons have a maximum pension of £24 (Europeans £42); disability grants, a minimum of £6 (in rural areas) and a maximum of £30 (Europeans £24 and £60); and maintenance grants ranged from a maximum of £6 for five children and one parent, in the cities, to £4 in rural areas (Europeans in the same categories £8 and £12, of which grants for European children are under 16 and for Indian children under 14; these do not apply for the majority of Natives).

As I was leaving Dr. Naicker echoed the words of George Singh, the Durban attorney appointed to represent South African Indians at the United Nations Assembly, who, in London, early in the previous month, had said:

> The Indian people in South Africa have no future in South Africa. There is a grave danger that their moral character will crack very soon. Until recently it has been very high, but the situation politically and economically has deteriorated very seriously. Dr. Malan's Government is pursuing a policy of squeezing the Indian out of South Africa.

Dr. Naicker was particularly bitter about the two Acts which, he assured me, have caused considerable ignominy and hardship to his people.

The first of these concerns the Indian's right to purchase land. Worried at the extent to which Indians were penetrating into residential areas regarded as European in Durban, a Commission was appointed to investigate the matter. This body, the "Indian Penetration Commission", or "First Broome Commission" (under the chairmanship of the Hon. F. N. Broome, K.C.), reported in July 1941 that it had found 804 cases of "penetration" in Natal since 1927: without occupation in 362 places in Durban old borough and in 129 places elsewhere in Natal, and with occupation in 150 and 163 places in the same two areas. Reasons for these purchases, the Commission held, were a desire to obtain good investment, a feeling of security on the Indian side caused by the Cape Town Agreement, increased prosperity, lack of housing and civic amenities in Indian areas, increase of population, and improved standards of living and an acceptance of Western mode and standard of living. The Commission set out Indian acquisitions, between 1927 and February 28, 1943, of 838 sites, with a purchase price amounting to over £1,300,000 and with a rateable value of £1,016,000.

The report was accompanied by considerable agitation by Durbanians and the then Government passed emergency legislation and a trading and occupation of land restriction Act, the "Pegging Act", as it became known, which, limited to three years' operation, prohibited the acquisition or occupation of land in Durban by Indians without special consent. The idea was to "peg" the situation until a lasting solution could be found.

In 1944 an agreement between the Government and Indian leaders, the Pretoria Agreement, introduced an ordinance under which a board was to be created of three Europeans and two Indians, with a European chairman, to control occupation by Indians by licensing dwellings in certain areas. The Pegging Act was then to be withdrawn.

Many on both sides shouted against this agreement. Leading Europeans claimed that it would provide the Indians with a right to purchase property for investment without occupation, arguing that all Durban might gradually drift into the hands of Indian landlords. Indian leaders claimed it could strengthen the principle of separation and segregation on a racial basis.

When the Pegging Act reached the third and final year of itsthree-year course, the Government introduced the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Bill. This Bill took over the land provisions of the Pretoria Agreement and the Pegging Act, but, most importantly, extended their control to cover the whole of Natal and the Transvaal, exempting only some scheduled areas; it embraced all acquisition of land whether for occupation or investment. Under a second chapter of

the Bill a limited measure of franchise was permitted, a senator being nominated under the Act "on the ground mainly of his thorough acquaintance by reason of his official experience or otherwise with the reasonable wants and wishes of Indians in the Provinces of Natal and the Transvaal". Cape Province Indians qualify for the common roll on a low educational and income grading, and, on a considerably higher one, acquire a place on a separate roll in the Transvaal and Natal. The Coloured people, whose position in Cape Province has been noted, have no franchise of any nature in either the Transvaal or Orange Free State.

This Asiatic Land Tenure Act Dr. Naicker described as a ghetto Act. Its intention, he maintained, was to force all Asiatics into certain areas, no matter what their numbers might become or the conditions in which they had to live, and keep them there.

"It would mean that within ten years over 750 people would be living on every acre of the ghetto in Durban old borough," he said. His dark eyes flashed. "If that isn't a ghetto, what is?"

Leaders of many other communities, including Christian clergymen and professors of sociology, have protested against the Act. Dr. Naicker presented me with copies of their opinions. The issue remains unsolved, and a new Bill to prevent the acquisition of trading or commercial premises by Indians is due to appear before the House of Assembly.

Some days after meeting Dr. Naicker I had a discussion with Major Ronnie Tungay, expert on Indian affairs for the *Natal Daily News*.

Tungay, a hard-thinking realist, not given to absorbing political arguments as being necessarily right, brought a cold, invigorating air into a discussion whose antagonists I had been listening to for nearly two weeks.

He estimates that on the basis of natural increase shown by Indians between 1934 and 1944, Durban in 16 years will have 165,000 Indians against 147,000 Europeans. Taking the same increase a step further, he has worked out on the same basis that in 36 years there will be 300,000 Indians and 210,000 Europeans, and by A.D. 2000 850,000 Indians. This figure is for Durban alone. Accepting it as the ground from which to project a similar speculation for all Indians in South Africa, it means that within 20 years there will be nearly 500,000 there. By the end of the present century the total should therefore be approaching three-quarters of a million. This is if the natural increase alone is taken into account.

Voluntary repatriation is no longer regarded as practical politics, Tungay told me. Each time it has been attempted it has failed. In 1914 a scheme providing free passage to India gained no notable response. In 1921 the Lange Commission urged the Government of the time to encourage immediate voluntary repatriation. Five years later only

11,487 Indians had accepted the offer of shipping facilities. The Cape Town Agreement of 1927 offered a £20 bonus to all over sixteen years of age, £10 for each child, free rail and shipping passage. In the five years' experimental period of the Cape Town Agreement, ended 1932, only another 10,738 left the country. In the 14 years between 1927 and 1940 the total number of Indians who left was 15,855.

Many refuse to go. In the words of Mr. S. R. Naidoo, welcoming delegates to the South African Indian Congress in Durban, on March 28, 1948:

> We legitimately regard ourselves as South African Indians. We want to be treated as such. Nationals of this country we are, but on paper only. To prepare to isolate us, to deny us rights of citizenship, to exclude us from enjoying the fruits of our own labour to the fullest extent, is the very antithesis of democratic rule. We have long borne many disabilities with the conviction that these will be remedied or removed, but we find to our intense regret that there is no slackening of efforts to overburden us with them.

The European viewpoint of the average man in Natal was best put to me by a man whose parents had gone to Durban several years before he was born. He was, in short, a South African. He had a business of his own, which paid its way, but provided no great fortune.

"What are we to do?" he asked. "We do not want trouble. This is our home, too. We have nothing against the Indians as people, but as a race they are for ever pushing and demanding that they be treated as our equals. From the way some of them demand, you'd think they wanted us to admit them our superiors. We shall never do that. We know that many of them endure poverty—so do the vast majority of people in India. Why don't they put that right first? This is a young country. We can't expect every hardship of cash and work to be removed in a twinkling, not just like that. Why don't they evolve some scheme between themselves to tax their wealthier people to make provision for their own poor? Why should I be taxed the same as a much wealthier Indian in order to make provision for other Indians when they never make any point of saying 'We're all in this thing together' and 'It was your home before we came here'?"

The Native viewpoint is much simpler: "We don't see why we should accept two bosses," one Native said to me, "one of whom is the same colour as ourselves, but treats us as if we were very much inferior to him."

The danger of the Indian situation in South Africa lies in that a large percentage of what is said by all sides is true. No greater danger ever confronts mankind than when all sides of a dispute have truth, which can be demonstrated in part upon facts, as their ally. Such a situation requires the greatest goodwill on both sides if a social eruption is to be avoided.

In this connection, it must be added as apropos that Mr. Eric Louw's careful argument to the Union Nations Assembly, that the situation of Indians in the country of which he is the present Minister of Economic Affairs was a purely domestic issue, did not ease or improve the situation. If the South African Government seek a lasting solution to the situation, there is no point in not discussing, openly and without rancour, such a dangerous condition as exists, while there is still time. It is just possible that South Africa might benefit from comparing notes with other countries who have faced or face a similar situation.

On the other hand, it would appear that a percentage of Indian propaganda in South Africa is conducted on racial lines, which is scarcely a wise or correct thing to do if one is protesting against racialism. The Congress reply to the State Information brochure does not refer often to Europeans: it refers to "Whites". This would indicate a situation beyond the dispute itself.

The Indians are a progressive and virile people. Seriously overcrowded in their own country, a number of them, increasing year by year, have appeared on the African continent, all the way down from Kenya into the Union. Were Europeans to leave Africa at any time in the future, and had Hindustan and Pakistan during that same time developed from present beginnings a strong nationalism, it is more than likely that they would seize the opportunity to take Africa under their own wing. This opinion is already held by many South Africans: it may be (I do not know) held by Indians.

Although the Natal Indian Congress leads an independent existence, it has warm contacts with bodies in India.

In the report of the Second Provincial Conference of the Congress, held at Madressa Anjuman Islam Hall, at the end of May 1949, a copy of which is on my desk as I write, are printed a number of goodwill messages sent to the Conference. Among these is one signed by Rajendra Prasad, President of the Indian National Congress and of the Dominion Parliament; another from Ramdas Kilachand, President of the Indian Merchants' Chamber, Bombay; from Dr. N. V. Rajkumar, Secretary of the Foreign Department of the All-India Congress Committee; from Bert Williams and Ranjit Guha, of the World Federation for Democratic Youth; from the International League for the Rights of Man; from Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Education Minister of India; from the All India Women's Conference, the All India Socialist Party, the Indian National Overseas Congress, the India League (London), the India League (America), the India Union (Cairo), the Indian Association (Addis Ababa), the East African Indian National Congress (Nairobi), the Thika Indian Association (Thika), the Arya Paropkarini Sabha (Mauritius), the Indian Association (Kericho), the Indian Association (Mombasa), the Indian Association (Jinja); the editor of the *Guardian* (Cape Town), the editor of *Blitz* (R. K. Karanjia,

Bombay); and such well-known names as William Gallacher, M.P., D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P., and R. Sorenson, M.P.

To the worried people of South Africa, these names speak large of a strong Indian interest in South Africa, backed by expanding Indian interests in other parts of the Continent. And by Communism.

That they are merely expressions of goodwill from fraternal bodies and individuals wishing well to a body which is fighting for its social rights need not be disbelieved. But they happen, and happen in the wrong way and in wrong circumstances for the non-Indian people of South Africa. They play their own part in creating an atmosphere of racialism based in part on a political theory which not everyone holds. If the Natal Indian Congress wishes to strengthen its case, and gain an increasing measure of goodwill in discussions upon the position of Indians, then however great the fraternal loss in not showing how others are interested and sympathetic towards the Indian cause, such expressions would be better left unheard and unheeded, so that the situation may be debated upon its merits and without recourse to external sympathy.

And South Africa, whatever its feelings, should discuss the issue publicly. There appears an odd schizophrenia in an official mind which circulates widely a publication upon the Indian problem, sending it to representatives of all other countries assembled at U.N. meetings, yet refuses to discuss the same problem at the same U.N. meetings. Precisely what advantage was gained by this manœuvre cannot be appreciated. It was illogical and silly.

The problems of Daughter India can be solved only if dragged into the open and discussed without political catch phrases and racial fevers.

From Durban under its shadow of riots and the problems of Daughter India, my road wound up through the delightful, friendly city of Pietermaritzburg, to Ladysmith. After a day in this town, where for the first time I found Indians sitting in the same cinema as Europeans, witnessing a film of violence, precisely the type of film which appeared most unsuitable in prevailing circumstances, I caught a remarkably early train—most trains seem to arrive in and depart from Ladysmith under cover of darkness—and the following morning was back again in the Free State, in another friendly and charming town: Bethlehem. Bethlehem seemed a different world after Durban. Farmers, small businesses, drought, and, not far away, soil erosion.

XIV

FREE STATE TAPESTRY

ABOVE is the rolling pink-grey earth of the Transvaal. To the east rise the pinnacles of the Malutis and Drakensberg, with, just beyond, the falling hills of Natal. To the south mountains enclose the valleys of the Cape. To the west the semi-desert of the Karroo stretches out beneath the Orange River, and above is South-West Africa, a little-known land.

The years are those between 1819 and 1832.

At the beginning of the period many descendants of the Dutch farmers and the Huguenots are uneasy in their Cape homesteads. They resent the first British occupation of 1795–1803; the Kaffir wars, the British occupation of 1806; the ceding of the Cape to Great Britain under the Treaty of August 13, 1814; and the execution of five frontier farmers, following a small insurrection, at Slaghter's Nek in 1816. Land has become more difficult to find. Eastward the Kaffirs bar the way. When grants of land along the Koonap River are offered them, Whitehall and Downing Street decree only British and Hottentots are eligible. In 1832 news comes that Crown lands will no longer be granted freely but must be sold by auction. To the Government this is only a means of raising badly needed revenue; to Boers, Afrikaner farmers, it means they must pay for what they had believed their birthright. Men without land have petitioned without success to farm between the Sand and Vet Rivers. Resentment has grown, against Britain, against the British, secretly, in the heart which holds Britons responsible for strengthening evils.

In 1824 a few cattle farmers move northward towards the Orange River. In 1825 the cattle of Boer farmers graze among some Griqua herds. More cattle graze along the foothills of Basutoland's peaks.

In 1834 parties of Boer farmers set out, like the agents of Moses into the land of Canaan, to spy out the other lands and see whether in fresh pastures the Boer people may live free of outside interference caused by the eruptions of a distant nation going through an historic phase of expansion across the world's surface, as once their own nation, by whose origin they still call themselves "Europeans", had sent forth their own ancestors. They trek up to the dusty south-west; to the far north of the Transvaal; to Natal. When they return they report that north and east lie lands which may be had for the taking: the end of the rainbow has always lain for the Afrikaner in a corner where he can be alone.

The year is 1836. No enmity marks the separation of the Boers who leave on the Great Trek and the Britons who remain in the Cape. The

farmers are riding for the rainbow's end, many going north across the Orange River to join the intrepid few who had set off alone during and after 1824.

The year is 1836. Moselekatse's Matabele warriors attack the Boers. The following year the Matabele are defeated and Moselekatse, another man seeking the rainbow's empty corner, flees north to the Limpopo, while Commandant A. H. Potgieter founds the town of Winburg.

The year is 1842. A Cape Colony judge crosses the Orange River and proclaims a large tract of land to be British territory. British authorities reject this, but hold emigrant Voortrekkers to be British subjects.

Treaties are made between Britain and Adam Kok, leader of the Griquas, and Moshesh, chief of the Basutos. These cause resentment, the Boers refusing to recognize any sovereign rights of Native chiefs. In 1845 Boers and Griquas engage in hostilities until British troops arrive.

The year is 1846. The city of Bloemfontein is founded.

Between 1848 and 1899 farmers of the Orange Free State are continually at war with the Basutos or the British. Years of peace are known, but already history is pushing against the doors of the Free State, and its people, who number only 15,000 in 1853, resent history which is not of their making and appears remarkably like history deliberately manufactured at their expense by the British and the Native chiefs.

On May 31, 1902, the South African War ends with the Peace of Vereeniging—remembered still by many Afrikaners, including leading members of the Nationalist Party now in control of South Africa. In that year, and by that peace, British sovereignty is recognized over the Orange Free State and its name is changed to the Orange River Colony. On May 31, 1910, the colony becomes a province of the Union of South Africa and resumes its name of the Orange Free State.

Today the Orange Free State is a land fighting soil erosion, building factories, erecting dams whose capacity for creating power and supplying domestic needs can scarcely keep pace with the demand. In the north of the province great goldfields are reported as having been recently found. Money is flowing into the State.

A pleasant land with an attraction all its own, unlike that of any other province. Wide, flat lands which stretch from horizon to horizon, with only the sudden rise of a table-mountain or a kop, sharply pointed, breaking the view and shaping the hot sky's blueness. A land whose citizens say they are often able to see who is going to call upon them the day after tomorrow, so flat the earth, so clear the air. A land where scrub and thorn trees are pink with the orange soil's dust. A

land where a strip of blue gum trees in the distance tells you a dorp or town is near. A proud land, a hard land, a land demanding toil and endurance, a land of people whose kindness is instinctive and whose generosity to the traveller is great. And a land where memory is long and very personal, the past as sharp, if not sharper, than the present, where the whitened bones of tragedy and history are clothed in remembered flesh and the old struggle, old enemies made by history and error, are remembered too.

XV

THE NOT SO GOOD EARTH

DIRECTLY the visitor leaves the tiny heel of Mediterranean-type climate and vegetation on the foot of South Africa, a narrow area extending round the coast from Viswater, at the mouth of Oliphants' River, roughly 160 miles north of Cape Town, to Plettenberg Bay, some 250 miles east of Cape Town as the airplanes fly, never extending more than 40 miles inland from any point, he becomes aware of changes in the countryside through which he is passing.

If he goes by train or road through the wine-growing country of Paarl and Worcester, it may be some time before he becomes truly aware of it. If he goes by car from Cape Town, along the aptly-named "Garden Route", cutting across the top of False Bay to Somerset West, to Caledon and Riversdale and Mossel Bay, along the National Road, he may well remain unaware of it.

Both routes are pleasant. Great ranges of mountains, like the wrinkled shanks of a thousand giant elephants, soar up into the blue sky. At their base are the homesteads of Cape wine-growers and farmers, many with wide orchards of grapes, growing close to the ground, filling the air with heady fragrance. The houses are often beautiful, delightful white-painted examples of Cape Dutch architecture with curving geometric façades patterning red or blue roofs. Patches of tall blue gums, silver-green in sunlight, shade the roads. In dark green hedges framing gardens which lead up to wide shaded stoeps is a brilliant glint of hibiscus; in carefully tended beds along station platforms is a scarlet glory of cannas. Petrol pumps are found every few miles. Towns and dorps (small villages) have a cosy, friendly sleepiness about them, seeming to drowse in the sunshine.

A variety of large shining American cars pass along the roads, followed by a string of trucks on which a dark frieze of Natives in patched working clothes—many, I was told, patch their clothes directly they are bought, as a form of decoration—stand directly behind the driver's cabin, facing into the sunlight and wind. Tanned children run along the sidewalks of the towns, fair hair bleached by the sun, young limbs biscuit-brown. Most women who are passed wear gay summery frocks and have the easy smile and atmosphere of women used to continual sunshine and fresh air. All the time one is aware that within a few miles, if not immediately visible, are the brilliant blue-green waters of the Indian Ocean, lapping against the shores and promontories of the coast.

Scarcely a setting in which the visitor can be made easily aware of

19. The Vanishing African: Dancers at Nelspruit, Transvaal

STATION MASTER
STASIEMEESTER
STASIEINSPEKTEUR
STATION INSPECTOR

tragedy sauntering casually behind every man, woman, and child, in South Africa. The menace is insidious, a slowly creeping thing that seeks to enfold more and more of the land every year. Attempts are being made to combat it, to stave off disaster, but these are only in their early stages. Each year the danger increases.

For when you move out of this tiny rim of land you move into a vast, widening space whose bleakness carries the long-time menace to South Africa.

The first vision is best gained from train windows. Hemmed in by mountain ranges on all sides, at some points miles away, at others within a mile or less, one town has been left and you are crossing open country towards the next. Look down at the earth. Between patches of scrub vegetation show a few cracks in the soil. They appear insignificant, like channels dug down two or three feet by workmen intending to lay a sewage-pipe not yet in position.

Sometime later, a day or two, when you have left behind the delightful town of Oudtshoorn (pronounced Oats-huurn) your train sweeps into a ravine. On either side rocky cliff-faces soar up into a starlit sky. On the right side of the train, as it heads into the darkness, bound for Port Elizabeth, a narrow stream, less than ten feet across, meanders gently between gleaming grey-white rocks. If you can take your interest away from the pattern of light cut from the darkness and the twisting ravine by the headlight on the train—a jolly sight which thrilled me no end—pay attention to the stream and the rocks. Particularly if no water snakes its way between the rocks.

Later still, with Port Elizabeth behind you, you would be advised to forgo the pleasanter experience of driving by car to East London, a short trip which can be done in a few hours. Instead, go again by train, the overnight train which leaves "P.E." shortly after seven o'clock in the evening. When you wake the following morning you will be at Cookhouse; the train will be doing odd things, circling round hills, twisting and curling like a toy train given by a child to its parents to play with, often seeming on the point of catching up with a section of the line left behind an hour ago and be heading back to "P.E." Here you will see Native kraals for the first time, little villages of rondavels, mud and straw and dung, circular in shape, with thatched roofs and an occasional rusty piece of corrugated iron, weighted down by squashes.

If your train stops near a kraal, a swarm of Native kids, thin black bodies grey with hill dust, will spring up alongside the train windows, begging for food and money. A number of these kids have stomachs distended with hunger and lack of proper diet. You will see this, and the novelty of the kraals from which they come. You should also notice that these hills cannot be farmed, their slopes being too precipitous, and that there are hardly any trees, only an odd thorn-bush here and there, rare enough to be memorable.

I

21. The Emerging African: Mine-workers
22. The Emerging African: Brick-workers at Zwelitsha

Later still, when you reach the Orange Free State, drive east out of Bloemfontein, down the superb national road, tarred and straight as an arrow from horizon to horizon, to Rouxville, 40 miles away from the bridge across the Orange River into Basutoland.

Here, at last, you will be aware of differences. Until this time, if you take the route I took, there are other, more immediately fascinating features to note at every moment when you should be watching for the main feature of interest. At Paarl and Worcester there are the vineyards. At Oudtshoorn, the Cango Caves and ostrich farms. In the ravines, the train headlight fashioning strange magic blends of colour and spectacle from the night. At Cookhouse, in the area known as the Ciskei ("Cis" meaning "below" the Kei River, as Transkei means "above" the Kei), there are little naked beggars and rondavels.

In the Free State nothing distracts your attention. For hundreds of square miles you are aware only of soil erosion.

It is there, and it is monstrous.

Through the great kindness of J. C. Pauw, Publicity Director of Bloemfontein, I was able to tour the eastern half of the Free State, a main centre of sheet erosion. With my good friend Mr. van Belkum, Senior Roads Engineer of the Free State, on a subsequent occasion, I drove from Bethlehem, in the north-eastern part of the Free State, down to Ficksburg, Clocolan, and back to Ladybrand. The whole of this area is bordered by the mountains of Basutoland, and subject to the ravages of erosion.

With Pauw I went to where the giant kops, odd hills rising abruptly from the soil, shaped either like huge aircraft carriers, table mountains, or like the Pyramids of Ghiza, become increasingly numerous. Then the earth splits up into deep twisting valleys and the towering Maluti Mountains, which cut through the heart of Basutoland and form part of the Drakensberg which rim the far side of the country where it meets Natal. The Malutis provide a superb spectacle always, especially when the sun is dying in the west and only the topmost crags of these towering ranges are tinged with flickering orange-pink fire and already in the dark skies above stars glitter like diamonds on a sable cloak as night stretches across the veld.

Here, Pauw and I walked through the big brothers of the cracks in the soil, already noted in the country bordering the "Garden Route".

They are frightening to behold. They reach out from the mountains on every side, these dongas cut from the earth by the floods which pour down from the peaks during the rains, tearing away the topsoil, flinging it down into the swollen rivers of the season, and washing it away to the distant oceans.

Already, in 1923, when a drought investigation commission inspected the silt load carried away by a number of the principal rivers, it was estimated that 187,000,000 tons of earth were lost in the single season of 1919–20. Since then the position has deteriorated rapidly. A

more recent estimate was that *all* the rivers in South Africa carry away a total of 300,000,000 tons of soil every year.

The Free State dongas stretch for miles. Pauw and I lost each other in them several times. They are anything from one foot to 50 feet deep, and in places from 20 to 30 feet across. You could drive a five-lane road of traffic along the base of many of them for at least a mile. Along the sides earth not yet torn away has been shaped into weird patterns, like rows of time-battered and defaced figures on a gigantic Eastern mosque or the folds of long, stiff curtains. You hope that this earth along the sides is harder, that the dongas will not widen. But it is a hopeless wish. When you climb down one of these, the soil, dried by long months of sunshine which followed the rainy season, crumbles into thin vaporous skeins under your hands and feet, a dying breath which is lost in the air around you. You walk a short distance along the base of one donga, no more than 20 to 30 yards, and are lost to sight by your companion more positively than you would be in lunchtime crowds along Piccadilly or the homeward evening rush in a downtown New York sidewalk. When the winds are blowing over the veld, great dust storms lick down upon the dorps and cities . . . dust in which could have been grown foodstuffs, lost in another tragedy of Africa, never to be regained.

After this experience, which puts a strange fear into you, a sensation which Pauw and I endured for two days amid Free State dongas, you pay increased attention to vegetation in the countryside. It is automatic. The mind searches for reassurance, much as those of us who lived in London during the blitz of 1940–41 looked around each dawn to gain reassurance in noting what still stood after the previous night's noises and fires.

Generally speaking, there is not much comfort to be gained.

Vegetation is meagre. Mountains lack trees and natural catchments for the rains. The soil of the Free State is largely sandy with a veil of low scrub and thorns. The Transvaal, for a majority of its reaches, is similarly disposed. Behind the Cape vineyards, moving up towards Johannesburg, are ranges of mountains, full of scenic value for tourists, no good at all to farmers, the rocky, stony scrub of the Great Karroo, the level plains of the Kimberley area given over to pastoral purposes, and stretches of sloping hills on which a tree appears is as welcome a sight as a cheque for a win on the Kentucky Derby or a football pool win.

What does it mean for South Africans? This: of the total land available for cultivation, barely 6 per cent. is under cultivation and it is unlikely that more than 15 per cent. can be cultivated, the rest of the country being too mountainous, stony or arid to permit cultivation. Drought wreaks havoc. Early in my visit I reached East London, the "Fighting Port", which had been without adequate rainfall for nearly 18 months. Water was turned on at my hotel only two

hours per day and was rationed for home and personal use by the citizens. Within a few days of leaving the Union (in August) news came over the ship's radio bulletin that the position was so bad that water was being imported by oil-tanker from Durban. A later report said some rain had fallen on East London and was accompanied by news that citizens had gone out into the streets, dancing and cheering while the storm lasted; only the previous day they had lined the sea-front to watch a great storm out at sea which completely passed them by.

Drought is no new thing. The late Sir C. Aubrey Smith told me of an experience he had had as a young man. Aubrey captained the first British Cricket Test Eleven to tour South Africa. At one town *en route* they ran into drought. No water was available, even for washing. They played their match and did a two-day train junket to the next town waterless, with whisky as their only available liquid; even the cows had gone on strike. "I don't remember seeing the ball," Aubrey told me (years later when he was Iron Duke to Anna Neagle's Victoria in the film *Sixty Glorious Years*), "but, by George, we won the match!"

East Londoners have done their utmost. They built a new dam a short while ago. Leaders of the community hailed it as ending the water problem. An attentive audience breathed a sigh of relief.

No rain fell thereafter until August 1949.

They cannot be blamed. Mankind has been notoriously lax in coping with problems of natural phenomena. If these do not function correctly, after a decent period of watching the situation a deputation goes to direct an appeal Elsewhere, that the complex machinery be instructed to tick over decently and stop being quixotic. Hence it arises that only in the last century have attempts been made to improve life by understanding natural phenomena and not adding to burdens carried on Other Shoulders.

The whole of Africa's problems of erosion and drought are of long duration. It is believed that they began when the Second Ice Age twisted the earth and maimed the soil, squeezing up mountains and the peculiar rock formations noted elsewhere on the continent, stripping the highest peaks of soil, carpeting lower hills with rocks and stones, and destroying large areas of topsoil.

The advent of Man did not help. The first Native peoples were nomads, perhaps early refugees from a civilization along the inland lake which had been left behind: the Mediterranean. When Carthage had been a century destroyed (146 B.C.) the Romans were colonizing North Africa and had great roads and agricultural areas along the strip of earth now known as Tunisia. There was the city of Thydrus, where once was a colosseum which seated 60,000 people, where people had a wide and intensive agriculture in their grain fields and olive groves; today it is a plain with scraps of wild vegetation, a few groves in which graze cattle.

The first Natives to push any community with an organic tribal core down from the North had to contend with humid and rain forests, highlands covered with thornbush and little other vegetation, rocky or sandy deserts and pre-desert steppes. Here and there they had to circle the base of highland formations, such as Mount Kenya and Mount Kilimanjaro. In the Union they encountered the Drakensberg, the Malutis, the Drakenstein (in Cape Province), part of a chain of mountains squeezed up in the ice ages, all attended by their own smaller, rocky, often bare hills, with great stretches of desert or pre-desert (such as the Karroo). With them these Natives brought only a pastoral community. The cattle they had with them ate what low foliage they could find: they themselves cut down trees to make fires against the chill winter nights. When edible plants and trees had been used up, they trekked southward or westward towards the Cape, towards a new area not yet denuded.

Down in the Cape the first Europeans found themselves facing their own problems. According to present understanding, they were starting to move into the hinterland, into the blue, while Natives in the western areas and Bushmen in the north were still pushing south. Faced with problems attendant upon a colonization dependent on the country for its livelihood and for the materials to build its homes, the Europeans cut down trees and let cattle graze in the best pasturelands.

The Union has suffered from both. Forests vanished; woods vanished; and were not replaced. Cattle grazed and grazed and grazed, until pasturelands became degenerate and soil impoverished. Both Black and White communities moved on when the earth could not support them and their families and cattle, believing that nature replenished itself, reproduced itself inexhaustively and a period of lying fallow was sufficient to restart the process of replacement. Neither had any scientific comprehension of the soil.

Every year while the double onslaught was developing, the rains were sending floods coursing down from the mountains, causing the sheet erosion described, which was followed by further erosion when winds lashed at the rain- and sun-loosened topsoil and dissolved it into a meaningless dust, sending millions of tons of soil away down the rivers to the oceans every year, exposing more hills, making them agriculturally inoperable, blowing away the soil of the Karroo, diminishing the size of areas which could be made productive.

Much of the finest crop-producing soil has gone. Many of the conditions necessary for ensuring a high quality of cattle, as distinct from a hardy cattle, have vanished. Only by exercising the utmost care and attention can the increasing problem of dwindling topsoil—the bare six inches which cover the entire land-surface of the world and upon which and from which Mankind draws the sustenance for all its physical and animal requirements in life—can what remains be saved. In the

words of J. C. Ross, the Union's Director of Soil Conservation and Extension, in the Department of Agriculture:

> There is no room for complacency in this matter. If we do not succeed in breaking the back of this problem and bringing soil erosion fully under control within twenty or twenty-five years at most, we may just as well throw in our hand at once.[1]

Despite the introduction of soil conservation methods and Government machinery for dealing with erosion, a subject which has long interested General Smuts, who is credited with introducing much of the interest and Government action in the matter (he is a botanist of international repute, in addition to everything else), the land continues to deteriorate. Mr. Ross has said:

> All the destructive practices that give rise to erosion are still rife in farming today . . . notwithstanding all that has been done for the betterment of farming by way of research and experimentation, education, propaganda, advisory and regulatory services, improved marketing and distribution, reduced tariffs, anti-erosion schemes and various other forms of State assistance, there is little evidence of general improvement in the systems and methods of farming over the Union as a whole. . . . Another rather startling indictment of farming efficiency in the Union (during the ten years prior to the outbreak of war) is the fact that, while nearly two-thirds of the "gainfully occupied" population were engaged in farming (over 30 per cent. of Europeans and over 70 per cent. of non-Europeans), this industry contributed only one-eighth of the total national income.

Farmers do not take easily to new ideas. That we know. Farmers in South Africa naturally feel some reluctance to change their method of tending the soil. They were long used to treating it as they wished: ownership of land in the Union carried with it the right to drain, plant trees, plough steep slopes, over-graze catchment areas, cut down natural bush.

When industry started in South Africa, and the rush for gold and diamonds sent thousands of men to the Union, farmers cut their farms into smaller units in order to increase the commercial potentialities therefrom. The result has been a widespread deterioration of the veld, denudation, often extensive encroachment of noxious or low vegetation, with declining crop yields, poorer quality crops, and abandoned land. These are not soil erosions; they are their forerunners. Mr. Ross has estimated that upward from one-quarter of the original fertility reserves of the Union's soil has been destroyed. This is particularly marked in the Native reserves: I drove past many places where Natives were growing mealies immediately on the top side of a donga, thereby weakening the earth's strength in the next gush of rains. And, of course,

[1] *Soil Conservation*, by J. C. Ross, State Information Office, Pretoria.

the Afrikaners, of whom (according to Professor S. Pauw, addressing the Department of Sociology at Stellenbosch University, on July 28, 1949) 40 per cent. are still living in rural areas, the figure therefore including the farming communities, were the first to cultivate South Africa's soil. Indeed, the Afrikaner's wish to possess land where he and his family might be free of other Europeans and the increasing number of Coloured people was the major consideration of the Great Trek which started from the Cape in 1836.

With such experience as these Voortrekkers gained from the trek to fresh grazing lands and more fertile soil, it can be appreciated that successive Governments, who, as in the opinion of farmers all over the world, are engaged only in paper work, have had difficulty in persuading their sons and grandsons to employ modern ideas of husbanding the soil.

Many English-speaking farmers who followed them in the historic surge up from the Cape to other areas of the veld have shown an equal dislike for "new fangled" ideas.

Nevertheless, I encountered much evidence of individuals working to overcome problems of drought and erosion.

During the tour which Pauw and I did in the Eastern Free State, we met Mr. D. N. MacLaughlin, J.P., one-time secretary of the Zastron Chamber of Commerce.

"Mr. Mac", as Pauw and I called him, a bluff, hearty man whose six feet two inches, clad in a white dust-coat, dwarfed me into insignificance, has a plan to flood a large area of the eastern Free State and turn it into a lake.

"Shortly before the war started in 1939 I was standing on the Mayaputi bridge, about 21 miles from Zastron, and saw the flood waters of the Orange River surging along beneath," Mr. Mac told us, "and I wondered why this couldn't be harnessed. Man, it was at least 75 feet deep and 200 feet wide! That's a lot of water!"

So he devised a project to flood a wide area and control the waters with a dam wall 550 feet high and 2000 feet long. The dam would cover an area of 800 square miles to an average depth of 200 feet. This would provide abundant water for all purposes, hydro-electric power for all the eastern Free State and a long strip of the northern part of Cape Province. Ships the size of the Queens could tour about on pleasure cruises.

Mr. Mac sketched one of these cruises for us. We sped amid the great mountains. Hotels like palaces arose on the lake shores and on islands, the tops of some present hills. Fishermen lolled in their boats, catching trout as big as calves and salmon the size of a baby whale (or so it seemed from the enthusiasm with which he outlined the project). Over there, settling down in a tiny corner of the lake, was not one but

a fleet of three-decker flying-boats just arrived from New York, Poole Harbour, and other places.

Boulder Dam *par excellence*.

Not too fiercely, I asked how much this project would cost.

"Oh, quite reasonable. I reckoned about £100,000,000," returned Mr. Mac confidently.

Pauw asked when he had made this estimate. We were told that it was back at the beginning of 1944, in an article which Mr. Mac had published in the *Outspan* proposing the idea.

Pauw said that building costs had increased since then.

"It would repay a millionfold whatever it cost," Mr. Mac assured us.

We drove out of Zastron with Mr. Mac, heading towards Basutoland, some 20 miles to the east.

Around us the country became more rugged. The peculiar table mountains shaped like aircraft-carriers and the sharply-pointed pyramids became more frequent. Ahead of us rose the frowning peaks of the Malutis, a darkening grey shadow whose battlements and turrets were etched along the pale blue and gold skyline 50 miles away.

Abruptly Mr. Mac said: "This is where the dam would start."

We turned down the curving side of a hill and plunged into the fabled waters.

Now what had got into Pauw and myself that morning I don't know. Perhaps it was that what we had already seen had shocked us and we knew that worse was to be seen. We had covered the 160 miles from Bloemfontein to Zastron in two hours and five minutes, between 8 a.m. and 10.5 a.m. We had indulged in some close harmony of "Sarie Marais", which terrified occasional small Native boys trying to quieten their startled herds. We liked the morning and the feeling of getting away for a few days, even from the delightful city of Bloemfontein and its many attractions. We were hilarious. I at least could have been accounted rude.

Occasionally, every four or five miles, I popped my head round to Mr. Mac and asked, "Are we out of it yet?"

"No," he assured me every time. "We're still under water. I'll tell you when we get half-way."

Beside me Pauw took up the conversation, commenting on wrecks he could see lying around. Once he vowed he had just seen a mermaid, and how had she got there, and did Mr. Mac intend to bring Father Neptune in too?

Mr. Mac interrupted this with the words: "We're half-way there."

We pulled off the road on to a dusty pink verge and climbed. On our right a hill climbed several hundred feet into the sky. On our left the ground dropped away several thousand feet. Opposite were the tops

of a range of hills, not small, but less than the Malutis. The altitude was rarefied.

"What happens here?" I asked.

"We flood it."

"How about those hills?"

"Oh, they're under the surface of the water. We're under water ourselves."

"What, here?" I asked, clutching around for support while the altitude increased my dizziness.

"Ah," replied Mr. Mac with far more good-humour than I would be capable of showing over a pet project, "you're pulling my leg, both of you. I don't mind. Go right ahead. I'm used to it. But one day it will come—it has to."

Pauw and I accepted this as a *carte blanche*. We swam back to our craft and plunged down to the lake-bed. Pauw chatted cheerfully about mermaids and flapped a gay hand at the most persistent. I cowered when a submarine nosed straight towards us. We found Spanish galleons and a member of the crew of the *Marie Celeste*, who told us why his ship had been found abandoned and in perfect condition. We ducked our heads as whales circled about the car. Mr. Mac remained completely unruffled, merely saying, "Boys—boys," and later, after what seemed to be hours of steering our craft along the bottom of the lake, he said, "We're out of it now," as we headed up a cliff which seemed set fair to rise higher than Mount Everest.

We dried ourselves off and turned across a short stretch of country and a 20-foot stream some six inches deep, the Caledon River out of flood, had a picnic of sandwiches, biltong, and beer, at the head of the old War Trail, which dates back to the Basuto Wars, and then, still in holiday mood, frightened a number of Basuto damosels who fled, screaming for their warriors, placid fellows only 200 yards away, when we stopped the car to take only their photographs.

Mr. Mac's dam was, for us, an hour of relaxation. But it may well become true. Bold measures are needed in that part of the country.

A few days later, still with the genial Pauw, I had the pleasure of seeing what the Glen Agricultural College was doing to prepare young South Africans for a career in the oldest industry and to experiment with anti-erosion methods.

Glen Agricultural College is a few miles north of Bloemfontein. It comes under the Department of Agriculture and Forestry, the Division of Animal and Crop Production. It commenced in 1912. Its lands and activities have been added to since then, and it has an educational block of lecture-rooms, laboratories, and administrative offices and library, hostels for students, a dining-hall, and lands on which there is a complete farm of cattle, varying produce grounds, and an area of reclaimed soil.

We were made welcome by the present Director, Mr. I. P. J. du

Plessis. Mr. du Plessis is more than a scientific agriculturist. He is a poet of the soil. A slimly built man with prematurely grey hair and an engaging smile, very intent and interested in his work, he reminded me of a French art tutor in Paris, too many years ago, who had been equally intent and serious. Mr. du Plessis had the same Gallic gestures and strength when explaining a point, his strong hands gesticulating to ensure that his listeners understood each significant factor.

He took us around the farm. We saw egg production being studied with a scientific or natural diet, and the farm's newest methods in incubation. We watched students shearing sheep and drying wool. We were told how vegetables were being tended in varying soils and manures to improve quality and size. In a laboratory we were given insight into cattle diseases and insect pests. We were told of problems attendant upon breeding cattle of good quality meat and high milk yield. Both Pauw and I enjoyed ourselves, for both of us came from farming communities. That day, for me, the orange-pink soil of the Free State took on similarities to the soil of England's Plain.

After going round the grounds, being shown how strenuous experiments are being made to increase yield and quality of all agricultural products without devitalizing or impairing the land, we had a superb luncheon in the dining-hall, with a fine and wide variety of fresh vegetables grown in the College gardens.

We walked this down later over the ground which Mr. du Plessis has been reclaiming from a wide patch of erosion adjoining the Modder River. When the farm was started over 60 morgens of the soil was barren and scarred with dongas. Part of the adjoining earth was not in so bad a condition, but was being affected: erosion, like other diseases, affects areas surrounding those directly affected. In the early 1930s a move was made to dam the dongas, the theory being that water would prevent the continued spread of the area and help to restore the worst-affected parts. Mr. du Plessis added to this plan—both scientifically and, it may be felt, poetically. He made a point of carting to the eroded area all plant refuse from the farm, grass cuttings, weeds, crop stalks, and plant cuttings, which were strewn over the worst areas. With the coming of the rains both grass and refuse decomposed and imparted a measure of life to the inorganic residue of the soil. Weeds germinated. Grass and bush began to thrive. Soon organic matter and water had gained from the dead soil a sufficient plant life to indicate that the first battle of reclamation had been won—through using a natural biologic process.

When we walked around the area the bushes were thick and strong. Much of the grass was knee high. Continuing drought had affected the quality; grass was dry and thinning, an indication that the country's climate is a constant menace, but clung tenaciously to the subsoil and was living.

This method cannot be employed everywhere. Neither can it be employed in the knowledge that, inevitably, within a few years, affected soil will be agriculturally productive. But it does demonstrate that land in the early stages of affliction can be treated and the extent of damage minimized by a scientific comprehension of natural phenomena. It is the more immediate method for small areas, as contour cutting of soil and planned water-channels on the side of hills and mountains is the first stage in seeking to resolve the far greater problem of the terrifying dongas which endanger not only the agricultural growth of South Africa but of North America, South America, huge tracts of China and Russia, and many other countries, in an age of large advances in population.

At a farm near Bethlehem, early in 1949, Claude Wareham, editor of the *Bethlehem Express*, witnessed an experiment by the Free State Office of the Department of Soil Conservation and Extension. (It is perhaps worth recording that the Soil Conservation Act, together with the National Marketing Amendment Act, the Cattle Improvement Act, and the Wool Act, in addition to the most recent White Paper on South Africa's Agricultural Policy, originated during the last tenure of office by General Smuts and the United Party; during that time the Minister of Agriculture was Mr. J. G. Strauss, K.C., and Member for Germiston since 1932, who, on the death of Jan Hofmeyr, became Acting Leader of the UP during General Smuts' absence abroad in 1949.) In the Bethlehem experiment a complete farm was redesigned and adapted to the most modern opinion of how it should be planned to conserve soil energy and health and combat erosion. A number of earthen dams were built, Wareham told me; tractors and other equipment—much of it too expensive for the average farmer to own—terraced the land and made 11 miles of contour banks to direct water and ease farming. Fencing was put up, a silo was erected, trees were taken down and replanted in areas where they would have better effect upon the soil when catching the rains; the farmhouse itself was renovated to increase speed and efficiency.

With Wareham and some friends, I toured an area of the countryside surrounding the charming town of Bethlehem in the northern Free State. Winter sunshine warmed the afternoon. The soil showed evidence of suffering from lack of rain. We drove through the superb Golden Gate, two giant rock formations glinting bright gold in the sunlight, and up a narrow valley to a farmhouse at the end. Returning to Bethlehem, we passed another area where large dongas stretched along the base of a rocky cliff. Generally, this area enjoys a good agricultural output, but even here the need for soil conservation, by both the State body and the individual farmer, is essential.

Bethlehem itself is a warm-hearted farming town, full of friendly

people, who showed me much kindness. Long may they be able to keep the ravages of erosion from harming their community.

Farming in South Africa is far from easy. Epivaginitis, contagious sterility of cattle, is already widespread. This disease, which causes permanent sterility among bulls and either temporary or permanent sterility among cows, is believed to be caused by a virus which the microscope cannot at present detect. Because of it, herds are in danger of diminishing and the milk yield may be imperilled, according to Dr. S. W. J. van Rensburg of the Onderstepoort Veterinary Research Station.

Drought causes considerable havoc in the Native reserves. In 1945 57 per cent. of cattle in the Ciskei were wiped out. In the drought of 1949 it was estimated that 70 per cent. of the cattle would die off if insufficient rains fell before October, according to Mr. R. R. Baker, Agricultural Officer of the Ciskei. In the same area the cattle of European farmers, in districts neighbouring the reserves, though in better health, were equally threatened. During 1949 the drought caused the death of hundreds of cattle in the Grahamstown area. Many other examples could be quoted. Collectively they show that drought is widespread across the entire Union, as it is upon the majority of the fertile areas of the continent to Kenya and the Congo.

In July, a few days before I left, Cape Town papers were reporting the death of hundreds of Natives in the area surrounding East London.

One reporter (in the *Cape Times*) told the story of an average case. A nine-months-old boy had been taken to the Mount Coke Mission station, where his face had been found so swollen that he was unable to open his eyes. His mother was unable to feed him herself and could not get milk for him. The child died of malnutrition before doctors could save him.

In other parts of the Ciskei and Transkei children were eating roots in an attempt to keep alive, but many of them and their parents were dying. Up to the time of my leaving, although the ravages of the drought had been known for some months, no major campaign had been announced by the Nationalist Government to introduce methods to provide Natives with food. On the contrary, only a few months before the Minister responsible had announced in the House in Cape Town that, because of drought, the free milk grant to Native school-children was to be abolished. The ensuing public outcry among Europeans caused this step to be halted. But it was left to an English-speaking woman to write a letter to the Cape Press offering to undertake the work of starting a public fund for relief of the afflicted Natives.

Whenever the summer rains come, water will pour down the mountains and hills into the rivers, tear away more tons of precious earth and fling them away into the sea.

There is no cause for ease over problems of South Africa's soil and climate. They are accumulative. Others of more immediate concern to the European community may awaken greater interest; housewives may only notice shortages and husbands not even that; but unless strenuous measures are undertaken the situation will become infinitely worse within the next quarter century, as Mr. Ross has said.

It was therefore with some relief that I noted what was happening to conserve the soil in Basutoland.

XVI

UNDER THE QUEEN'S BLANKET

THE Orange Free State, whose capital is Bloemfontein, the centre city of the Union, a number of whose charming, friendly people hope that it may one day be the seat of government, has other uniquenesses.

Water is very important to it, as we have seen.

Its southern boundary is the twisting line of an Orange River, all the way from Basutoland to where the main Cape Town—Johannesburg railroad crosses the river, approximately half-way between De Aar and Kimberley. Like lovers who cannot completely forget their first inamorata, the Free State gives an appearance of never forgetting this first attraction. For a while it sidles alongside the railroad, going north, but directly the Vaal River comes into sight, exercising a strong family fascination, it trots cheerfully and gaily along the Vaal's curves all the way to Vereeniging and beyond, to a point, turning south above Natal, where the Klip River joins the Vaal. Here it becomes obvious that the Free State line is searching for its first love. It accepts the Klip for a while, until this loses identity and wanders undecidedly towards Volksrust.

The Free State, searching, lost, turns south, moving uncertainly down the north-eastern boundary of Natal until it reaches Basutoland again. Here it edges around the northern fringes of the mountains, searching, unsteady, its quest barred by frowning mountains, until it reaches a point some 40 miles south of Bethlehem, where the Caledon River comes into sight. Again there is a strong family likeness to the lost love: the Vaal joins the Orange a few miles outside of Douglas, in Cape Province, and the Caledon unites with it at Bethulie on the Cape—Free State line. Hopeful again, the Free State marches proudly with the Caledon to Wepener, where, at last, it catches a distant sight of its first love and rushes across the veld to where the Orange River leaves Basutoland.

Basutoland is the only Protectorate state with which the Free State has any contact. Swaziland is enclosed for three-quarters of its frontier by the Transvaal, the other being divided between Portuguese East Africa and Natal. Bechuanaland has meetings with the Transvaal, Cape Province, South-West Africa, and Southern Rhodesia.

It follows, therefore, that when Free Staters talk of the Protectorate, nearest to them in fact, if not in thought, is Basutoland.

There is a paper in the Free State which is not unsympathetic of the Nationalists. It is called *Die Volksblad*, the *National Paper* or the *People's Paper*. In common with other Nationalist inclined newspapers,

Die Volksblad is interested in the British Protectorates, as is Mr. J. G. Strydom, Nationalist Minister of Lands, it will be remembered.

During May, 1949, *Die Volksblad* raised, once again, the idea of incorporating the Protectorates into the Union. It advanced what it obviously held to be a strong argument, stronger now that the Nationalists form the Union Government. It suggested that "these territories [the Protectorates] and their people remain undeveloped while Natives in the Union are advancing far ahead of them. It is well known that the Union provides, among other things, better educational facilities than the territories. . . ."

This includes Basutoland, the country given racial identity and physical home by Moshesh, the warrior who gained the extreme dislike of the great Zulu chief Tshaka.

Twenty miles north-east of Leribe, in northern Basutoland, under Bethlehem and where the Caledon River is just gaining strength, is the little Basuto town of Butha Buthe. There was nothing remarkable about it on the occasion when I saw it. Butha Buthe has no roads, only trails for pack-horses which lead away into the mountains that start at about 6000 feet and soon rise to 9000 feet. The name of Butha Buthe (Eric Rosenthal, who recently published the best book ever written on Basutoland, discovered this[1]) means "the Place of Lying-Down". A century and a half ago it witnessed an event of great significance for the African people. A wife of the minor chieftain Mokachane lay down and gave birth to a son.

The boy was named Mosheshwe, "the One Who Levels Downs", later contracted to Moshesh and now usually rendered as Moshoeshwe, "The One Who Shaves Clean". Tshaka gave the Zulus an organic nationhood. He came from the Nguni family of tribes. So did Moshesh, who gave the Basutos their nationhood. About the time that Europe was witnessing the struggle in progress at a hitherto unknown place called Waterloo, Mokachane died and Moshesh became chief in his stead.

A peace-loving man, not inclined to send warriors to their death, Moshesh invited the homeless people of all neighbouring tribes to come and live with his people, to join them in safety among the Maluti Mountains. He gave them grain. If they had no cattle, he provided them. He seldom inflicted punishment. His way of life was vastly different from that offered by Tshaka's fierce Zulu warriors.

Within a few years thousands of new supporters had joined Moshesh and his people in the mountains and safety. They were attacked by Zulus; impis marched against them; the fiercest onslaught was delivered in 1824 when Ma Ntatisi, the Black Boadicea, attacked them. Moshesh decided to leave Butha Buthe and trek south with his

[1] *African Switzerland*, by Eric Rosenthal.

people to where, he had heard, there was an impregnable mountain. They set off and eventually reached Thaba Bosigo, "the Mountain at Night", and there made their home. Here the Zulus tried to attack them, but, unable to scale the mountain, camped on the plain below and starved. Moshesh sent them meat and grain. The Zulus went away, never to return. In their stead there came the Voortrekkers.

Moshesh did not welcome the Voortrekkers. They, intent to find land which they could colonize and develop, were in no mood to acknowledge the undefined territory of a Native kingdom. Trouble ensued. At the end of 1838, through the agency of French missionaries (whom Moshesh had welcomed five years before), Moshesh sought the aid of the Governor of the Cape. Nevertheless, trouble continued. Moshesh sent his sons to the Cape to be educated by the English, but was still in trouble with the Voortrekkers. Allegations that Moshesh's tribesmen had stolen 10,000 cattle from the colonists sent a British force, under Major Donovan, to recover the cattle. Moshesh denied the charges and, it has been recorded, more or less against his wish, sent his warriors to defend the mountain. They defeated the British force. They continued to defeat it on subsequent occasions.

On September 3, 1851, Moshesh dictated a statement:

> The Great Chief Moshesh declares hereby that from this time he has stopped and caused to cease all hostile proceedings with the African Burghers, and declares that he makes peace with them, and makes known that he will employ no war or lifting of weapons against them, as long as the Burghers do not come over the boundary with an armed force to attack him; and will from this time cause all plunder or thieving to cease, and promises to deliver out the stolen cattle.
>
> Mark—X—of Moshesh.

Nevertheless, and despite the fact that 3500 head of cattle were returned within a few days of the statement being made, trouble continued.

Biographers of Moshesh have said that most probably he deplored yet could not prevent raids upon the European farms by his younger tribesmen. Neighbouring minor chiefs most certainly did plunder. Commandos of Boer burghers penetrated Basuto territory to get back their cattle, burning down huts and carrying off prisoners. Moshesh was blamed for all this. One of his utterances was, "I cannot bind myself to say there will be no more stealing; thieves do not tell me when they come in or out of Basutoland. You must give me time. I have eaten the Governor's meat, and it will be easy for me to vomit it up, but it is not so easy to make thieves disgorge what they have eaten."

The raids and boilings-over of sporadic war continued until the end of 1861, when Moshesh asked that he and his people be permitted to "come under the Queen's blanket":

23. *The Emerging African: Non-European Cinema, Pretoria*
24. *Daughter India: Durban Indian Market*

. . . therefore I now ask to be recognized as the Queen's subject, and that my subjects, the Basuto, may, on account of and through my chieftainship be Her subjects too. I ask this of Her generosity, for we have nothing to offer in exchange but our gratitude and fidelity; though if it were asked or necessary, every Basuto would willingly offer his life in her service. . . .

On March 12, 1868, a proclamation by Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, proclaimed and declared:

that from and after the publication hereof the said tribe of the Basuto shall be, and shall be taken to be, for all intents and purposes, British subjects, and the territory of the said tribe shall be, and shall be taken to be, British Territory.

In the words of Eric Rosenthal, "Moshesh and his people were at last under the Queen's Blanket."

The promise made by Moshesh was not lightly given. His people have kept it. In Basutoland in 1949, just across the little trickle of the Orange River, at a trading-station, a near-naked warrior persisted in trying to get J. C. Pauw and myself to photograph him. He had fought in the Second World War, one of the many Natives who helped to defend Africa from the perils of a Fascism which a number of South African Nationalists wished to embrace.

The overwhelming territory of Basutoland, an area of nearly 12,000 miles, is of mountainous formation. Of the total, more than 6000 miles are practically uninhabitable.

The 1946 census showed that 553,827 Bantu people lived there with 1678 Europeans, 340 Asiatics and 545 Coloureds. In 1946, 254,511 of this population were members of Christian churches. Over 40 per cent. of the men are usually absent from the territory, working elsewhere, originally in the Johannesburg goldmines, and subsequently in and around the main cities of the Union. The country is ruled directly from the Crown through the High Commissioner for the Protectorate States of the country itself, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland, with a Native Council of 100 members, of whom 95 are nominated by the paramount Chief and approved by the Government, and five by the Government.

In view of what *Die Volksblad* had to say, an interesting fact is that there are 933 schools catering for 85,438 scholars on the roll, of whom 65,592 are in average attendance (1947 figures). The schools comprise 606 mission schools and 147 partially aided by the Government. The Basutoland High School and the Lerotholi Technical School are controlled by the Government. Expenditure on education during the past five years was: 1942–43, £72,831; 1943–44, £76,122; 1944–45, £89,196; 1945–46, £130,679; and 1946–47, £145,378.

Revenue in the country increased from £468,936 in 1942–43 to

25. Iron Horse in the Hex River Valley
26. Basutoland: the Watershed

£863,304 in 1946–47. Expenditure increased in the same years from £383,990 to £870,602.

Expenditure upon anti-soil erosion has also increased in the same period. The traveller through these mountains can see evidence of what has been done all the way along the road from Mohaleshoek in the south-east to the capital in Maseru. On every side great mountains, bleak and twisted, stark without soil, raise jagged peaks to the hot, blue sky. On their lower slopes for mile after mile the earth is terraced, cut in contours; natural waterways guide down-flowing water along thousands of courses, and the tiny area of the country which can be made agriculturally productive, always receiving fresh attention, is under careful and constant supervision.

On the afternoon when Pauw and I reached Maseru, a Saturday in early May, the town had shut up shop and gone off to play.

We had a late luncheon at Stephens' Hotel, in an atmosphere akin to what one anticipates finding in a small Somerset or Hampshire town. Later we walked in the gardens. The shops being closed, we got back into the car and drove about town for some time.

The stand erected for the visit of Their Majesties the King and Queen in 1947 to witness the Pitso was deserted, facing the great field where thousands of warriors had gathered to meet their King and Queen. We found a number of games in progress, young Basutos playing rugger in the boiling sunshine (the temperature was somewhere in the 80s). We had some bars of chocolate with us, with which we made an immediate hit with young Basuto maidens, dressed in Western-type frocks, most of them wearing the little white beret. They looked quite happy and greeted us with enthusiasm which knew no such race-consciousness as can be noticed elsewhere.

While watching one game we were approached by a young Basuto, clad in smart suit and wide-brimmed hat, who asked if we could find him work in Bloemfontein. Pauw's car, in which we were making the trip, carried the city's letters OB. Already a flock of young Basutos had been screaming "O-B-OB-OBOBOB-OBBB." This was very musical, with a fine sense of rhythm, but whether it was intended to hail the car, us, note down where the car came from as other children take down railway engine numbers, or to reveal their understanding of the alphabet, we never found out.

Our new friend told us he was married and had a baby daughter—he looked about fifteen himself, but was probably four or five years older—and the money he earned in Maseru with the postal service was insufficient for his needs. Could we get him a job—digging for gold in the streets of Bloemfontein, presumably.

Pauw was delighted. In addition to representing the city as publicity director he has great love for it and its people. I had a feeling we were about to race back and find work for our friend, who was equally enthusiastic when he learned I came from London. He goggled

a bit at this at first, but soon recovered his business acumen to suggest that I could do with his help in London. Permanently? I asked. Oh, no, he just wanted to go away and make a fortune and then return to Maseru and his family.

On another occasion, with Mr. van Belkum and a party of friends, I had a chance to see the more northerly part of Basutoland, the area immediately below Butha Buthe.

We crossed the bridge from Ficksburg and drove up to Leribe and back, keeping close to the mountains and the town of Teyateyaneng, on the road to the Free State town of Ladybrand. Again it was Saturday afternoon. We passed a number of mounted Basutos clad in colourful blankets, striped and patterned in lilac and pale pink or blue, wide plaited straw hats covering their heads, and also a number clad in European suits, out for a walk with friends or family. They saluted us politely, as countrymen do the world over.

Every town has its centre for recruiting Native labour for the Union's mines. Basutoland has no mines and no forests. It has no game except birds. It raises stock, stallions, mules, sheep and goats. Its crops are wheat and maize, mealies, barley and oats and peas. It produces wool, mohair, hides and skins. The area which is fertile is insufficient to provide work for the male Basuto population, the majority of whom contract to spend a year in the mines, renewing the contract later, and many are drifting to shanty-towns near the Union cities.

Mountains enclose it on all sides. On the Natal side is the wonderful spectacle of Cathkin Peak, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet; Mont-aux-Sources and Giant's Castle, both of which are over 10,000 feet; and a corresponding beauty of water falling from the precipices, such as that at Maletsunyane Falls which descend nearly 650 feet in a single leap.

The National Government formed by Dr. Malan is vowed to a policy of segregation. It may be said of the people of Basutoland that, without any policy enforcing segregation, their national life is segregated from the National Government whether its members are in Cape Town or Pretoria. Why the Government should suggest incorporating Basutoland into the Union for the reason of making the Basutos more educated, when they are already comparably educated and developing their territory, which cannot be developed much further without causing large numbers to leave the country permanently, is not, however, obscure.

These mountains, these peaks, this small highland country whose interior can be reached only on horseback and foot, is the watershed for all Southern Africa.

We may appreciate the Nationalists' burning desire to aid the Native everywhere, but in this particular instance he is not the object. It is water. And at present the Nationalists can see no better solution to their problem, apparently, than to indicate that Basutoland would be better off in the Union, which, like most things in life, is open to debate. Certainly the Basutos are inclined to debate it. Those with whom I talked, in their own country and in the Union, indicated a preference for staying under the Queen's Blanket rather than find silken sheets in a boudoir with Dr. Malan and Mr. Strydom in attendance. If any British Government passes Basutoland to a Nationalist South Africa it will be committing a worse action than betraying a trust.

XVII

"COME AND HAVE A SPOT"

EARLY during my visit a number of South Africans expressed a fear that I might find their countrymen's hospitality somewhat less than it had been before the war. Like many other countries, South Africa was experiencing post-war financial difficulties. The severe drought, the worst for 60 years, was providing Europeans with increasing difficulty and many Non-Europeans with starvation.

My friends had no reason to fear. The hospitality extended across South Africa's mountains and veld is a reality at which restriction-afflicted visiting Europeans can only boggle. No matter what hour of the day or night one arrives at a destination, whether it be private residence or hotel, there is a welcome waiting and a drink and food to complete the good feeling of having arrived. This is true of even the worst hotels. It was more than true of the homes of many kind families who accepted me into their circle.

Early during my stay in Cape Town I was invited to dine at a farmhouse some miles outside the city. My host, Fitzroy du Toit, advertising manager of the *Cape Argus*, was busy at his city office during the day, and we had arranged to meet there. The worst rigours of the heat-wave scorching the Peninsula were abating when we walked to the station in Adderley Street and went out by one of the fast electric suburban trains to the station nearest his home, from where he drove us in his car, with several detours to acquaint me with the countryside, to the farm. There I was made welcome by his most charming wife, who combines being a cook of rare inspiration, the mother of four delightful children (whose own hospitality made me feel more like a friend returning than a complete stranger within the gates), and general farm expert, with being a writer of merit, for she is V. M. Fitzroy, author of *Mornings at Seven* and a number of other acute accounts of life in the Union.

My host and hostess made me feel at home with their questions upon what was happening in post-war Britain, showing sharp appreciation of Britain's financial difficulties. After dinner—during which I was initiated into the delight of Van der Hum and cream, a liqueur fit for the gods—there arose a difficulty. An interview I had recorded the previous morning at the Cape Town studio of the South African Broadcasting Corporation was due for transmission at almost the same time that the last city-bound train of the evening was due to reach the local station. Listening to one's own voice on the radio is a defeating experience—my fear at such times is equal to that described on a

memorable occasion by Dr. C. M. Joad—but nevertheless we wished to endure it: the Van der Hum had been very stiffening to the morale.

"Stay the night," urged my host. "There's plenty of room."

His lady and the children added their support for the idea, assuring me it would not cause any inconvenience.

Reluctantly I had to forgo the temptation, due to a heavy list of interviews scheduled to start early the following morning. South African business men and Government offices start work before the crack of dawn. My first appointment was fixed for 7.45 a.m.

We listened to as much of the broadcast as possible. Then I was driven by my host to the station. We arrived to see the train's lights vanishing towards Cape Town. Without question, and though tired from the long day's heat in his office, Fitzroy insisted upon driving me two stations down the line, a matter of some miles. We passed the train just before reaching the station. Then my host pushed a rail-ticket into my hand, saying it was mine. As he used a season ticket, he must have purchased it when he had left for Cape Town that morning.

This was only the first example I was to be given of how thoughtful are South Africans for their guests. In Oudtshoorn a few days later, where I arrived at 4.30 a.m. on a Sunday, Dorothea Fick, of the Queen's Hotel (and, incidentally, grand-daughter of the first Afrikaans Speaker in Parliament), had made sure that a car was waiting and there was hot coffee and sandwiches at the hotel: never was coffee more welcome, for I had been travelling since the previous noon. For many travellers, Oudtshoorn is the town where they see ostrich farms and the Cango Caves. For me it will always be Dorothea, and Victor Aschman.

Victor Aschman is the town's unofficial publicity director. He was feeding the birds in the hotel grounds when I went down shortly after 9 a.m. on Sunday. From then until I left for Port Elizabeth, late on Monday afternoon, he never left me. Under his guidance I was whisked to the Cango Caves and crawled, clung, and slid through the worst patches—they are only few and worth the effort—of this superb spectacle of stalagmites and stalactities, old before the first man walked.

With Victor beside me, I saw ostriches at Mr. Hooper's farm, and heard the tragic story of how this town, once the centre of the world's feather industry, fell upon bad times. We visited the sub-economic housing estate, interviewed the President of the Chamber of Commerce, toured the countryside, and I bought my first souvenir. At the last, on Oudtshoorn station, up came Victor carrying the largest bag of apples and biggest bunch of grapes I have ever seen, to appease hunger *en route*. A cheerful, thoughtful, compactly-built man with twinkling eyes; it was with very genuine regret that I parted from Victor. Some months later, when I went on board ship to leave the Union, there was a telegram from him: another sign of South African thought for the visitor.

While staying in Queenstown, Cape Province, with A. K.

MacPherson, managing director of the *Queenstown Daily Representative*, I expressed a hope of witnessing the graduation ceremony at Fort Hare. To have done so would have entailed leaving by a morning train for East London, nearly 100 miles away, then making my way, on a second day, to Alice, in order to be there for the ceremony when it took place on the third morning. A. K.—as he is known to more newspapermen than those in the Union—would hear of no such plan. He made many enquiries among friends to see whether any car was driving the 80 miles down to Alice, some distance across country from East London. When he found that no one was going, he arranged for his son-in-law and chief reporter, "Dusty" Green, to take a visit to the experimental industrial township of Zwelitsha near Kingwilliamstown, midway between East London and Alice, and then go on to Fort Hare to report the ceremony.

In something like holiday mood, Green, his wife, another English guest at A. K.'s home, Elizabeth Hutchings, and myself set off on an overcast morning and arrived in Kingwilliamstown in time for an excellent luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Southwall, who contrived to look as though they had expected four visitors to bob up at their table. We spent the afternoon touring Zwelitsha and the cotton factory adjoining it, and then, after losing our way at one fork of the road cutting across the Ciskei, arrived at Fort Hare, tired, hungry, and with no clear idea whether any local hotel could accommodate our party for the night. Within a few moments we had been invited to stay with Archdeacon Rolfe and his wife, in their house in the University grounds, and sat down to one of the most enjoyable repasts it was my pleasure to eat while in South Africa. (It was after this pleasant beginning that I disgraced myself somewhat by arguing with Dr. Mrs. de Vos Malan on Native education, from which the University Principal and Archdeacon Rolfe rescued us.)

Some weeks later, in Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, I told J. C. Pauw, one of the most enjoyable companions I had in the country, that I hoped to see the soil erosion in the eastern half of the State, and had booked on a train. J. C. undertook some secret arranging of his own. A few days later he greeted me with a broad smile. We were leaving in his car the following Friday to tour the area and would return sometime on Sunday evening, he announced. As a result of this generosity I gained much invaluable first-hand knowledge which could never be had if travelling by rail. To give me this experience, J. C. gave up a week-end's well-earned rest with his young family.

Many similar instances could be provided—notably how Mr. van Belkum, Senior Roads Engineer of the Free State, made a detour to pick me up at Bethlehem and drive back to Bloemfontein, on one occasion—but the foregoing will demonstrate that hospitality is both generous and unflinching in South Africa. South Africans have

mastered the difficult art of implying to their guests that whatever the guests wish to do is what they, the hosts, have longed to do and are grateful to them for providing an opportunity to do it! This is miraculous. Unless very careful, the guests will be tempted to accept this attitude, so perfectly has the art been mastered. Another lesson was provided by that most gracious lady Mrs. J. J. Yates, wife of the Chief Magistrate of the Transkei. We met at the opening of the Bunga, in Umtata. Within five minutes she invited me to an official party of magistrates and their families—at which she soon made me feel like a legal luminary from an outlying district. On that occasion I met a European Buddhist, and wished that Christmas Humphreys had been nearer than back in our London district—after all, he had wanted to come—but his explanations of the faith aided me considerably in this august company.

Wherever the visitor is, whatever he is doing, everyone whom he encounters is bound to say one thing within a few hours of meeting: "What are you doing tomorrow evening or the next day? Come and have a spot with us."

In Cape Town, Lawrence Green, the famous South African writer, asked if I had ever encountered the phrase "Come and have a spot" anywhere else in the world. I had not. It is heard everywhere in the Union, a sentence as typical as the English "Let's go round to the local."

South Africa's European homes are pleasant to visit.

Except for some older districts, or the more elaborate homesteads in the wealthier areas of Johannesburg and other cities, most houses are of bungalow type, standing in their own grounds.

Gardens are generally large, with fair-sized lawns, beds of roses and cannas and some of the hardier European flowers which have taken to the climate and soil. There are some exotic differences. In East London and Kimberley I had the pleasure of wandering into the garden to pick an orange for breakfast. Scarlet hibiscus flaunt against velvety green foliage. Poinsettias are a shrill trumpeting along the roads. Every garden has trees. Driving across the orange-pink soil of the Free State a sight of tall blue gums lining a strip of road, surrounded by smaller, darker trees, is often the only reliable first sight of human habitation. Many gardens have their swimming-pool, screened by shrubs and flowering bushes. Only around Cape Town, Kimberley, and Durban are gardens small, betokening a swift setting up of homes by Europeans not yet appreciative of Africa's wide morgens of earth.

The greatest developments in domestic planning have occurred too recently for houses to bear much similarity. In many towns old wooden walls and corrugated iron, transported at fabulous cost by ox-waggon

from the Cape, stand cheek by jowl with electrically-fitted bungalows of American precision and adaptation of Cape Dutch architecture. The sight is as surprising as factory chimneys ringed by Native rondavels, circular mud-grass-and-dung huts covered with rough thatch weighted down by ripening squashes.

Kimberley is a fascinating town. Here stand wood and corrugated iron homesteads, only 60 years ago the most modern mansions available for pioneers of the diamond industry. Many have a tumble-down appearance, but convey a sharper atmosphere of history than most modern houses now appearing along roads leading out to De Beers' mines. It will be a pity if these historic shacks completely vanish, as is threatened, to make way for civic projects (an opinion I voiced to "Red" Perry, Kimberley's energetic publicity chief). Every town has new roads leading off from main arteries, the gardens of new houses still undeveloped.

Blocks of flats are rare except around Durban, Johannesburg, and Pretoria.

I dined with Nadine Gordimer and her husband in Johannesburg.

Nadine is one of the younger South African writers; Gerald, her husband, attends to Johannesburg's teeth problems. They have a pleasant flat, containing the best selection of books I encountered, in a block a little way out of town.

Half-way through our meal the building quivered violently. Cutlery danced on the table, the light bulbs swirled in a gay fandango. An earth tremor, announced the newspapers the following morning. "A fall of rock in the goldmines," Gerald, and others, told me; "we get them frequently."

The average South African home gives an impression of newness. Everything is fresh. Woodwork and brasswork shine. Walls are painted to convey the maximum freshness even in summer's fierce heat. Many houses have a lounge floor of parquet, an indigenous wood ranging in hue from daffodil yellow to warm brown: you feel you are walking on a gigantic tiger-skin. Pictures are few; those which do appear are usually of a South African landscape, a glimpse of mountain peaks pink in sunlight, a valley farmhouse. The finest private collection I encountered (outside of the many on the walls of Libertas, the Prime Minister's residence in Pretoria, which has a canvas by Mr. Churchill) was in the home of the van Belkums in Bloemfontein, and included a superb copy of Bocklin's "Isle of the Dead" by Mrs. van Belkum's mother.

Every house has radio. Most have a range of small portable machines which can be plugged into bedrooms. Kitchens are generally electric. Bathrooms have a hand-shower. Outside the towns, on lonely farms out in the blue, tucked away into remote parts of the Free State and Transvaal, electricity is coming into more general use as the grid system extends.

After European tables, South African tables offer a goodly range of delights.

Fresh fruits are a distinctive feature. Pineapples cost only a few pence, peaches, melons, grapefruit, naartjes, oranges, and grapes can be enjoyed at most times.

Apart from occasional failures there is a large supply of eggs. Fish from the southern waters are very different from those found in northern seas. Many have unusual names, such as 74, Hammerhead; fresh snoek *is* enjoyable, though the reputed deliciousness of Cape salmon escaped my rough palate. Among meats, mutton has a somewhat higher flavour than it has in countries fringing the North Atlantic and beef lacks both the flavour and quality of Scotch or English meat. The reason for this, one agriculturist told me, is that imported livestock have not taken too well to the country: Afrikander cattle have yet to gain the quality of cattle in Northern countries.

Many excellent wines are produced in the Cape. None costs more than a few shillings a bottle. My own favourite was Nederburg Rieseling, a dryish white wine of good body and subtle flavour. The Cape produces a large quantity of brandy. After French brandy, it is inclined to be rough, but it is very popular among South Africans.

With such goodly fare upon the table it is easy to ignore the insidious spread of soil erosion. Other worries can be shelved, too. The worry of Colour.

Away from business, most South Africans are devoted to sport. No game or sport which can be played or watched is ignored. Attendances at large rugger or cricket matches increases yearly.

The first post-war visit of the New Zealand All-Blacks Rugger Team started its tour while I was in East London.

For weeks past newspapers and radio had been busy comparing the New Zealand strength—devoid of its Maori element, Maoris being unwelcome in the Union—with the possible Springbok Test team and the last All-Blacks team to tour the Union. Only a few weeks before, the British Cricket Test Eleven had departed after a triumphal progress across the veld, but even before they went rugger fever was striking across the Union. Fever it was. Crowds of devotees camped two and three days to buy seats for the matches. One enterprising cigarette firm issued a booklet giving the tour's programme, and ran a series of short films in the bioscopes' advertising half-hour. Between politics, crime on the Rand, and All-Blacks, the Press was endlessly busy.

One sport totalling thousands of devotees all over South Africa is bowls. Every town, however small, has at least one set of greens. Every week-end men and women of all ages don their club hat and set off to compete in matches. National championships awaken as much interest as the Wembley Cup Final or the Army-Navy game in the States. At

one time I was unable to make a hotel booking in Johannesburg, owing to national bowls championships being held in the same week, having flooded out hotels with bookings made months before. At Umtata my visit collided with the regional tournament (I am assuming that to be the definition) of bowls clubs throughout the Transkei territories, and I was extremely lucky to get into an hotel. Players are of any age: in England furious discussions may be found in the local Press on how old men or women should be before they are ripe enough to play. South Africans know better. They start directly they leave the cradle.

Week-end hunting trips are popular, especially in the Free State and the northern part of the Cape. A luncheon basket is packed into the car on Saturday morning, the party sets off, and returns on Sunday evening with a brace of guineafowl or a buck.

A *braaivleis*, the Afrikaner open-air party where chops and sausages are cooked over an open wood fire—similar to the American barbecue—is a feature of summer evenings. Alas, my visit occurred during the winter, when nights are cold and settle early upon the veld. Nevertheless, J. C. Pauw dashed us out from Bloemfontein to Mazelspoort Camp, where we had two midday *braaivleis* with the camp manager. The *braaivleis* has become an international event: English-speaking people enjoy it equally with Afrikaners, and to add to other delights there is the Indian delicacy *sosatie*, a meal in itself: small pieces of a meat and fat left overnight in a bowl of curry, then alternated along a wooden skewer, and cooked over the open wood fire. Preceded by tomato sandwiches, helped down by beer, and ended with coffee—my glory, what a meal! I rolled away from these two luncheons heavier by many stones.

The South African bioscope is remarkable for its American-type soda-fountain and the extraordinary quantity of advertisements which are included, presumably as part of the general entertainment. Only the larger cinemas have soda-fountains, but everyone is plagued with these wretched advertisements, which are shown not once but twice at every performance.

Seats have to be booked; hardly any cinema is continuous. They are numbered, necessitating that tickets be made out individually. In small dorps, programmes either change three times a week or the cinema opens on only two or three days. No bioscope opens on Sundays.

If you take your seat ten minutes before the programme starts you will be in time for the last half of the adverts. These are coloured slides, shorts, or stills, with a commentary. Most are local, concerned with the city or town you are in, but some get a national screening. After a British or American newsreel, a cartoon or interest feature, and the *African Mirror*, the country's own newsreel, there comes an interval before the big picture and the adverts are gone through again, linger-

ingly, lovingly, as though the rest of the show was built around them. Whether this insistence gains the desired result I cannot say. Johannesburg cinemas are reputed to make £400 a year from exhibiting them.

European continental films are few and far between. Most bioscopes offer the more publicized Hollywood stars. British films are enjoyed, even if indigenous British humour, as displayed in *Passport to Pimlico*, is not wholly appreciated. Audiences are generally young. Prices of admission are cheap, the most expensive seats seldom costing more than 3*s.* 6*d.*

For those who prefer to spend their evenings at home there is the radio. It comes on three programmes: "A" the English-speaking wavelengths, "B" in Afrikaans, and "C", where the alphabet finally rights itself, the new "Commercial" programme, to combat commercial broadcasts from Lourenço Marques, in Portuguese East Africa. Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Durban put out their own programmes. Smaller cities are given space-time for one or two programmes a week; from Bloemfontein, "Tienie" Postma, Free State supervisor of SABA, puts out a popular café programme in Afrikaans once a week, and handles other Free State events, such as sporting contests, the opening of a new bridge or road, and arrival of visitors, such as myself.

The radio day opens with exercises at 6.45 in the morning, which I found rather wearing for such an hour. News follows at 7 and, until the end of 1949, the B.B.C. news went out at 8 a.m. A Bantu programme is heard at 9.45, followed by prayers at 10.15. Early-morning transmissions include light orchestral music, inevitably on records, market reports, weather bulletins, and talks. Sport is widely commented: many offices installed a radio to hear the All-Blacks matches. A number of recorded B.B.C. programmes were put out, including such items as Kenneth Horne and Richard Murdoch, the British comedians; a serialization of A. E. W. Mason's novel *The Four Feathers*; and other programmes.

Music is increasingly popular, particularly in the cities. In Durban City Hall I attended two concerts conducted by Edward Dunn, the City's Civic Orchestra conductor, the first composed of South African music, the second of light music, ending with a rousing orchestration of music from *Oklahoma!* whose company was then touring the country. In Bloemfontein I had the saddening experience of tuning into a Rhodesian station by accident and hearing a recorded programme made by my old friend Albert Sandler, the violinist, who had died ten months before. (Hearing that familiar violin reminded me of nights when Albert and I were on duty together in London's Civil Defence, standing on the roof of a block of flats in St. John's Wood, watching the nearing fox-flames of "doodlebugs" nearing the capital, while he distracted our minds by discussing music. Albert's type of music is very popular in South Africa.)

But it is when driving into the country or engaged in sport that the

South African is most happy. Other forms of relaxation, particularly those enjoyed by older civilizations housed on narrower acres, have not yet gained for him the significance they have for others. He is essentially an open-air man.

Distance means nothing to him. Driving along the straight wide roads in his large American car, he can cover a hundred miles in ease and at speed. When J. C. Pauw drove us from Bloemfontein to inspect the soil erosion area in the eastern half of the Free State we covered the 160 miles to Zastron, a small, smiling dorp near the Basutoland border, in a little over two hours. Unused to such speeds in Britain, my stomach developed an argument with such haste but finally accepted. With such opportunities, and superb scenery of varying beauty, why stay in a city to listen to the radio? You have that, too, in the car. The sun is high, the air clean and sweet, the roads free. So the South African goes out. There will be opportunity for other interests later.

At the same time, however, most South Africans know which artist is most faithfully recording their country on canvas—they are highly critical of the more "distorted" modern schools of painting—and flock eagerly to see any visiting artiste of the concert-hall. Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin had a successful tour during 1949 and nowhere will they be better remembered than in the smaller towns. Dario Raucea, the Italian pianist, received an ovation wherever he appeared, as did Moishe Oysher, the Jewish singer. Johannesburg saw a twenty-year-old record broken when the *Oklahoma!* company topped its hundredth performance; its first night in Cape Town was a social event.

The country's own artists, writers, theatrical stars, and dancers are only just beginning to emerge. In the past they have appeared, the spontaneous upsurge of individuals who come into being when a country's first youth is past and it has time and desire to cultivate the arts. Half-way through the 20th century they are individuals still, gaining an urge for expression, having it developed in Europe and America. Artists and writers alone need no such schooling abroad: their stuff is already at hand. How are they faring, these men and women who watch over the tenderest vines?

XVIII

THE TENDEREST VINES

YOUNG countries seldom have time or opportunity to foster cultural occupations. The soil has to be broken, the elements fought. Relaxation, interest for brief snatches of leisure, is sought, but the atmosphere is not one in which the tenderest vines can take root and thrive.

South Africa is therefore surprising, for, although one of the youngest countries, interest in cultural pursuits is already extensive.

Wherever I went there was evidence of support for every cultural and artistic venture. Towns have groups studying Shakespeare's plays, the first positive movement anywhere towards dramatic expression, and are putting on one or two plays a year. In Bloemfontein I was taken to a performance of *As You Like It* by a local Shakespearian group; the city has another group producing modern plays. In Cape Town Vincent Horrocks and I went to a revue put on by Basil Brooke's admirable company, which, based on that city, tours the immediately surrounding country, under hazardous financial and trying theatrical conditions, with an ever-changing repertoire of recent London and Broadway successes, plays by earlier dramatists, revues and sketches. One of the best produced school performances I have ever seen, of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, was given by boys of St. Andrew's School, Bloemfontein.

Music awakens increasing interest. In addition to the concerts which I went to in Durban, there was a song recital by a young Free State girl, recently returned from America, in Bloemfontein, and, in a room of my hotel in Johannesburg, a meeting of a gramophone society wishing to hear the Masters played by European orchestras which cannot profitably undertake the long journey to the Union. In Pietermaritzburg I heard Dario Raucea give a recital in the City Hall. In Johannesburg operas by the Italian and French Masters were being performed nightly at His Majesty's Theatre, after it had been vacated by the *Oklahoma!* company to tour the principal cities. And, as has been said, the visit by Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin will be long remembered.

It is true to say that a fair proportion of immigrants to the Union are young people seeking a new life as farmers. It is also true to say that, among young South Africans making the trip in the other direction, many are those whose gifts warrant their seeking European or American tuition as artists, especially in the musical spheres. One such, a young artist turned singer, Alphonse Lee, was on my boat coming back, headed for a year with Italian tutors. There was also an

engaging young lady from Rhodesia going to Covent Garden to join the ballet. And there was Moishe Oysher, the American-Jewish singer, returning to Southampton to pick up a boat for the States, after a successful tour. A galaxy of familiar names parades across the veld: Ida Haendel, Michal Hambourg, Lauritz Melchior, Lawrence Tibbett, Solomon, and many more.

Art galleries are filled, not only with canvases by such British painters as Simon Elwes, Sir Alfred Munnings, Steven Spurrier —how his delightful wife would appreciate the regard shown in Cape Town to his canvases—and others, but with works by South African users of the palette and turps. A number of these South African-born artists are very gifted, but the overall impression is that, until now, art in the country has suffered slightly from being polite.

Landscape painting is the most favoured. In this class the most familiar scene is one of a pastoral nature: lonely farmhouse and row of blue gums set under an evening gleam of pink sunlight on blue-grey shadowed mountain peaks. *In toto* these canvases give an impression that grandeur has somewhat awed the individual artist, who has sought to render towering peaks as familiar and friendly rather than dramatic and brooding. No extensive use of varying schools of technique is to be seen, such as splits Canadian art into groups favouring Impressionists, Cubists, Naturalists, Surrealists, or Neo-Cubists; the approach is direct, polite, and friendly. In the home of Miss Killie Campbell, in Durban, I was permitted to see her superb collection of studies of Native men and women in tribal costume for varying ceremonies, done in water-brush and ink by an extremely gifted young woman artist; why Durban Corporation has failed to accept Miss Campbell's offer to present these studies to the city is difficult to understand, for they represent a comprehensive collection of studies of tribal life and types fast vanishing as industrialization produces a quickening detribalization.

It is no criticism of the abilities of either South African musicians or artists to suggest that the bulk of their work is too polite. Racialism enters the arts to the extent that young artists must heed what not to do for fear of giving unconscious offence to the susceptibilities of the European community. In addition to limiting some spheres of art, this also produces a strong formalism in expression. It prevents composers from producing a Beethovenic interpretation of the mountains or a Smetanic swirl through forests and veld, lest this should be too emotional, and denies canvases of a Rembrandt or Goya or Van Gogh permanence. The South African scene is calling out for an Impressionist brush—the old hansoms and growlers at the bottom of Adderley Street (were I still painting, I would start with this scene), Pretoria's jacarandas, Durban's ricksha-boys—but the art is young, questing, still in its infancy, and therefore limited in all save the individual artist's ability.

Some indication of the overweening need to steer clear of giving offence can be shown by a chance meeting which I had with a well-known British photographer. Before the war this photographer had attracted considerable attention by publishing some books of superb female nude studies. I met the photographer in Durban, in Carel Birkby's office; all his books are on my shelves and proved invaluable before my palette and brushes made room for a typewriter. I asked if he intended to do any nude studies in South Africa. "By George," said he, "I came here to make a living and a home, old boy, not to be run out of the country!"

And that, when I thought about it later, was not only due to religious scruples, but to the country housing a multiracial society.

There is, however, one sphere where South African creative workers stand equal to their co-workers everywhere.

From the time of Olive Schreiner onward, the country's writers have been remarkably mature in their approach to life and in their ability to cross the bridge between acute personal interpretation and a literary expression of the interpretation. *The Story of an African Farm* was only the first book from South Africa to gain world attention. We have since had a score of other writers. Such names as Sarah Gertrude Millin and Stuart Cloete are among those which have gained international repute.

Here again there is difficulty within South Africa. A number of people there, as in most other countries before war and social revolution modified their outlook, do not like having their susceptibilities and scruples offended by what writers say in print. (It would be difficult to find any really outstanding work which did not offend somebody or contain the material for doing so, but this is not generally recognized.)

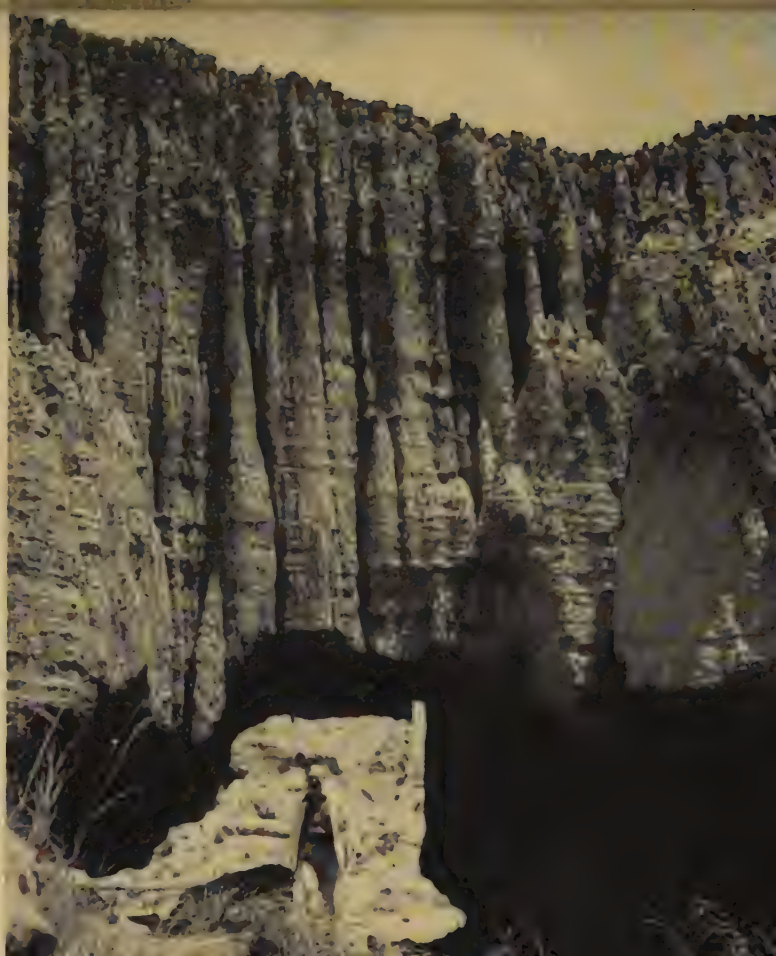
In Cape Town I met a lady who steadfastly refused to read Cloete's books. She told me that she disapproved of him introducing into his first novel, *Turning Wheels*, the situation of a Non-European woman having a child by a young Afrikaner. I had always understood that in its earliest years as a new country for Europeans such developments were encouraged by the authorities, but refrained from taking the matter further with the lady.

Faced with such a situation immediately at hand, South African writers have to be very careful lest they give offence to one group or other of their readers, particularly in novels, which, after all, are only a means of passing an hour when the brain is too weary to think, rain is pelting down across the country, or there is nothing more attractive to do, no newspaper to read, socks to darn, or letters to write. This attitude is not restricted to South Africans, publishers assure me.

My meetings with writers in the Union gave me considerable pleasure. We talked shop, exchanged ideas, and moaned about publishers. Professional "shop" is always interesting.

In Durban, Carel Birkby, who supplies a column to the *Natal Daily*

27. Flowering Wilderness: Kirstenbosch, Cape Town
28. Wilderness Without Flowers: Erosion at Masotsheni, Zululand



News as "Peter Quain", telephoned me one day in considerable agitation to announce that he had actually discovered somebody who had read not one but three of my efforts. Before my voice returned to normal use he said that the lady wanted to see me. Seldom getting such an opportunity, I asked whether she lived in Australia or Greenland. No, Birkby assured me, this was quite genuine. She lived in Durban. This required serious consideration: one's readers are very dear and precious people; they should not be frightened away. But it was, it can be appreciated, a great temptation actually to see and talk with one's public—Birkby called the lady "your Durban public".

Later in the week we set off in his car. This stalled at the bottom of the Berea, where the lady lived. Birkby dashed off to get petrol, which he had forgotten in the general excitement, and returned later in the finest American movie style with not only petrol, but an Italian cab-driver singing love-songs from his native opera to appease the ire of a lady friend sitting stiff and unrelenting beside him.

Later, the strains of *Tosca* vanished and we continued on our quest. For hours we dashed about on the Berea, searching desperately for my public: we did, in effect, climb the mountain, but the vision was denied us. Dispirited, we returned to my hotel to drink lemonade, which Birkby consumes in flagons of the largest size I have ever witnessed. We were drawing up plans to start him a lemon farm, aided by Kay Birkby, his attractive, humorous and patient wife, when the mountain came to us—in walked my public from the Berea with her husband and some friends.

Many stories are told about Birkby, who is fast becoming a legend of youthful dash and derring-do, of his wanderings over the continent, often with Lawrence Green, of his adventures in the Sudan and Egypt during the war, of his getting chummy with lions to give authenticity to his biography of a circus *The Pagel Story*. None is better than the one which tells how Carel swept down a line of other Warcos in a Middle East hotel, carrying typewriter, suitcase, paper, official permits and identifications galore, sun helmet, everything required for such occasions—and, was it a fishing-rod?—and, contriving to point a disengaged finger somewhere towards the sky, said, "I must go to the war."

At a party in Bloemfontein I found myself in a corner with the lady whom my friend J. C. Pauw insisted upon calling "Dr. Vera Buchanan-Gould Mrs. Tienie Postma."

This proved to be the first of many enjoyable meetings, for the lady is indeed both people. As Vera Buchanan-Gould she is the author of the best biography ever written of Olive Schreiner, *Not Without Honour*, warmly praised by General Smuts and the South African Press on its initial appearance. Based on a study written while at Cape Town University, the work earned its writer a Doctorate in Philosophy. Her subject was not an easy woman to write about. Temperamentally she

29. Erosion (look at the Male Figure)

was capable of swift fluctuations of feeling and emotion; much of her inmost thought has not been recorded. Dr. Buchanan-Gould's success in her first, difficult work (to be followed I learned subsequently by an historical novel), lay in her ability to sink her own strong personality into accepting Olive Schreiner's outlook and inspiration while remaining sufficiently aloof to see her subject straight on with a clear, unhazed eye.

This was followed by other meetings with Dr. Buchanan-Gould and a number, equally pleasant, with Mrs. Postma, for, in addition to her other work, writing for the South African Press, she is wife of Tienie Postma, Director of Broadcasting in the Free State. Mrs. Postma has written a number of plays and feature programmes which have been aired out from the Cape Town and Johannesburg studios. An attractive, quiet-spoken girl, very serious about her work, gifted with a quick sense of humour, many believe her likely to become one of the country's foremost writers.

The same prediction is made, with equal reason, for Nadine Gordimer, whom I met in Johannesburg. Having read one of her short stories, *The Disinherited*, in the *South African Saturday Book*, I sat in the hotel waiting, I imagined, for a serious lady of near middle-age with a Tolstoyian philosophy and one of "those" hats. Perhaps it was a reaction to the hotel which was bursting with marble and whose tea-tables had a cloistered look, particularly when attended by waiters. Only the distant sound of a Bach organ solo or a Handelian quaver was lacking. Instead, from the street below came an afternoon roar of Johannesburg traffic, the call of newsboys selling early editions of the *Star*. Nothing in *The Disinherited*, a grim little story of life among poor Whites surrounding an old store in what used to be a backblocks dorp, had prepared me for a slim young woman, young enough to have just played truant from a convent school, with quick, very alert blue eyes under a wealth of dark hair, who marched very surely across and amid the marble, halted, said, "Mr. Gibbs, I presume?" as though it were a foregone conclusion, and promptly sat down as I stood up. Uncertain, I acknowledged responsibility for myself.

The lady smiled and took off her gloves. "I'm Nadine Gordimer—Nadine Gavron—Gordimer—Gavron."

"Delighted," I said.

"Englishmen have such poise in a difficulty."

I expressed delight at this also.

"I've been married only six weeks, and I don't know which name I'm using," she explained. "It's still rather difficult."

I expressed amazement that she was old enough even to think of marriage.

She remained quite collected. "I'm——" and told me her age.

Later I was given an opportunity to meet Dr. Gerald Gavron, her husband, and sample their joint effort at cooking and listen to her

opinions and plans, while in their pleasant flat a short distance outside Johannesburg.

Nadine Gordimer is one of the most interesting young writers busy under the Southern Cross. Although she has not yet been outside her country, she has the mental outlook and calibre of one evolved in true European culture. Her published collection of short stories, *Face to Face*, provided me with one of the most exciting experiences in many years of reviewing: in this collection *Ah, Woe is Me* is as tragic a picture of the Native family as was Paton's study of the old clergyman, and all her stories have the understanding and statement which is found in only the finest workers in this field, Chekov, Maupassant, and Bates.

These two young women are the heiresses of Olive Schreiner and Sarah Gertrude Millin.

I have already written of V. M. Fitzroy, that sensitive and warmly alive writer, and of Alexander Campbell, of the Beethovenic forehead, who combines political acumen with leader articles in the *Johannesburg Star* and studies in crime, and has a lovely scrambled library on every topic.

Then there is Oliver Walker, who wrote *Kaffirs Are Lively*, *Proud Zulu*, *Wanton City*, and a number of sociological studies. Hailing from the city where the sun undid Marguerite Steen's literary family, the Floods, Walker now shares the high veld sun with Campbell, with whom he is jointly responsible for the Johannesburg centre of the International PEN.

In Cape Town I ran into a sorry professional situation. Cape Town is the main home of Lawrence Green, features editor of the *Cape Town Argus*. Laurie Green is probably the best-selling writer in South Africa today. Every bookshop carries his books in the best positions; a new Green is a literary event for his thousands of admirers. The son of G. L. Green, one-time editor of the *Argus*, whose death occurred after several months of painful illness in August 1949, Laurie Green knows the whole of the African continent as other men know the haunts of London and Paris, downtown New York, the Loop district in Chicago, or 'Frisco's waterfront. He has trekked to every part, by car, on horseback, on foot, and has flown across it so often that he knows the area from its colour as surely as he knows the curve of its rivers and silhouette of its mountains. All this knowledge, warmed by a very real love for the country and its people, is packed into such books as *Tavern of the Seas*, *So Few are Free*, *Where Men Still Dream*, *Secret Africa*, *The Coast of Diamonds*, and more. He has been called "the H. V. Morton of Africa", a description which, as with all comparisons, does him less than justice. He is a vigorous, highly entertaining, and skilful writer, lacking pretentiousness and affectation, owing nothing to any contemporary writer.

Shortly after the war, Laurie Green tackled "with much difficulty" (so he told me) a novel. He had decided that his love for Africa could

best be demonstrated to the literary world beyond the Union by a novel setting out the life he knows and loves. So, patiently, away from the *Argus*, he gave up week-ends, forwent a holiday, and produced the novel. He sent it to a London publisher's managing director, a most amiable person by nature, silver-haired Frank Cowling. Then Green sat down to wait.

Some months later the novel returned. It had been rejected. By accident a reader's report had been left in it. Green read it, fumed at its strictures, and then, being a sane man, forgot it. He did not forget the reader's criticism.

It shows the measure of Green's courtesy and tact that he fed me superbly, wined me excellently, surrounded me with friendship and good conversation, for an entire evening before telling the story of how I had rejected his novel. He even asked my advice on how to write a novel! I waited for an hour for the floor to open and cover my confusion, and then went back to my hotel, still confused and feeling pretty ghastly. Never again, I hope. One such experience is enough.

A more fortunate meeting, in that it soothed my pride, came a few days later.

During the war a manuscript received by Hutchinsons was passed to me for report, an occupation which whiled away some nights spent on duty. The manuscript, untitled, dealt with the defence of Tobruk by South African forces, a finely-told story of great heroism by men involved in the desert war. The author was Eric Rosenthal. In a covering letter he announced himself unable to think of a title.

Rosenthal's story came out some months later with the title which I had suggested to Miss Tomlinson, of Hutchinsons, who had sent me the MS.: *Fortress on Sand.*

And into my Cape Town hotel came Rosenthal, carrying with him another manuscript for transport back to England and news of how his latest book, *African Switzerland*, dealing with Basutoland and illustrated with his own sketches, was faring in the booksellers.

Among writers who are also newspapermen, Rosenthal must be a rarity. Alexander Campbell had told me a story about his equipment which I doubted. It concerned an enormous filing-cabinet. This monster collection of drawers was reputed to have complete files on every possible subject of Africana, and much else. It was said to cover the whole of a 40-foot long and 20-foot high wall, to have clippings which would tell immediately who planted the first sugarcane in Natal, who waved to the first Johannesburg–Cape Town train all up the line, who first rode a bicycle in Queenstown, and how much rock there is in the Malutis. I asked Rosenthal whether the report was true. He denied the size but agreed to the filing-cabinet. It had been started by his father, was supported by various relatives and friends, and had been expanded by himself, the work of over half a century.

Tall and slim, very preoccupied, full of ideas for work ahead,

Rosenthal is another of the busy, alert, hard-working writers, with no great liking for a long-haired approach to the arts, who are carrying forward the tradition of South African literature, amassing a wealth of material and producing works of quality.

So busy are the majority of them that I was unable to meet a number of the others. It had been my hope to meet Alan Paton, author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*; he was busy in Port Shepstone, preparing to leave for America while I was still in Johannesburg. I hoped to meet another up-and-coming writer, Uys Krige, but he was busy preparing to leave for London to work on a film for Sir Alexander Korda. Francis Brett Young was also out of the Cape while I was in it, at work on a book for the Tourist Corporation.

The scene is one of activity. There are, as has been indicated, many difficulties, including the two languages, though most Afrikaners read English. There are a number of Afrikaans writers making progress as the vast dictionary of their language draws nearer to completion. I heard of one who is reputed to write some 20 novels a year, mostly with a purely Afrikaans setting and with the introduction of some drama or crime, and who was reported to be "coining money". The majority cannot attempt such vast enterprise, but are making steady headway, despite their problems.

Culturally, South Africa appears to have gained solid reputation in many branches, along several tendrils of the vines. Only the future can see the greater harvest, but already, after the long, hard, often heart-breaking journey through the darkness of endeavour, which only the creative worker knows, it is there and awaiting those who tend the vines in future years.

XIX

TRANSVAAL TAPESTRY

ABOVE the broad bow of the Vaal's wide banks the land is high, swelling in slow curves of grey-pink soil under the distant cobalt skies.

The year is early in the 19th century. South and east, the land below the Vaal is uneasy. In the Cape the Boers are restless under restrictions placed upon them, and hungry for new, free lands. On the shores of Natal a small group of Europeans are stilling disputes between themselves to combat the violent black menace of the great Zulu warrior Tshaka and his impis. Here, above the Vaal, for a short time there is peace, the peace of being undiscovered, known perhaps but unheeded as yet by the Press of history tramping across the high, curving hills and plains.

But already history is coming. Fleeing from Tshaka's impis come the warriors of the Matabele chief Moselekatse. They find the Transvaal a pleasant land. They kill off the Native men they find, herd the women into the kraals which Moselekatse establishes at Mosega, near the site of a town which will one day be Zeerust.

The year is 1836. Up from the Cape come the ox-waggons of the Voortrekkers, men riding horses to ford the Vaal, women and younger children crowded with their few family possessions into the waggons. Beyond the Vaal they outspan under the direction of their leader, A. H. Potgieter.

Within a year Potgieter's commandos have fought and defeated Moselekatse, sent him fleeing on again, north to the Limpopo. More Voortrekkers are arriving, fanning out across the land, building farm homesteads, founding communities, moving east towards Delagoa Bay in hope of gaining a shore base by which contact may be had across the oceans with the outside world.

The leader, A. W. J. Pretorius, is made commandant of Boers on both sides of the Vaal in the year 1848, and in the following year 33 Articles are made and accepted as the Constitution of the Transvaal.

The year is 1852. A covenant is made between Boers and Sir George Cathcart by which the Boers beyond the Vaal have their independence recognized.

The year is 1855. The city of Pretoria is founded. Two years later M. W. Pretorius, son of the commandant of 1848, is appointed President of the South African Republic and seeks to effect a union between it and the Orange Free State. In the year 1860 Pretorius, President of both the South African Republic and the Free State, is still seeking, in vain, to unite the two.

The year is 1863. On to the scene strides one of the greatest figures in South African history, a stolid, solid, thoughtful, God-fearing man: Paul Kruger, Commandant-General of the Republic.

Diamond fields are found. The stones lie winking in the sunlight as the earth which has covered them is torn off and washed away through muddy sieves. The fields are claimed by the Republic; by the Orange Free State; and by Andries Waterboer, sharpest, ablest leader of the semi-civilized Griquas, the half-caste people known earlier as Bastaards. R. W. Keate, Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, is appointed arbitrator in the dispute, and awards the territory to Waterboer, who cedes it to Britain.

The Reverend T. F. Burghers is appointed President of the Republic in 1872.

Native chiefs in and around the territory rebel. In 1876–77 Sekukuni leads a rebellion against the Boers. In 1877 Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, gathers his impis to attack the Boers. He is stopped only by the news that Britain is to annexe the Transvaal.

The year is 1880. The month is December. A meeting of Boers at Paardekraal decides to restore the Republic. Pretoria is surrounded. The town of Potchefstroom is surrounded. A commando of armed Boers invades northern Natal. British troops are defeated at many places. In the subsequent peace, internal self-government is restored to the Transvaal.

History is knocking at the door of the Transvaal, the sound becoming ever more imperative.

The year is 1883. Paul Kruger is elected President and gold is discovered at Moodie's Reef.

The year is 1886. Emigrant Britons, working as labourers, find their way to Langlaagte farm, owned by the widow Oosthuizen. One of them, by name George Walker, stubs his toe on a piece of rock, which rolls over and lies glittering. Walker inspects it and decides that the glitter is gold. A few miles away, within walking distance of an hour, stand a few ragged shacks, a little dorp inhabited by men whose work is digging soil which has little or no agricultural value in the hope of finding minerals. In December sunshine they and a few who have joined them seek a new locality close by and lay it out as a new township, small, poverty-ridden, and to house only a few prospecting families: the founders and site of Johannesburg, city of gold.

History is knocking louder and harder upon the door and the knock comes strongest and most frequently from hands that were formed in Britain. A tide of emigrants and prospectors floods up from the Cape, threatening to drown the Boers tending their farms and cattle, bringing new ways and new laws, recreating in sharper form the very encroachment which the Voortrekkers had left the Cape to escape.

The year is 1894. The leaders of the Republic command British subjects to march against the Kaffir chief Malaboch. The German

Consul assures President Kruger that his Government will support the Transvaal in almost any situation likely to arise. Boer attitude towards the British, the Uitlanders, hardens.

The year is 1895. Marching across from the soil of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, at the head of 500 men, almost all of British stock, comes Dr. Jameson, Administrator of the British South Africa Company, in an attempt to intervene with a show of strength on behalf of the Uitlanders. Dr. Jameson's party is surrounded at Doornkop. Its leaders are sentenced to death, but released on payment of fines of £25,000 for each of the four leaders and lesser sums for their associates. Cecil Rhodes, Premier of the Cape, resigns office following accusations of being involved in the Jameson Raid. From Berlin comes a telegram congratulating President Kruger on defeating the Raid: it carries the signature "Wilhelm II, Kaiser".

The year is 1899. History is knocking louder, the echoes of each thunder upon the door reaching down to where the Free State curves within its rivers, to where the Cape tends its vineyards and watches ships arrive in its harbours laden with men and munitions, to the valleys and thousand hills of Natal, green under their load of sugarcane. To Queen Victoria, the tiny widow of Windsor, who moves ever more slowly though with undiminished dignity, goes a petition of 21,000 Uitlanders for the redress of their grievances. On October 9 from the blazing sunshine of Pretoria goes an ultimatum to the British Government, demanding that its troops be withdrawn, insisting that acceptance of this edict be given within two days.

Silence falls across South Africa. They are waiting. Boer and Briton. The sun is shining, the earth burgeoning, but there is silence. Even the dust seems quietened as it hangs in the sunlight of stoep and farmhouse, city street and dorp sidewalk. A silence before storm. And Native and Coloured and Indian wait as the White men divide their efforts and go to their camps.

The British Government replies that Kruger's demand cannot be accepted.

Silence ends as war flares across the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

The South African War takes charge of the country. Through the short weeks of what is left of the end of a century. Through the first year of a new century. Through the year which succeeds it. Through the first five months of the year which follows, until the dawn of May 31, 1902, heralds the Peace of Vereeniging, when the long gun goes down and the sabre sheathed. Years of bloodshed, misery, tragedy, and despair, ending with the Transvaal and Orange Free State being annexed by the British. A sad ending for men who fought believing God and justice on their side in their reasons for fighting: to keep their land for themselves and their families and friends, protect it from the flood of history which has washed them out of the Cape, out

of Natal, and almost driven them from the Free State and the Transvaal, as they pushed back the Native people. Could justice be so lightly beaten—could sacrifice count as nought?

In the South African War fell 4000 Boers. Many thousands were wounded and carried the scars on through the years ahead: one of them was a young man with the name of Havenga, to become Minister of Finance in the Government formed in 1948 by Dr. Malan. Over 40,000 were taken prisoner.

From among the Britons 5774 were slain, a slightly higher number. A total of 22,829 were wounded, still greater than the number of Boers.

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," wrote a British poet three centuries before.

The year is 1910. The day is May 31. The Transvaal becomes a Province of the Union of South Africa.

Among Afrikaners who live in this day are many whose early lives have been shadowed by war, whose homes had been despoiled and destroyed, whose families and friends had lost one or more loved figures. In their hearts lie pride and misery, religion but no philosophy. In many lies no love or friendship for those whose hands answered the dictate of history and who knocked upon the door, pride but no philosophy of history. In many lives a long, harsh memory. Personal, hurt, embittered.

The year is 1938. On the swelling hills outside the purple-blossomed, jacaranda-lined streets of Pretoria a great crowd of Boers and Afrikaners gather to witness the ceremony which will build a great monument upon the veld to the Voortrekkers and their leaders. Younger Afrikaners are stirred and angered by their elders' memories. In Pretoria and Johannesburg that night those who speak the English language as their birthright are attacked. For days fights occur between younger Afrikaners and the English-speaking people in places scattered across the veld.

The year is 1949. The Voortrekker monument is finished and rises above the veld, surrounded by its chain of concrete ox-waggons. In it lie the bones of the four leaders of the Great Trek. It symbolizes . . . what?

The date is October 13. In Cape Town the Nationalist Minister of Defence, Mr. Erasmus, is speaking. He says that the unveiling of the monument to occur in a few weeks' time will see "stirrings in the country such as it has never before experienced". He says: "We lost the second war of freedom, but step by step we have won the peace."

The date is December 16, 1949. Through a tiny hole in the curved top of the monument a beam of noon sunlight shafts down athwart the hall of the building with its plaques which illustrate incidents of the Greak Trek and through the circular opening in the centre of the hall on to a stone sarcophagus 20 feet below in which are gathered in last earthly sleep the bones of the four leaders of the Trek. The monu-

ment is being officially opened. National pride is voiced, speeches are made, anthem and hymns are sung. The monument stands . . .

For national pride? For secular anger? For a future of unity? For a future in which old bitterness and far-off anger are to dominate all South Africa's White tomorrows? For the progress of all? Or as a symbol of political party cupidity? For a clock which will beat out the years ahead—or a clock winding backwards?

Long memories stretch their shadows across the veld of South Africa and their shape is political.

XX

LAND OF FEAR

IN previous chapters an attempt has been made to provide a picture of South Africa half-way through the 20th century.

Much has gone into the making of the country as it is today. However young it be, any country whose history has been continuing for three centuries, at an ever more rapid pace, with ever-increasing complexity, cannot have its complete picture put into a single book. I have sought to give what appears to be the outstanding events and dates in the history of each province. Where confusion has developed, the aim has been to establish its beginning and trace the main course of events. This method was employed in dealing with the situation of the Indian community in Natal and in what has happened to the Native under the impact of the twin dangers facing him, detribalization and half-comprehended industrialization. The problem of soil erosion has been demonstrated and also the increasing, highly complex problem of crime in a multiracial society.

These subjects do not, however, cover South Africa any more than they cover other countries. A nation is its people; the people are the State, as Plato said. Their individual ambitions, humours and weaknesses, tragedies and joys, form part of how a nation's life is evolved and therefore how it must be interpreted. For this reason we have sought to see South Africans' homelife, work in the offices, conduct of business, and how some seek expression in creative work.

There is the development of industry. This can be important. Undoubtedly it is of major importance in an industrial age such as our own. Whether or not it has any lasting significance is a matter for personal assessment. Its importance now, to the overall scene, is beyond dispute.

Even this fails to cover the entire scene, shape the full pattern so that it becomes recognizable in its scope if not in its details.

There are also religion and politics. In the 20th century it is frequently the latter which is more significant. Here again South Africa is unique. An attempt is under way to align politics, and the conduct of society, more securely to a form of religion than has been seen among European people since an initial attempt was made in a district of Switzerland four centuries ago.

Oliver Walker concluded his work *Kaffirs Are Lively* by indicating that there was also a European problem in the country. A few days after arriving in Cape Town for the first time, in the office of Tom MacDonald, author of a biography of Jan Hofmeyr, MacDonald voiced

his opinion that a European problem existed. In Durban another man, a reporter, said, "What will be done about the Europeans?"

The longer the visitor stays in South Africa today, the sharper grows the impression that the Union is a land of fear. Fear of many things, but fear especially of what the immediate future may hold for Europeans. Strange ideas are afoot, marching through official circles, sounding in public speeches. A revolution in the theory of government is being introduced. Europeans, progressing along their paths of development and expansion, are slowing down, waiting, watching not only the other peoples, but, more speculatively, more acutely, each other.

The reason for this situation, which strengthens day by day, is of old duration in the country. It may be said to have started (for many of the chief actors now upon the national scene) on May 31, 1902, the day on which the South Africa War ended with the Peace of Vereeniging and the annexation of the Transvaal and Orange Free State by Britain. It is a complicated, confused story. But the main pattern can be seen lying in the tapestry of the country's recent history. A pattern of pride; perhaps, of disaster.

XXI

THAT'S HOW NAZIS ARE BORN

THROUGHOUT the past forty years South African politics have wended an increasingly interesting path.

Between the date of Union—May 31, 1910—and September 4, 1939, on which day the House of Assembly approved a motion to sever relations with the Third Reich and rejected a proposal that the Union should remain neutral in what appeared to a large number of Afrikaners to be only Europe's new war, provoked by Britain, the path wound an ever more devious course, became ever more crowded with personalities, and witnessed ever greater complications rising from party manœuvres and conflicting ambitions. It might be said that, at the time of Union, South Africa's politicians were grouped on the open Free State veld—where nothing obscures the view for miles—and by the start of World War Two were ploughing resolutely into a jungle as thick as that up in the Belgian Congo.

Throughout those years the Union knew only three Premiers: General Louis Botha, May 31, 1910–August 28, 1919; General Jan Christiaan Smuts, September 3, 1919–June 1924; and General James Barry Munnik Hertzog, June 30, 1924–September 5, 1939. All three Generals were Afrikaners. All had fought against Britain in the South African War.

General Botha was a moderate. He had been born in Natal and trained in the Transvaal. He was bilingual, a farmer, Liberal in thought. When summoned by Lord Gladstone, the Union's first Governor-General, to office, Botha sought to establish sufficient political unity among Afrikaners and the English-speaking to avoid old antagonisms and make common loyalty to South Africa their main concern. The Cabinet which he set up had (as Professor Walker says in his *History of South Africa*) a federal aspect. Four of its ministers came from the Cape, three from the Transvaal, and two from each of the other provinces. In this attitude and operation Botha was opposed, politically, by the considerable figure of General Hertzog.

Outside South Africa, Hertzog is probably the most misunderstood figure to appear in South African politics. Seen from the vantage-point of Britain 6000 miles away, he was frequently held to be anti-British and to be forwarding a policy antagonistic to anything or anyone remotely connected with Britain and South Africa. Nothing was further from the truth. Hertzog was simply pro-Afrikaner. His political life was directed by a desire to serve first his fellow-Afrikaners and then those associated with them in South Africa.

Born in 1866, Hertzog received his early education in the then frontier diamond town of Kimberley and later studied at Victoria

College, Stellenbosch, where he obtained a B.A., and later at Amsterdam University, where he became a Doctor of Laws. When he returned to South Africa he practised at the Pretoria Bar, and in 1895 became a Judge in the Free State, which State he represented as legal adviser to the State Republican Army in 1899. After the fall of Bloemfontein in 1900, he reorganized the Republican forces, captured the town of Jagersfontein, and, associated with General de Wet, marched into Cape Colony. Here, like General Smuts, he almost reached the sea.

At the Peace Conference at Vereeniging, Hertzog was a leading figure. With General Smuts he secured the clause in the Treaty which established the Dutch language as being official in South Africa and another which would enable self-government to be introduced into the defeated Republics directly conditions permitted. In 1908, while Attorney-General and Minister of Education in the first Free State Cabinet, he was responsible for introducing the Act by which every child had to be bilingual.

At the National Convention of 1909 he insisted that the draft Constitution establish clearly that both English and Dutch were recognized as official languages in the proposed Union. In Botha's first Cabinet he served as Minister of Justice: others in the same Cabinet included General Smuts, as Minister of Defence, and a significant figure, Dr. D. F. Malan, as Minister of Education. Towards the end of 1919, speaking at De Wildt on December 12, he stated his belief in the British Empire "only in so far as it benefited South Africa, and whenever it was at variance with the interests of South Africa he was strongly opposed to it", the interpretation of those interests naturally being his own.

This announcement caused political pressure to be brought to bear upon General Botha, particularly from Natal. Botha fought against the pressure, but capitulated. He dissolved his Cabinet and when he re-formed it the name of Hertzog was omitted.

In the hazardous year of 1914 Hertzog and his supporters formed a new party, the National Party, of which he was leader.

During the fateful month of August of that year Hertzog opposed the Union's entry into the war. Subsequently when a rebellion against participation with Britain against Germany started in the Transvaal, Hertzog, though not associated with it, refused to denounce it and later asked for leniency for those who had been concerned in it. This attitude he maintained throughout World War One, gaining considerable support from those equally opposed to participation, those who favoured the German cause, and those among whom the events of 1899–1902 still rankled. At a general election in 1915 the National Party gained 26 seats in Parliament. In 1919 Hertzog led a deputation to the Versailles Peace Conference to seek the independence of the old South African (Transvaal) and Orange Free State Republics.

When a general election was held in 1924 a pact made between

Hertzog's Nationalists and the Labour Party gained a total of 81 seats (Nationalists 63, Labour 18), against Smuts' South African Party's total of 53, and formed the Government, with Hertzog as Prime Minister. He remained in this position until September 5, 1939.

Attending the Imperial Conference in 1926, Hertzog demanded that the Dominions be recognized as equal to Britain and given unfettered independence. In securing this demand he gained his greatest triumph; it will show for ever in the Statute of Westminster and the Status Act. It also shows Britain's development as a democratic country, uninterested in the so-called "Imperialism" with which she has been charged, as a political catch-phrase, by her critics ever since.

Another subject which interested Hertzog's attention—as it has interested many hundreds of others—was the status of the Native people. Hertzog believed that a permanent solution could be found in segregating them from the Europeans and, incidentally, from the Cape Coloureds. During 1936 he introduced four Bills into Parliament to secure this aim, as a result of which four Europeans (in the present Government only three), were introduced into the House of Assembly to represent the Natives.

Towards the Coloured people Hertzog maintained a Liberal and humanitarian outlook. Indeed, from the time of Union until the formation of the Government elected in 1948, the attitude towards the Coloured people has been sufficiently mild as to suggest that the Coloureds have suffered rather as a class than as a race. Hertzog's attitude was outlined in a speech made at Smithfield on November 13, 1925, when he said of the Coloured man: "He arose and he exists in our midst; he knows no other civilization than that of the white man; whatever his shortcomings may often be in respect of it, his *lewensbeskouing* (view of life) is fundamentally that of the European and not that of the Native, and he uses the language of the white man as his mother tongue. In his case there can be no question of segregation. . . . The time has come when the northern provinces also should recognize his right to be represented in Parliament through his vote. To deny him this would be in the highest degree unjust and unwise."

In this attitude, Hertzog was voicing a similar opinion to that already given by the late President Steyn of the Orange Free State, who had said, in 1911: "Our policy must be to make the thousands of Coloured people among us feel that the Union of South Africa is not their enemy, so that if one day the Union, which God forbid, may be called upon to defend itself, the enemy will not find in those millions a willing ally, but men who feel that their existence, too, is at stake. We must show them that we are not their equals, but that we are their friends," an utterance clearly aimed at a wider section than the Coloured people only.

In 1932 the Hertzog Government determined to remain upon the gold standard. This policy nearly ruined the country. It also caused

many people to go against the Government, forced it to reconsider its attitude and finally go off gold.

The result of this situation, attended by other considerations, was Fusion, a uniting of the Nationalist Party and the South Africa Party led by General Smuts, which came out under the new name of the United South African Party with Hertzog as Prime Minister for the third time and Smuts as Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Justice.

This was the situation which existed, under this United Party Government led by Hertzog, at the fatal hour of September 4, 1939. With one important difference. The Nationalists had regrouped themselves and found a new leader, Dr. D. F. Malan.

Dr. Malan's career will be quoted more fully in the following chapter. Here it is important to see only such actions or events in his political life as are concerned with the period of General Hertzog's Ministries.

Malan entered Parliament in 1919. In 1924 Hertzog appointed him Minister of the Interior, of Education, and of Public Health. In 1926 he introduced a Bill which established Afrikaans as an official language. In 1927 he introduced the Union Nationality Bill, by which immigrants into the Union had to live in the country for two years in order to qualify for citizenship. When the Fusion Government of Hertzog and Smuts was formed, in 1933, Malan parted from Hertzog and took with him 26 Nationalists who did not approve of Fusion. This group then formed a new Nationalist Party and became the official Opposition in Parliament, led by Malan, pursuing a more markedly Nationalist-Afrikaner policy than the previous Party and developing a harder policy.

For the four years which followed Fusion, Malan and his new Nationalist Party could regard themselves as voices in the wilderness. In Parliament they lacked sufficient size to do more than raise a sound when opposing measures they disliked. Throughout the country they were regarded as extremists with a policy suited to the times. In 1938 the first noticeable change occurred. The year served as the centenary of the Great Trek which had started from the Cape. To celebrate the event the United Party Government had undertaken to erect a monument to those who had made the Trek, and, with remarkable agility, the Nationalists seized upon the event to forward their Afrikaner-Nationalist policy. Few Afrikaners would forgo participation in the events, and, naturally, few wanted to: the event was one of the great chapters in Afrikaner history and in the development of South Africa. Under the inspiration of the foundation of the memorial, the Voortrekker Monument on a koppie a short distance outside Pretoria, the Afrikaner people celebrated not only the Trek but the achievement of their people in their culture, language and race.

30. The Face of a Donga

For months the movement gained pace and importance, overshadowing all other events. By December, when the foundation was laid, not only pride of people and achievement had risen to its greatest heights since the date of Union, but, under careful sponsoring by Nationalists, feeling was running high against the English-speaking people—not, we may imagine, as individuals, but because they were English-speaking and in South Africa, which, because of them, was part of the British Commonwealth.

In the following month, January 1939, Professor A. C. Cilliers, of Stellenbosch, a town with a university which has contributed much to the Nationalist cause (as will become apparent), published a pamphlet entitled *Quo Vadis?* This work outlined the differences between the United Party of Hertzog and Smuts and the Nationalist Party (the Gesuiwerde Nasionale Party or "Purified Nationalist Party") of Malan. The work aimed at forming a new, strongly Afrikaner Party. On the British connection, it advocated that the proposed Party should accept *de facto* and *de jure* Union membership of the Commonwealth providing that it be recognized that the Crown was divisible and the right of neutrality was recognized, while ensuring that members could have a right to advocate an alteration in the structure of the State's constitution and be allowed to engage in propaganda to that end.

This, and the celebrations of the foundation of the Voortrekker Monument, it may be realized, occurred at a time when, in Europe, statesmen were carrying umbrellas, batons, and fear, to Munich, while trenches and air-raid shelters were being frenziedly dug in parks and commons of London and left ready for use after Czechoslovakia had been carved up by umbrellas and batons.

Many Afrikaners viewed Europe's affairs with alarm, unwilling to be drawn into an obviously inevitable war. Support for Professor Cilliers's plan was forthcoming among average Afrikaners as 1939 moved closer to summer and the German campaign against Poland increased in propaganda frenzy. No corresponding support was found among Afrikaner politicians. These foresaw, clearly enough, the clamouring for high position in a new party, the endless manœuvres for control by groups and cliques. Why, they argued, should they change the present position, when their control of existing parties was assured, for a new alignment which might not operate so favourably? Because of this outlook, the early 1939 bid for reunion among Afrikaner parties (*Hereniging*) did not materialize.

This attitude did not, however, solve all problems crowding thick and fast upon South African politicians. New parties were appearing. Some younger men were dissatisfied with the existing party make-up and might easily be tempted to form their own groups. Among those already in existence, leaders were Afrikaner and structure Fascist and Nazi. Influenced by the early successes of Hitler and Mussolini, these started with a fully-fledged totalitarian philosophy and a *Herrenvolk*

31. Reclamation in the Drakensberg Area

policy. To the Government headed by Hertzog and Smuts, these newcomers did not represent a great danger. None had representation in Parliament and the majority of their supporters were of the impressible, heavy-fisted type; they had a long way to go to challenge the Government. But to Dr. Malan and the Nationalists they represented a considerable danger by making their appeal chiefly to younger Afrikaners and might thereby weaken Nationalist strength in the political field.

On Friday, September 1, Germany invaded Poland.

On Saturday, September 2, the Union Parliament met in the morning and demanded a declaration of policy. General Hertzog ruled that only formal business would be attended to that day and refused to make any declaration of policy until the following Monday.

At eleven o'clock on September 3 the tired voice of Neville Chamberlain told the world that Britain was at war with Germany for violating Polish territory and failing to heed Britain's warning that she would go to the defence of Poland.

In the afternoon of September 3 a meeting of the South African Cabinet at Groot Schuur, the Cape Town residence of the Premier, showed that six Hertzog supporters were in favour of neutrality and seven supporters of General Smuts were in favour of declaring war on Germany. A few hours before this meeting occurred a conference of Nationalists had gathered at Dr. Malan's home at Sea Point, the main residential suburb of Cape Town; after decisions had been reached, Mr. Paul Sauer, the Nationalists' Chief Whip, took car to Groot Schuur to promise Hertzog that they would support a policy of neutrality.

On Monday, September 4, 147 members out of 153 of the House of Assembly met in Cape Town in session. By 80 votes to 67 the House revealed itself in favour of going to war with Germany.

General Hertzog resigned that night. The Governor-General declined the General's advice to hold a general election and asked Smuts to form a Ministry.

On Wednesday, September 6, General Smuts, as Prime Minister, announced his Cabinet. On the Opposition benches sat General Hertzog, alongside Dr. Malan, together for the first time in fifteen years. The Opposition was headed by Malan. Hertzog, that brave, resolute, sturdy man, who had fought long and hard for what he regarded as his people's best interests, though without malice towards any other, was alone, with old-new associates, whose own party had gone far beyond his original convictions and whose tactics he did not exactly favour.

On Friday, September 8, at Monumentkoppie, the site of the Voortrekker Monument outside Pretoria, supporters of Malan and Hertzog gathered to celebrate the reunion. The meeting was conducted with prayer, thanksgiving, speeches, and an appeal to Afrikaners to close their ranks. Malan talked at some length of the forthcoming

Republic of South Africa, headed by Nationalists, and declared himself in favour of severing all connection with Britain. Hertzog advocated caution. He did not openly support republicanism but favoured a union of Afrikaners in a bid to take South Africa out of the war, which, in his belief, was bad for South Africa.

For months after this Nationalist leaders in Parliament and in the open field prophesied the downfall of Britain and the supreme triumph of Nazi Germany. What they had to say then will be shown shortly. By speech and by prophecy, they sought to remove South Africa from the war. Malan went to the lengths of indicating to Hitler that South Africa would be interested in knowing the terms of an armistice.

In the same months the other new parties of Nazi sympathy and structure moved into the field, attracting considerable support among young Afrikaners to whom they represented Germany's war with Britain as their own issue. Among these was the *Handhawersbond* (the League of Upholders), led by thirty-six-year-old Gert Yssel, of Fauresmith, Orange Free State. This organization collapsed, largely through Yssel provoking the resentment of Nationalist Party leaders by indicating his interest in that Party's internal working, some details of which he sent out in July 1940 in a circular stated to be filled with "revelations"; within another three months the *Handhawersbond* was ended and Yssel had joined forces with the New Order, another group. This was led by Oswald Pirow, forty-nine-year-old advocate, who had been Minister of Defence in the last Hertzog Cabinet and who had supported Hertzog's neutrality policy.

Another group was Louis Weichart's Greyshirts. Then there were the *Volksparty*, and *Die Boerenasie* (the Boer Nation) and *Die Boerevolk*. The most formidable group, formidable in that it ran closest to and fastest after the sympathies of the Nationalists at this time, was the *Ossewa-Brandwag*, founded in Bloemfontein in October 1938, with a predikant, the Rev. C. R. Kotze, as first chairman, which drafted a constitution on May 27, 1940, and, under the leadership of J. F. van Rensburg, Free State Administrator, started gunning for high position in 1941. Having started by announcing itself in favour of a republic, the OB was stated by van Rensburg to be "the core and concentration of Afrikanerdom". Appointed commander-general of the OB on January 15, 1941, van Rensburg stated that he did not stand for revolution but for the interests of the Afrikaner people. When his speech at the inauguration ended he was told, "You have been chosen by God to lead your people, Johannes van Rensburg; be strong, hold to your course."

Both van Rensburg and the OB appeared as formidable opposition to Nationalists, more positively ominous than all the smaller groups lumped together. For some time a form of working understanding allied the OB to the Nationalists, now the "Reunited Purified Nationalist Party", from which the word "Purified" was subsequently dropped.

Many in the Nationalist ranks felt that the OB, under van Rensburg's leadership, was holding too strongly to its course and might ultimately sail into Parliament without benefit of Nationalists. This belief gathered momentum in the middle of 1941—by which time Nationalist pamphleteers (as will be shown) had been busy producing a new party constitution and aims, all of which were republican and the overwhelming majority of which was "New Order" totalitarianism—and the issue became one between van Rensburg and Malan.

Malan as head of the Nationalists had long been chasing around among these groups, dealing out blows left and right, scattering opposition, and gathering the pieces into his Nationalist ranks. In August the matter came to a head. Van Rensburg had denied that the OB would give its allegiance to the Nationalists. He had further collected from the Nationalist side a number of other individuals and minor organizations by his truculent speeches and proclamations, spoken straight to Malan and the Nationalists. Malan struck. In effect he demanded that the OB retract a circular (*Omsendbrief* 1/41) which showed clearly that it intended to enter the political sphere, which the Nationalists, by an agreement with the OB, had reserved unto itself; that it discontinue any attempts to propagate the intention given in the circular; and that it announce within three days that both of these things had been done. Otherwise, added Malan ominously, in a voice which spoke at Stellenbosch (August 27), he would, by the authority vested in him, declare the OB to be a body hostile to the Nationalist Party and would order all Party members to resign from it immediately.

News of these events appeared to have reached other quarters. From Germany came voices, over Zeesen radio, which said, among other things, "If certain people cannot even be united in a domestic struggle against a common enemy, how will they eventually be able to give a stable government to South Africa? It was not pure love for democratic ideals that caused Smuts to grant the Afrikaans Press a considerable measure of freedom during the war. Smuts hoped . . . that the freedom of the Press would cause Nationalist Afrikaners to fight, reproach and insult one another, and thus bring about the disintegration of Afrikanerdom. This desire has been fulfilled by a number of Afrikaans newspapers during recent weeks. . . ."[1] As commentators upon the occurrence have stated: "Zeesen had made a stupid psychological blunder. It did van Rensburg a disservice . . ." and it revealed "Nationalist" denunciations of National Socialism elsewhere as an "unnational system" in South Africa.[2]

From that time warfare existed between the OB and van Rensburg on the one side and Nationalists and Malan on the other. The OB put up a Parliamentary Front. This fell in 1945, after a speech by Malan

[1] Zeesen, 7 p.m., September 25, 1941; 8.45 p.m., September 26; 8.45 p.m., September 29; 8.45, October 7, 1941.

[2] *The South African Opposition*, 1939-1945, by Michael Roberts and A. E. G. Trollip.

had shown that van Rensburg had suggested that the OB be allowed to exist as an independent factor in Afrikaner politics, thereby ending agreements between the two parties (at Cradock and Bloemfontein). Malan rejected this suggestion out of hand. In doing so he ended, if only for the following few years, an OB attempt to enter the political field, rather than remain outside in the rôle, originally laid down by Colonel J. C. Laas, the OB's first commandant (in an interview with *Die Volksblad* on February 4, 1939), as:

> The aims of the Ossewa-Brandwag are: the perpetuation of the spirit of the ox-waggon in South Africa; maintaining, amplifying, and giving expression to the traditions and principles of the Dutch-Afrikaner; protecting and promoting the religious-cultural and material interests of the Afrikaner; fostering patriotism and national pride, and harnessing and uniting all Afrikaners, men as well as women, who endorse these principles and are prepared to make energetic endeavours to promote them. . . . The *modus operandi* is as follows: celebrating Afrikaans national festivals and our heroes' birthdays, erecting memorials, laying wreaths at monuments, locating and keeping in repair places of historical interest as well as the graves of Afrikaners who perished on the "path of South Africa"; organizing gatherings such as target-practices, popinjay and "vulture" shooting, playing jukskei, etc., doing folkdances and singing folksongs, holding processions, regular gatherings of an educational and social nature, dramatic performances, lectures on our history, literature . . . debates, camps for men and women, etc.

In other words, binding Afrikaners tightly together by creating an Afrikaner approach to sport and cultural pursuits, and engaging in precisely those occasions of national emotion which Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party found extremely helpful in gaining support during the founding of the Voortrekker Monument at Pretoria, which event, indeed, also witnessed the foundation of the OB in Bloemfontein, October 1938.

The foregoing description, necessarily brief, gives no real indication of the persistence and national political acumen of Dr. Malan. Throughout the years 1936–1948 it was remarkable. He was in supreme command of every phase of the Opposition's development. When challenged, he first isolated and then destroyed other groups tempted to seek to represent other factions of the Afrikaner people. He led the political attack in Parliament and, through the working arrangement with the OB, stimulated Afrikanerdom in its more emotional development, developing a sense of nationhood which diverted many from seeing South Africa as a country to which went the loyalty of other groups as well as his own people.

At the end of the war, although Germany had lost the issue, Hitler lay dead, Mussolini had been strung up with his mistress, and National Socialism was discredited, he emerged unscathed, with a wide policy which contained many features of totalitarianism and with all

non-United Party elements supporting him. Even his own flirtations with Hitler had been exonerated, largely because, towards the end of the war, he deliberately, and without any prompting, hailed Britain as the mother of South African freedom and envisaged a warmer relationship between the two countries than had ever existed before. A remarkable achievement—and it was effected because Britain, whether in her home constitution, or through those of her people who have ventured to other lands, allows men such as Dr. Malan freedom to speak their mind, and, it is hoped, conduct their political affairs honestly and with goodwill to all.

After 1945, with General Hertzog dead for the past three years, the path of South African politics cleared again. Upon the stage stood only the United Party of General Smuts and the Nationalists, with a few supporters of the Labour Party and a few of the Afrikaner Party, led by Mr. Havenga, in sight. True, in the background were the Communists, but the issue for the time being lay between Smuts and Malan.

Then came the General Election of 1948.

XXII

HERRENVOLK CALLING, HERRENVOLK CALLING

THE United Party which took office on July 7, 1943, included 89 United Party Members, 9 Labour Party Members, 7 Dominion Party Members, 2 Independents; 43 Members represented the Nationalist Party, in Opposition.

Five years later, at a General Election held throughout the Union on May 26, 1948, the Nationalists swept into office with a total of 70 Members, which gained the not unhelpful assistance of the 9 elected Members of the Afrikaner Party headed by Mr. Havenga. In Opposition the United Party won only 65 seats. The Labour Party cheered 6 of its vocal-points into the House of Assembly.

This victory reputedly surprised the Nationalists, who had not anticipated success so soon after the war.

Both Governments contained also three Europeans, who acted as Representatives for the Native population. In the Assembly elected most recently these were Mrs. Margaret Ballinger, Mr. Sam Kahn, and Mr. Will Stewart. Among the Coloured people only 46,051 had the right to vote in 1948.

The Nationalist Government bears some resemblance to a conclave of ghosts. Its leaders draw their policies from the past. Their animus in all things is the memory of ancient feuds. Their desire is to prove their past history right, and to perpetuate that past into the future. Their more dire utterances often seem to be accompanied by the clang of chains and their righteousness is heavy with Gothic foreboding and moated defiances. They regard changes in life as the product of foreign intervention alone. To them, the future must be the past restated and purified, or it is only a continuation of their travail and woe. Any criticism is seen as a godless assault upon their principles.

Among the distractions which have diverted British and American attention from the South African scene during the past seventeen years, many of the most interesting figures closely connected with the Nationalist Government formed by Dr. D. F. Malan are virtually unknown.

Some acquaintance is advisable if we desire knowledge of the calibre of South African leaders who may not remain in office a long time, but will certainly be political for many years.

One of the most significant figures in the Nationalist Government's appointments holds no parliamentary seat and is nowhere in the

Government. He is always close to the centre of developments, however, wielding a power of far greater import than many in the House or Senate. At first sight he seems to occupy a comparatively insignificant position: national publicity, or information, seldom carries a political import. I met him first in the Old Supreme Court Buildings at the top of Adderley Street, Cape Town, in the offices of the State Information Office, during the House of Assembly sessions.

His name is Dr. Otto du Plessis.

Cape Town was sweltering in the last days of an April heatwave when I went into the Old Supreme Court one afternoon. All day, every day since the time when I had arrived the previous week, Cape Town had been a bubbling inferno of heat. Sunshine scalded the city. Hibiscus flaunted their scarlet petals. All the women wore brightly-coloured frocks. Behind the city's streets the towering cliff of Table Mountain soared into an endless blue sky. In Parliament, whose buildings are across on the other side of the turn of Adderley Street into Wale Street, the Government was pursuing its business quietly, in a lull which gave no outward sign of the measures which were shortly to send a storm raging across the land, a storm which would beat over the veld to the farthest corners of the dusty Transvaal, into cities and dorps of the Orange Free State, and creep round the southern bend of Basutoland's mountain ranges into the lush green valleys and hills of Natal.

After the heat in the streets outside I found it pleasant to enter the Old Supreme Court. Although no air stirred there, thick shadows cooled the flagstones and one's eyes could relax from the glare in the city. Corridors leading off to the various governmental offices on either side of the courtyard were quiet in afternoon calm. A caretaker directed me to the left-hand corridor, instructed that I take the second door on the right, leading out into the courtyard, climb the few steps into that half of the building which fronts Parliament Street, and find the second green-painted door on the left. I had already visited the building, in the manner of visiting writers seeking such facilities as they can obtain, but my appalling memory needed this second assistance in finding my bearings. Within a few moments I was in the correct office, being greeted by a cordial official. After a lapse of some minutes he called to a man passing the door, and I was being introduced to Dr. du Plessis.

My knowledge of him at that time was nil. Information was not long delayed.

We shook hands. The appearance he presented then was similar to that I noted on later occasions. A man of slight build, some 5 feet, 7 or 8 inches in height, with a lean, pointed face with deep-set eyes and a wide, thin mouth, intense black hair parted carefully on the left

side, he greeted me affably. He wore a dark blue business suit, a soft white collar and sombre tie; a neat handkerchief flowered in his breast-pocket; his socks were as sombre as his tie and black pointed shoes. From that first appearance he never deviated. The general atmosphere was more that of a successful Stock Exchange broker than a political propagandist of the variety whose prototype was the late Dr. Joseph Goebbels.

Throughout our brief meetings, scattered over the next few months, the Doctor was unfailingly kind and affable, indeed so affable that I am convinced he has no inner intention of inflicting upon South Africa the usual interpretations attached to utterances similar to those which he has made.

On these other occasions I saw him in other settings. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he saw me. A few hours after our first meeting I was walking back through the Botanical Gardens to my hotel, working out some problem since forgotten, and chanced to glance up. There was the affable Doctor, brief-case in hand, entering the Parliament Buildings, looking down sideways at me as he climbed the steps. He bowed most politely, to which I responded in the manner of Englishmen suddenly caught unawares and not instinctively gifted in the art of bowing. On another occasion I was walking through the Old Supreme Court and suddenly in a doorway there was the Doctor, looking at me from slightly behind. Towards the end of my visit, while in Pretoria, I visited the State Information Office's quarters at Criagielea, a pleasant converted private residence standing back from the jacaranda trees of Church Street, where the Office has its centre when the House of Assembly is not meeting in Cape Town. Having topped the short, abrupt rise leading to the main entrance, I glanced up at a window and there, glancing down sideways at me, was Dr. du Plessis.

On these occasions I suspected I might be interrupting the Doctor's private speculations upon me. On the first occasion, this seemed likely enough. By the time we bowed to each other in Pretoria, I was not sure as to the nature of any such speculations. Perhaps it just happened that he always saw me first; we never quite got around to being able to see each other simultaneously and straight on. However, the Doctor was extremely kind and always affable. I can repay his hospitality to an Englishman only by saying that I believe his apparent political beliefs as dangerous and mistaken as those about which he was proven wrong in the past. To be correct, ten years ago.

Dr. du Plessis occupies a unique position in modern South African history.

He wrote the first tract in Afrikaans which praised the Nazi system in Germany and advocated that South Africa follow a similar course.

The tract was *Die Nuwe Suid-Afrika: Die Rewolusie van die Twintigste Eeu* (*The New South Africa: The Revolution of the Twentieth Century*).

Dr. du Plessis was then "Enlightenment Secretary" for the Nationalist Party. The year was 1940. Subsequently, Dr. du Plessis was appointed editor of the Nationalist newspaper, *Die Volksblad*. When Dr. Malan took office in 1948, Dr. du Plessis took control of the State Information Office. At one time it was announced that his name had been put forward as South African plenipotentiary to a country with some experience of Nazism—Holland. For reasons which do not concern us, the appointment did not eventuate.

Die Nuwe Suid-Afrika is an interesting essay. In a manner identical to that employed by the Nazis and Fascists, it claims a philosophy of political action and interpretation of current events based upon *Der Undergang des Abendlandes* (*The Decline of the West*, as it is generally known), by Oswald Spengler, written in 1914. Dr. du Plessis wrote:

> When Oswald Spengler . . . foretold the decline of the Western Democracies, and by name the British Empire and the French Empire, no one could have imagined that within a single generation democracy would actually be wiped out of the whole of Europe.
>
> Whatever the result of the war may be—and fairly few people entertain any doubt about the matter—it is clear the prewar democracies will be superseded by a New Order, not only in Europe alone but throughout the whole world.

The Doctor entertained no doubts at all about the outcome of the war. Not in 1940. Elsewhere in the tract, he exclaimed, "Today Marshal Goering's air force is busy stabbing the heart of once mighty England."

He was very impressed by Hitler and Mussolini:

> The dictators, creators of the New Order, with Hitler and Mussolini in the foreground, undertook to solve both the internal and external problems. They had great success. . . . The Democracies have been overthrown by the Dictator-States with the force of arms: the Dictators have become the Masters of Europe and on the Continent where the final clash between the Old Order and the New Order would, sooner or later have taken place, it is already a settled matter. The whole of Europe, with the exception of a few small States, has accepted the New Order.

These exclamations of 1940 seen from a vantage-point in South Africa were followed by a statement that

> The New Order is conducted by a totalitarian conception, which finds in a disciplined system of government in which all power is concentrated in a Party or a leader, who is the personification of the whole nation and who interprets through his will the view of life or ideology of the nation.

This statement contains nothing remarkable to those acquainted with Europe during 1931–1939, but was sufficient to warm politically-uneducated Afrikaners, carefully doctrined with hatred of the British

and English-speaking people in South Africa, towards the idea of seeing their nationalist and republican aims sheltered behind the impressive armour donned by Hitler's mighty warriors and the sorely-tried valiants who worked the will of Il Duce so bravely upon the people of Abyssinia.

Origin explained, policy outlined, proof of irresistible power and logic given, ultimate and speedy victory prophesied, Dr. du Plessis turned his attention to transporting the New Order to the veld and koppies:

> Nationalist Afrikanerdom longs for the death of that system [democracy] which will also mean the death of . . . Unionist domination of South Africa. . . . Afrikanerdom, the only real nation in the Union, has, under the imported British system, not known full political, economic, and social freedom. It consequently pines for the new system of a New Order, which would bring with it true national freedom in all spheres of life. No matter what the result [of the war] may be, Afrikanerdom is fully determined that South Africa's destiny can be nothing else but a free Republic; that South Africa will be completely torn away from the British connection. . . .

Significantly for all those who have seen South Africa as a reliable source for investment, Dr. du Plessis wrote:

> In the economic sphere the new South Africa will have to employ the great resources of the fatherland, especially the gold resources, for the benefit of the whole population. The capital must be placed at the service of the whole population and especially the older-established population group.

This has been generally accepted as meaning the Afrikaners. Historically they are the "older population group" of Europeans, though even here some argument could be advanced, as it could against much else which the Doctor had to say.

No official denial of *Die Nuwe Suid-Afrika* as representing Nationalist policy, despite its sideways glance at contemporary history, has ever been given. On the contrary, a considerable volume of evidence exists to show that it provided the basis of Nationalist political philosophy and action.

Some time has been spent on Dr. Otto du Plessis and his tract. This was inevitable. The Doctor has made his mark on history.

Dr. Daniel François Malan's political career during the significant years before and during the Second World War has already been noted. A few details may aid in completing the portrait.

Dr. Malan was born on a farm at Riebeek West on May 22, 1874. His first education was gained at Riebeek West, where, at Sunday School, he was a pupil of the future General Smuts. At Stellenbosch

University he qualified in theology and gained an M.A. in philosophy. After this schooling he became a teacher for a time, but in 1901 went to the University of Utrecht, Holland, where he acquired the degree of Doctor of Divinity with a thesis on the philosophy of Berkeley, the Irish divine, whose *Discourse on Passive Obedience*, published in 1711, has a Calvinist base. Returned to South Africa, he spent some time as a preacher in Heidelberg, Transvaal, and at Montagu and Graaff-Reinet. Around the commencement of the First World War, Dr. Malan changed his vocation.

In July 1915 he was appointed first chief editor of *Die Burger*, official organ of the Nationalist Party. He had already gained some attention as a protagonist for the Afrikaans language, and in seeking the political unity of all Afrikaners, which was to become his life's work. It is said that he took on his work for *Die Burger* under the joint invitation from the late President Steyn and General de Wet. Three months later he became chairman of the inaugural congress of the Nationalist Party in the Cape Province.

In 1918 he entered politics directly by becoming Member for Calvinia, a seat he occupied until 1938, when he moved to Piquetberg. Heading Cape Nationalists, he was appointed Minister of the Interior, of Health, and of Education, in General Hertzog's Cabinet formed in 1924. In these capacities he introduced such legislation as the recognition of Afrikaans as an official language in the Union (1925); the Nationality and Flag Act (1927), during the debate on which he stated that "Union Nationals" had also to be British subjects, "a smaller circle within a larger one"; a revision of the immigration laws in the Immigration Quota Act (1930); and an Act which instituted a system of postal voting.

When Hertzog and Smuts formed their Fusion Government, Malan refused to co-operate. He formed the Nationalist Opposition.

In his private life Malan is reported as being a quiet, home-loving man. He has been twice married. Two sons resulted from the first marriage. A few years ago he and his wife, a lady from Calvinia, adopted a little German girl orphaned by the war. In this family setting, he is said to enjoy teasing his wife; eating whatever she prepares for him with the relish of a schoolboy, particularly ice-cream; sleeping like an infant; reading and writing French; taking no part in small-talk around the hearth, but keeping his deliberation and calm for more important matters; drinking coffee and entertaining family friends. His health is giving rise to increasing worry. I was told by several people that if he stands too long in debate he is apt to black-out and faint, as he did during a speech at a conference in the Transvaal during September 1949.

In Parliament Malan does not cut the dashing figure which might be expected from some of his utterances and their political habit of contradicting each other.

I heard him addressing the Senate, in its red and white Chamber, in Cape Town, on April 8, outlining his Government's foreign policy.

He spoke then, as is his wont, in Afrikaans. He stood quite still, a stockily-built balding man of slightly above average height, clad in a grey business suit and white shirt, his pale, square face unworried by the politician's usual flickering emotions. His only gesture was an occasional outward flip of the hands, square, white, and carefully tended. Outwardly unimpressive, he resembles strongly a gentleman farmer of the West European variety, only the pallor of his complexion belying such an impression. At no time did he raise his voice above a quiet, expressionless monotone, but he is reported as being a passionate and persuasive figure as a divine and when addressing a more impressionable audience than assembles in a senate chamber.

On the occasion when I heard him his speech was listened to in complete silence. Intent on the Opposition benches, silver-haired Senator Heaton Nicholls followed every word, his lean face set like a mediaeval monk as he heard out the Doctor's reasoning. A short distance away from where my friend and I sat in the Public Gallery, facing the Press perched above the Speaker, an absorbed listener was Mr. Charles Te Water, shortly to set off on his goodwill mission for the Union to other parts of Africa and Europe, a tall figure hunched forward, chin on knuckles.

Below us was the man who, like Dr. du Plessis, and several others, like the extremist Rev. S. W. Naude, M.P., had no doubt about the conclusion of the Second World War or of the failure of democracy. On one occasion Dr. Malan said, "If Germany wins the war then we are in this position—let me say here, in this fortunate position—that Germany's war aim and our desire to get a republic in South Africa are in agreement with one another."

In 1942 a new tract appeared from the Federal Council of the Nationalist Party.

On the cover was the title *Die Republikeinse Orde: Party se Toekomsbeleid soos deur dr. Malan uiteengesit* (*The Republican Order: Future Policy of the Party as Set Out by Dr. Malan*) above a photograph of the Doctor. It declared that the Party would carry out its undertaking to make South Africa a republic and continued, "With the exception of one point, the rejection of democracy and the acceptance of the system of National Socialism in its place, there is no need for any discussion on the New Order with the intention of giving information and a lead to the Party. . . ."

Like Dr. du Plessis' tract, Dr. Malan's pamphlet said that National Socialism had performed wonders in Germany. It said that a victorious Germany would undoubtedly wish to see Britain's connection with South Africa broken and would wish to conclude peace with a friendly Government in the Union.

In March 1941, during an address given at Stellenbosch, Dr. Malan

had said, "One can look at it in this light: that perhaps 80 to 85 per cent. of the 'New Order' has been taken up in the Nationalist Party programme which the Party will carry out in letter and in spirit when it comes to power." It will be recalled how at that time the Nationalist Party was engaged in a bitter struggle with other elements seeking to control the Afrikaner political reins. In June 1942, *Die Burger* had reported that in a speech at Johannesburg, Dr. Malan had indicated that they expected, at a suitable time, an authoritative statement from Germany and Italy on what they intended to do about South Africa if they were victorious, a declaration of their plan for the Union, whether it would stand under German or Italian authority. "We want very much to know where we stand," he had concluded on that occasion.

Within two years Dr. Malan appeared to have found an answer to the query. At the beginning of 1944 he told the House of Assembly:

> We no longer regard England today as a conqueror, but as the mother of our freedom; with our whole heart we recognize the magnanimity of England and the result will be a friendship between us and England such as never existed before.[1]

How the Doctor has striven, through his Nationalist Government, to implement this sentiment will be seen later, as the record of his Government unfolds.

From the evidence of *Die Republikeinse Orde* one thing emerges clearly, even if the political faith of Nationalists remains in some mist, Dr. du Plessis' mark had been made upon South African history.

A leading member of Dr. Malan's Cabinet, regarded as his possible successor as both leader of the Party and as Prime Minister, is Johannes GerhardusStrydom, popularly known as "the strong man of the North". Some call him "the Northern lion". At the end of the first parliamentary session of the Nationalist Government he had only one opponent for the Party's heights, the up-and-coming Dr. Dönges.

Born on July 14, 1893, at Willowmere, Mr. Strydom attended a school there and later at Fransch Hoek, going on to Stellenbosch and Pretoria Universities, where he gained his B.A. and LL.B. Originally he was an ostrich farmer. In 1914 he entered the Civil Service; three years later he joined a firm of attorneys; in 1918 he became an advocate. His political career started when he became the Member for Waterberg in 1929, a lair which he has guarded since then. In 1934 he abandoned business life to devote himself to politics; in that year he became leader of the Transvaal Nationalists, and was the only Transvaal Member to join Dr. Malan in opposition to Fusion.

[1] *Hansard*, January 26, 1944.

Throughout his political career, former ostrich-farmer Strydom has sat upon the Republican egg. Many examples could be provided to indicate that he is not over-partial to British policy, as he understands it, or the English-speaking people of South Africa, as he interprets them. One may gain some understanding of his opinion on these subjects from a single wartime comment: "General Smuts is afraid of the votes of the soldiers. Even the eyes of his own people are being opened in the North (the North African desert). They are only there to do dirty work for the British soldiers" (reported in *Die Transvaler*, September 9, 1942).

Mr. Strydom's rival—this is the opinion of political correspondents and experts in such matters—for the reins of the Nationalist Party, as Dr. Malan's successor, is Dr. Theophilus Ebenhaezer Dönges, Minister of the Interior.

Only recently, since the Nationalists gained power, has Dr. Dönges gained much attention outside of Party circles as a leading politician. Within a day or so of arriving in South Africa, I was told that he was one of the Party's moderates. The day before I left my original informants wished further time before reaffirming their opinion.

In the first Nationalist Government session Dr. Dönges was the outstanding Parliamentary figure. He achieved an almost meteoric flash to the heights. One Afrikaner told me: "South Africa used to be a land of ticks and tickeys—now it's dongas and Dönges."

Like most of his colleagues, Dr. Dönges had a varied career following a full academic training.

Born in Klerksdorp early in March 1898, the son of a Dutch Reformed Minister (who died during July 1949), he gained a B.A. with distinction at Stellenbosch in 1919; an M.A. with distinction from the same University in the following year; an LL.B. at London in 1922 and an LL.B. from the University of South Africa in the same year; and the degree of LL.D. (London) in 1925. Returning from Britain in 1924, he took charge of the *South African Nation*, the Nationalists' first weekly paper printed in English, and was appointed an assistant editor of *Die Burger*. He held both posts until July 1927. In that year Dr. Dönges opened a practice as an advocate. In this capacity he appeared in connection with a number of murder trials; a court-martial (the Suikerbossie trial) in Southern Rhodesia, in 1944; and in a number of deportation cases in 1947. He has been a member of the Cape Bar Association and the South African Bar Association. He became a K.C. in 1939.

Dr. Dönges' political interests as an editor were resumed in 1941 in the more active capacity of a Member, when he won the Fauresmith seat for the Nationalists. He held the seat through the General Election of 1943. In 1948 he was elected Member for Worcester.

In addition to this impressive list of accomplishments for a man

only now on the verge of middle-age, Dr. Döngas has other interests. He is a member of the Broederbond (which is examined in the following chapter). He has been active on behalf of the Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Associations (FAK) and the Reddingsdaadbond (RDB). He has served on the working committee of the Institute of Economics; the central committee of the Voortrekker Monument (*Sentrale Volksmonumentekomitee*); the church council of the Dutch Reformed Church; the directorates of several business concerns. Elsewhere he has written works on municipal law and the liability for the safe carriage of goods under Roman-Dutch law.

He is interested in cricket (the State Information Office tells me) and in rugby. He also likes travelling abroad. With his wife, formerly Miss Billie Schoeman, daughter of a former Member of Parliament for Oudtshoorn, he has travelled extensively.

Like Dr. Malan, Dr. Dönges is an unimpressive speaker in Parliament. He is quiet, his voice occasionally so low that it is difficult for any save those immediately around him to hear what he says. In public (I am told) he displays a charming modesty and diffidence of manner, which give him the air, quite mistakenly, of being too attentive to his hearers to hold any positive convictions.

In view of this weighty evidence of Dr. Dönges' accomplishments, it was therefore the more surprising to hear the Acting Leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. G. N. Strauss, exclaim "We do not trust this cold and calculating Minister," during the debate on the South African Citizenship Bill, which Dr. Dönges introduced during June 1949.

No evidence of Dr. Dönges' opinion upon the course of the war or the issues at stake is remarkable. That he had opinions, we cannot doubt, but few examples of his utterances of the times awaken interest. Such guides as exist may be observed in his associations with the Broederbond, that strange secret society with an air of having arrived on the veld straight from the Middle Ages in Europe (of which society he was a vice-chairman), and the FAK.

François Christiaan Erasmus, Minister of Defence appointed by Dr. Malan, is generally regarded as the Nationalist Party's expert on defence concerns and electoral law.

Mr. Erasmus was born in 1896 in Merweville district and educated at Worcester and Cape Town, where he gained his B.A. and LL.B. degrees. Like Dr. Dönges, he has also practised law, in Cape Town. In 1927, Mr. Erasmus was appointed Assistant Attorney-General for South-West Africa. He returned to Cape Town the following year to become assistant organizer of Cape Province Nationalists, succeeding to position of organizer in 1930. Three years later he secured the Moorreesburg constituency, which he has represented ever since.

Mr. Erasmus was one of the two Ministers which the Nationalist

33. *Dr. J. H. O. du Plessis*
34. *Dr. D. F. Malan, Nationalist Prime Minister of South Africa*

Cabinet despatched abroad to Europe and America during the summer of 1949 (the other was Mr. Havenga, the Afrikaner Party leader). During his travels Mr. Erasmus secured from the British Government, led by Mr. Clement Attlee, an assurance that the Native people in High Commission territories would not be armed and hoped that other governments in Africa would follow suit.

At the same time Mr. Charles Te Water, the Union's roving ambassador of goodwill, was touring other African countries and some in Europe discussing the perils facing South Africa, one eye glancing north-eastward towards Russia and its Communist faith, about which the Nationalist Government has indicated itself much perturbed. Commenting on these gentlemen's purpose and achievements abroad, one periodical commented:

> If the Union's lead is to be followed, it will mean that the soldiers to implement a future Africa Defence Pact will have to be drawn from a few million whites and that scores of millions of Natives must stand aside. The unrealism of the idea is almost breathtaking. . . .[1]

Mr. Erasmus earlier entertained ideas which, seen in retrospect, appear unreal.

In a speech made in 1940 he abjured his audience not to forget that Afrikaners were being thrown upon the streets for the sake of the Jews and the English.[2] He appears to have lengthy distrust of the Jews. As far back as 1937, in a letter addressed, as secretary of the Nationalist Party, to the South African Greyshirts, he applauded work done by the Greyshirts "in one important respect, viz., that they have very pertinently drawn the attention of the people to the Jewish problem. . . ."[3] When a Bill was introduced into the House of Assembly in April 1941 to entitle and enable South African Service men and Service women then outside the Union to have the right and means for casting their votes, Mr. Erasmus revealed himself as the Nationalist expert on electoral law. He said that the Bill would probably be known as the scandal of that session of Parliament: "This is the first time in the history of the Union that a Government takes upon itself to introduce a Bill of this kind . . . the principle has never before been introduced of allowing people outside the Union to vote." This opinion, expressed in the House of Assembly on April 23, 1941, was, to give it its due, an adroit way of circumventing the opportunity for South Africans to vote by post, which had been introduced by Dr. Malan some years before.

There was a time in the affairs of politicians when they raged against each other's political opinions, yet showed some courtesy towards each other as men and as men who had attained some dis-

[1] The *Forum*, July 30, 1949.
[2] *Die Burger*, July 22, 1940.
[3] *Hansard*, April 23, 1941.

35. *Mr. J. G. Strydom, Nationalist Minister of Lands*
36. *Dr. T. E. Dönges, Nationalist Minister of the Interior*

tinction in other fields. Mr. Erasmus belongs, or so it would appear, to a later age. It was he who wrote the letter dated October 7, 1949, which terminated General Smuts' appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Union's Defence Forces, without giving any expression of gratitude to Smuts for his wartime leadership. Mr. Erasmus, we know, was one of those who believed South Africa should have remained outside the war, but many people in South Africa were shocked at his giving no sign that Smuts could be equally as sincere as any Nationalist, even if he did not agree with Nationalist politics. So shocked was South African opinion by the manner of this incident that a Government spokesman was hastily summoned to explain that Smuts had been relieved of his command because "he had passed 60, the retiring age". This announcement of reason was equally foggy and did nothing to minimize what many viewed as an insult, chiefly because the General did not become C.-in-C. until he was 70 years of age.

Towards the end of 1949 Mr. Erasmus sailed into the lists as a statesman of the calibre of his colleague, Mr. Eric Louw. Speaking at George, Cape Province, on October 13, he prophesied that the unveiling of the Voortrekker Monument would "see stirrings in the country such as it had never before experienced". "We lost the second war of freedom [the Boer War], but, step by step, we have won the peace." He described the Monument as the Afrikaner peoples' "Ebenezer". (The stone erected by Samuel between Mizpeh and Shen (I Samuel, vii, 11-12), which he named Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.") With, be it noted, the goodwill of Britain, not an intolerant or fanatical country. A few weeks later, his rôle changed from that of Defence Minister and biblical student to that of Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, he was still engaged in smiting those he deemed to be Philistines. This time foreign correspondents. He warned them not to expect that all their reports slandering South Africa "will reach their destination" abroad. He made no attempt to explain whether by "South Africa" he was actually referring to the Nationalist Government.

Eric Hendrik Louw is a lively figure, a lively speaker, and a man of undoubted passion in the cause of the Government he serves as Minister of Mines and of Economic Affairs. Brief recountal cannot pay adequate tribute to either his accomplishments or his comments on the contemporary scene. Least of all can it do justice to the ardour with which he pursues those who awaken his political interest.

Born at Jacobsdal on November 21, 1890, Mr. Louw's childhood was spent largely at Beaufort West. At Stellenbosch he earned a B.A. and at Grahamstown at LL.B. Like Mr. Erasmus and Dr. Dönges, he practised as an advocate for some time. In 1924 he became Nationalist Member for Beaufort West.

In 1925 Mr. Louw embarked upon the distinguished diplomatic career which sent him to many other lands. From 1925 to 1929 he

served as South African Trade Commissioner in the U.S. and Canada; London knew him as High Commissioner in 1929. At the end of that year he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary in the United States, the first Union envoy to be appointed abroad. During most of 1933 he performed the same function in Rome, after which he was made Union Minister to France, serving also as Minister to Portugal and watching South Africa's trade interests in Spain. He crossed the Atlantic to represent the Union at an immigration conference held in Havana. He was present at sessions of the League of Nations in 1929, 1933 and 1934; he attended conferences on prisoners-of-war, the Red Cross, and the League of Nations' Mandates Commission. He returned to the Union from these junketings in 1937 and in the following year was elected Member for Beaufort West. In 1948 he led South Africa's delegation to the United Nations meeting in Paris.

Throughout his career Mr. Louw has asserted that South Africa is an independent sovereign State. In this faith he provided for only the Union Flag to be flown at the Union's Embassies in Italy, France and Portugal, during his office as Minister in those countries. At the end of his year's term of office as High Commissioner in London, in 1929, he was offered a term of a further five years in the post, but declined this, preferring the appointment in America.

Between these appointments, and particularly since his return to the Union, Mr. Louw has made many speeches, notable for their increasing liveliness and fire.

The "Loyal Dutch", Afrikaners who do not espouse the Nationalist cause and who seek honourable compromise on a basis of equality with the English-speaking people (including the Unionist and Labour Parties), have long awakened his anger. In December 1940 Mr. Louw said that "the Loyal Dutchman" should feel himself branded a renegade; he was used to doing dirty work and should be treated like dirty water.[1] His comments on them have continued. He saw no reason for the invasion of Holland and Belgium making any difference to South Africans.[2] Early in 1940 he assured Parliament that if any Member visited Piet Retief, where there was a military camp, he would find that "women dare not walk about the streets after dark".[3] He worried about soldiers travelling on trains who made it "unpleasant to travel on trains", and advocated that a passenger coach be attached to fast goods trains to transport them so that passengers might not be subjected to unpleasantness through soldiers not being able to "behave themselves" and "endangering the lives of the passengers".[4] Four years later he affirmed that British troops had succeeded only in driving a small number of German troops out of North Africa, in which his opinion differed from the colleague who maintained that the Americans had driven the Germans out of North Africa, and that "if the war is won"

[1] *Die Burger*, December 2, 1940.
[2] *Hansard*, May 10, 1940.
[3] *Hansard*, August 31, 1940.
[4] *Hansard*, September 9, 1940.

by the Allies it would be done by America and Russia. Mr. Louw appears disinclined to remember events which occurred between June 1940 and the early summer of the following year.

Mr. Louw creates the impression of a man who values the principle of "singleness of purpose", to quote a memorable phrase by which the famous British author, Charles Morgan, introduced a play. Having devoted a stage of his life to diplomatic affairs, a phase of political campaigning to the "loyal Dutch", a section of his wartime vigilance to unruly soldiers, he emerged as Nationalist Minister in the rôle of a man prepared to devote some time to the South African Press which was not owned by the Nationalist Party or inclined to accept every one of its actions or its Ministers' speeches in the way in which he was prepared to accept them. On several occasions he has warned the Press, the Press of the English-speaking people, about misleading the people in their reports of and comments upon Nationalist actions.

No one knows where Mr. Louw's future interests will lie. That he will pursue them determinedly cannot be doubted. Mr. Louw is a doughty fighter. Politically, from his Party's policy, he has a movement to the attack as quick as a lizard, which he combines with a tongue as sharp as a saw cutting into stone.

A figure of unique importance in the Nationalist Ministerial ranks —even the Nationalists indicate this—is Nicolas Christian Havenga, who will be approaching his sixty-eighth birthday by the time this work is published.

Born on May 1, 1882, Mr. Havenga is leader of the Afrikaner Party in the House. The A.P. has nine seats in the present Parliament. Dr. Malan offered him the portfolio of Minister of Finance; Mr. Havenga accepted.

At the outbreak of the South African War, Mr. Havenga was a student at Grey College, Bloemfontein. While only seventeen he deserted his studies in order to join the Republican forces and was attached to General Hertzog as private secretary. He displayed endless courage on the field of battle, was wounded on several occasions; from the effect of three wounds received then he still suffers. The war ended, he returned to his studies, and rejecting the life of a farmer such as his father had known at Luckhoff, became an attorney at Fauresmith. At the time of Union he was elected to the Provincial Council, and was shortly elected member of the Executive Committee, charged with the finances of the province (O.F.S.). In 1915 he became Nationalist Member for Fauresmith. In 1925 he was appointed General Hertzog's Minister of Finance.

Mr. Havenga remained Member for Fauresmith until 1941. When the outbreak of war split the Government in 1939 he had followed General Hertzog into the Opposite benches and, when General

Hertzog died, on November 21, 1942, he became leader of the Afrikaner Party. He has attended Imperial Conferences in London with General Hertzog, represented the Union at two economic conferences, and gained prestige for his handling of affairs at Ottawa. Unlike most of his colleagues, he did not attend a university. He has several commercial interests, being Chairman of the Afrikaans Pers (Press) Bpk., and a director of other companies. Although he forewent a farming career, he has bred Friesian cattle, stud horses, and Merino sheep.

Mr. Havenga holds that South Africa was dragged into the Second World War because 'the only Constitutional authority which could speak for the people took a free decision'.

Mr. Havenga, in Dr. Malan's Government, was the most important political figure in the whole of South Africa. What South Africans applauded or condemned of that Government's legislation was largely attributable to the political presence in its ranks of Mr. Havenga. Without him, the Nationalist Government could not have been as it has and it might easily have existed only a few weeks. For it has been the 9 seats occupied by Mr. Havenga's Afrikaner Party in the House which has given the Nationalist Government its parliamentary majority. Without those 9 seats, a combination of the 65 U.P., and 6 Labour, and 3 European Representatives would rob the 70 Nationalist seats of a majority.

Basking in this unique political situation, it is possible that the Afrikaner Party may be occasionally ignorant of its awesome, terrifying responsibility to the future of South Africa. In its hands may be life or death. History will not judge it lightly.

The foregoing are not, of course, the only members of Dr. Malan's Cabinet, and immediate associates, whose careers and speeches are interesting.

The remaining Members of the Cabinet (which may be increased) are Stephanus Petrus Le Roux, Minister of Agriculture, born at Oudtshoorn, March 4, 1891, B.A. (Stellenbosch), farmer, tobacco planter, Member for Oudtshoorn since 1923; Barend Jacobus Schoeman Minister of Labour, born at Johannesburg January 19, 1905, originally a fireman on South African Railways, B.Econ., originally Member for Fordsburg (now Johannesburg West), interested in dairy-farming, estate agencies, and building; Charles Robert Swart,[1] Minister of Justice, born near Winburg on December 5, 1894, B.A. and LL.B. of the Orange Free State University, Bloemfontein, onetime Hollywood film actor, onetime New York and Washington newspaper reporter, onetime lecturer in law at the O.F.S. University College, advocate,

[1] "Republicanism has been the whole keynote of my outlook since I became a member of this House twenty-five years ago." C. R. Swart addressing the House of Assembly in Committee of Supply, 1949.

originally Member for Ladybrand, and since 1941 for Wynburg, member of the Chief Executive of the Nationalist Party and leader of the Party in the Free State, member of the legal commission of the Dutch Reformed Church in the O.F.S., the Natal Women's Commission, and of the State Chief Executive Committee of *Die Voortrekkers*, imprisoned as a result of participating in the 1914 Rebellion; Paul Sauer, Minister of Transport, born at Wynberg, elected to Parliament in 1929 by voters of Victoria West, and since 1933 by the voters of Humansdorp, member of the Chief Executive of the Nationalist Party for over 20 years and onetime Chief Whip, self-established as interested in "reading, fishing, taking part in all kinds of games, chatting and watching and enjoying the vanities of my fellow-beings", an inveterate pipe-smoker; Albert Jacobus Stals, Minister of Education, Minister of Health and Social Welfare, born at Tulbagh in 1880, B.A. (Stellenbosch), M.D. (Dublin), student of women's and children's diseases (at the University of Berlin), from 1924 to 1933 member for Hopetown and since 1943 for Cerse, member of the Chief Executive Committee of the Transvaal Nationalists and of the Church Council of the Dutch Reformed Church; and Dr. Ernest George Jansen, Minister of Native Affairs, born at Strathearn, Dundee (S.A.) in 1881, B.A. and LL.B. of the University of the Cape of Good Hope, honorary LL.D. of Witwatersrand University, onetime attorney, for 22 years Parliamentary representative for Vryburg, speaker of the House of Assembly from 1924 to 1928 and from 1933 to 1943, Minister of Native Affairs in 1929 under General Hertzog, member of several Afrikaans committees including the post of Chairman of the Sentrale Volksmonumentkomite and, in 1938, of the Voortrekker Centenary Committee, author of such works as *Die Natalse Boerekongres* (*The Natal Boer Congress*), *Die Voortrekkers in Natal* (*The Voortrekkers in Natal*), and *Die Voortrekkertyd* (*The Voortrekker Time*), onetime editor of the National Party paper in English *New Era* and married to the former Miss M. Pellissier, sister of Dr. S. H. Pellissier, now Chairman of the South African Broadcasting Board of Governors (and member of the Broederbond).

These are the men who control South Africa as Dr. Malan's chief Parliamentary officials.

Though the short list of the careers and accomplishments of the last few gentlemen mentioned above contains no quotations from their speeches, it may be assumed, from the weighty evidence which preceded it, that they share their colleagues' attitude towards the advisability of transforming South Africa into a republic.

Until such time as this step is accomplished it may be further assumed that some, if not all, may echo the sentiments expressed by others towards Britain and the English-speaking people. Dr. Malan would be unlikely to press Cabinet rank upon anyone who was likely to disagree upon fundamentals of the Party policy and, indeed, most of them have had lengthy service in the Party's higher offices.

How will history view them? Will they be hailed as the saviours of South Africa from the malignant operations of a dominating "foreign" Power, as the men who (to employ a phrase current in other areas) "liberated" the veld? Or will they be deemed, as others were deemed after the year 1939 had run its course, guilty men?

Only the future will be able to provide a lasting answer to this question. Unfortunately, however, a number of these men are already claiming that they are in a position to answer the question now. The basis for this belief is their acceptance of the theory of a republic, the establishment of which they and their supporters in the Nationalist ranks claim will end the major outstanding difficulties in South Africa and remove the final obstacle to her gaining greater prosperity and security within a completer comprehension of nationhood than she has ever enjoyed in the past. Opinion upon this issue differs. The United Party does not officially agree to it. The English-speaking section of the people do not agree with it. Others, not immediately concerned with the heat of South African politics, do not provide evidence of being in agreement.

The republican issue, which appears likely to reach some form of decision before the present Government has completed its term of office, is, as Dr. Malan himself has said, a matter to be decided upon the broad basis of a free vote of the people. They are the citizens. Theirs must be the decision. But some comment upon the issue of republicanism itself as an alternative form of government to any other existing form, is surely permissible.

No guarantee exists that such a change will inevitably benefit any Government or people. South African Nationalists claim that there is an abundance of moral right for producing such a change. Every country contains adherents to the republican form of government. They have existed, they exist, in Britain: there was that "brave bad man" Oliver Cromwell, a man inspired by the loftiest motives. But statement of moral right supporting such a policy, or its actual presence in the issue, is no guarantee that the establishment of a republican State will enhance that country's position.

History has shown often enough, particularly in recent years, that it is one thing to protest against the overlordship, real or politically stated, of another country, of domination by alien ideas and executives, but it is a completely different matter to be able to exist in security and prosperity when escaped from the overshadowing wing.

A host of new problems become apparent directly the issue is faced. Obviously the first cry will be that the alien wing is harmful. South Africans do not accept this theory. Directly the cry is made, however, the question which follows cannot be escaped: what spirit animates those who make this cry the loudest? Other questions arise. Is the whole of Nationalist intention stated in its political policy? Are personal ambitions connected with Nationalists' demands for "liberation"—do

they, in other words, espouse the cause of republicanism in order to advance chiefly their personal concerns and careers? The ambitions of one section only of the people? The interests of a body whose ultimate ambition is not a republic for all but mastery for the few? And, having gained a republic, can the mere act of transforming the State's identity lift all subjects to a higher plane of life, to worthier destiny, and ensure, as never before, peace and security?

How significant are these questions for South Africa can be understood only if, as many would demand, attention is paid to the weight of events in the Union which have not yet been fully comprehended in other countries. Some hold that an attempt to seize control is being made by a band of men masquerading as inspired by religious motives. Others affirm that only personal ambitions, enlivened by popular 20th-century cries of authoritarian government, are being heard. Others claim that the machinations of a secret society are at work.

In the past few chapters the name of one organization has occurred once or twice, usually by indicating that one or other member of the Cabinet or Nationalist Party is a member.

The name of the organization is: the Broederbond (Band of Brothers).

Much of what the Broederbond does is secret, for it is, in the main, a secret society. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it purposely became a secret society, for until 1933 it had met openly and its leaders expressed its aims without attempting concealment. Little had been heard about the society until recently, when, in 1949, members of Dr. Malan's Cabinet started to agree in public that they were members, and, in August, General Smuts, speaking at Pretoria, delivered his second attack upon it.

Its critics state that the Broederbond seeks to gain control of South Africa. So does the Bond.

The Broederbond is indeed a strange organization. If any writer of thrillers were to employ even a fraction of its known history as the basis of one of his efforts, many of his readers would discard his yarn as being too incredible to believe. To a world acclimatized to hearing the tones of drama echoing through its days, the history of the Broederbond contains the jarring overtones of melodrama. In the voice of the Broederbond can be heard the call of the Herrenvolk sounding through the land.

XXIII

"EXCUSE ME, YOUR BROEDERBOND'S SHOWING"

THE history of the Afrikaner Broederbond (Band of Brothers) is one of the most fantastic of the 20th century.

Little had been heard of what this mysterious organization had been doing for some years when the Union Congress of the United Party met in Bloemfontein in the last month of 1944.

In Europe the war was ending. After five and a quarter years the German armies had been beaten back into their own country, those proud warriors whose brutality had flashed across Europe like a ravaging flame. The North African deserts were free of all save the rusting hulks of burned-out tanks and blistered skeletons of aircraft fallen from the skies into the sands. In the Far East the Rising Sun was setting. Victory was in sight for those who had opposed the three faces of Fascism.

For peoples over whose countries the major issues of the war had been fought out it seemed likely that a time of peace was at hand in which the rebuilding of life could be undertaken in more favourable conditions than the world had known since the summer of 1913.

But not in South Africa. Already those who had predicted a German success in Europe were busy remarshalling their forces. They had sought to strike a bargain with Hitler and the Reich Government. They had attempted to sabotage South Africa's war effort. Now that the end was in sight, unless the German High Command should produce some fresh series of military miracles, they saw no reason to accept as binding upon themselves the military defeat of those whose beliefs they had publicly acclaimed and announced as contained within their own purpose. Germany and Italy might be beaten militarily, but that did not mean that the theory which had enlivened Nazi and Fascist beliefs was wrong: they had, some were heard to say, experience of those who were basically right and, under Divine Guidance, only temporarily beaten in a show of arms. Inspired by this reasoning, they had employed the past two years in reorganizing and regrouping their political policy in a bid to obtain a stronger, more centralized control over the scattered groups who shared one or more parts of their political faith, in order to attack their opponents more effectively in the immediate post-war period, whoever triumphed by force of arms in Europe.

Behind all this preparatory activity, said their opponents, lurked the mysterious organization called the Broederbond, whose members

pursued their business in the darkness of intrigue and whose ambitions were served by a fanatical devotion equalling, if not excelling, that accorded to secret societies in Europe during the Dark Ages.

South Africans had heard Senator A. M. Conroy say that the Broederbond was "the most dangerous organization ever established" in their country, aiming at revolution and containing among its members no fewer than 200 predikants. "It has been created out of darkness," the Senator told one audience, "it moves in darkness, its founders are in darkness. It is a secret organization founded by predikants. The ideal of the Broederbond is to establish in South Africa an Afrikaans republic. The Broederbond and the Nationalists are twin brothers. Whatever differences they may have are only on the surface—the underground movement is keeping them together. The Broederbond has control of the Nationalist Party."

General Smuts was in serious mood when, in Bloemfontein, he rose to address the delegates assembled for the congress of the United Party.

He demanded that the organization and its aims should be brought out into the light. He reminded his hearers of the occasion nine years before, when his predecessor as Prime Minister, General Hertzog, had warned South Africans against the Bond. General Hertzog had said that the Nationalist Party was the Broederbond working above ground and the Broederbond was the Nationalist Party working below ground.

> Today [said General Smuts] I added my own warning.
>
> It is clear [he told the congress, his thin, clipped voice unusually sharp], that the Broederbond is a dangerous, cunning, political, Fascist organization of which no public servant, if he is to retain his loyalty to the State and Administration, can be allowed to be a member.
>
> Public interest demands that the public service and the teachers should be protected against this danger [he continued]. It is therefore intended to declare the Broederbond a political body, membership of which would be a contravention of the law and punishable as such. We know that it is the declared policy of the Nationalist Party to fill every board, every organization in the country, public or private, in the State or in the Church, with their followers. We ask that it should be done openly and not secretly by treachery and intrigue. We will see to it that our public service and teaching profession, which belong to the people as a whole and which is paid for by the people, are not dragged into this mess and exploited by a party, or a sectional movement of a secret nature—by a secret organization whose control, policy, membership, and activities are strictly secret and form a sort of Gestapo.

In the course of his speech Smuts charged that the membership of the Broederbond was approximately 2500, mostly teachers (a fact which has unusual significance, as will be shown) and public servants, the rest being mainly party politicians, predikants, professors, and professional men, and that the organization limited its ranks to influential persons or people in key positions, in order to exercise more

effectively its secret influence. The Executive Council, he charged, had supreme power in its matters of policy. It was a sort of secret Star Chamber among the people (*'n soort van geheime heemraad onder die volk*), whose aim was stated as being the promotion of Afrikaner ideals, but was, in reality, the promotion of the interests of a smaller section, especially the "Brothers" and their friends (meaning, quite simply, those who agreed with them).

Was this not a dangerous state of affairs? asked Smuts. Why should there be strict secrecy if the Broederbond was not a sinister organization?

"I warn the people that here is something in their midst which conflicts with our better feelings and customs," concluded Smuts amid applause, "which affects the ethical character of our society, and which in the long run is going to pollute our society."

For most South Africans, General Smuts' sharp attack, the language in which it was couched, came as a severe shock. Many had forgotten General Hertzog's warning nine years before. Knowing the division which South Africa's participation in the war had created throughout the country, they were in no mood to welcome the appearance of a new menace within their midst which could only widen the gap between the Afrikaans-speaking people and the English-speaking people in the Union. Many were inclined to dismiss this fresh warning as a political witch-hunt. The very nature of the organization, as the Prime Minister had stated it, appeared too fantastic to be true.

Within a few days the Broederbond issued what was obviously intended to serve as a denial of Smuts' charges. Throughout the Union on Thursday, December 14, 1944, newspapers carried a statement of some 1500 words, signed by Professor J. C. van Rooy and Mr. I. Lombard, as chairman and secretary of the Bond.

Before examining the known history of the organization prior to December 1944, it would be well to pay some attention to this remarkable document. Much of it will carry an air of familiarity to anyone outside South Africa who is familiar with the speeches and statements of the German Nazis between the years 1933 and 1939. Its significance for the future of South Africa is writ large in almost every sentence.

"The Afrikaner Broederbond," stated the document in its opening sentence, "was born out of the deep conviction that the Afrikaner nation was planted in this country by the hand of God and is destined to continue to exist as a nation with its own character and own calling."

This is followed by a declaration:

> The aim of the Broederbond, taken literally from the constitution, is:
> The establishment of a healthy and progressive unanimity among all Afrikaners who strive for the welfare of the Afrikaner nation;
> The awakening of national self-assurance among Afrikaners and the

inspiration of love for the language, religion, traditions, country, and people;

The promotion of all the interests of the Afrikaner people;

The language of the Bond is Afrikaans; party politics is excluded from the Bond; only those can be members who are Afrikaans-speaking, of Protestant faith, of clean character, who are firm in the principle of maintaining their Afrikanerhood and who accept South Africa as their only Fatherland;

From every member it is expected that he will live and act in the firm belief that the destiny of nations is guided by the hand of God, and that he at all times by his behaviour will hold high the honour, dignity, and good name of the Afrikaner Broederbond.

Before going on to the remainder of the document, the foregoing requires some examination.

Far from disproving General Smuts' challenge, this statement of aim provides additional reasons for believing it to be true.

It contains a number of highly significant items. The word *Afrikaner* carries heavy import. It is "the Afrikaner nation" which was planted in South Africa "by the hand of God". It is the "Afrikaner nation" whose welfare alone is desired and which is "destined to continue to exist as a nation with its own character". It is the Afrikaner language, religion, traditions, country, and people, whose "national self-assurance" is sought. It is the Afrikaner nation which is guided by "the hand of God".

No mention is made of South Africans or of any who are not Africaners. All others, whether born in South Africa or making it their home, are ignored as interlopers. South Africa is not their country; they have not been "planted" by God. Although the statement gives the peculiar implications that the Africaans language is more important than religion and the servants of religion least important of all—how else can we interpret article two of the aims of the Broederbond? —it is the Africaner alone who may lay claim to Divine Aid or expect its support for his aims, and, obviously enough, to gain this he must be a member of a Church dominated by his fellow-Africaners (not the Roman Catholic or Congregationalist Churches or of any other faith, such as Jewish or Hindu).

The stated intention to seek "progressive unanimity among all Afrikaners", read in conjunction with the announcement that "party politics is excluded from from the Bond", implies that, coincident with the Nationalist Party's aim to unite all "Afrikaner" factions which had appeared in recent years, the Bond's Executive Committee demands the right to impose its political beliefs, under whatever guise they be stated, whether religious or social, upon members as obligatory upon their permitted membership. Those who do not accept this ruling as final are either not admitted or may be excommunicated.

This part of the document issued by the Broederbond has indeed a

very Nazi ring about it, particularly the frequent references to being gifted to interpret alone the Divine Will. It is usually a sign of God-fearing men that they lay claim only to seeking to interpret the Almighty's purpose. It is usually a sign of politicians who (to employ a descriptive Americanism) lay claim to the know-how. The history of Europe and Asia over a lengthy period has been too often disturbed by men who have sought to impose their will upon their more credulous brothers by claiming the know-how of contact with God.

The words "the awakening of national self-assurance among Africaners" contain a significance which is not immediately understandable to those with little or no acquaintance with those Afrikaners most likely to accept the conditions laid down by the Broederbond.

At sight the words appear innocuous, indicative of a wish to preserve such independent national forms of expression as religion, language, cultural traits, and other forms of individuality. Such a wish is indeed present if only as propaganda—they have never been threatened. But the words imply a far greater significance.

Many Afrikaners are alive, we may recall, who remember the course of the South African War, an event which, to many of them, was only the most recent incident in their collision in South Africa with British colonists.

It is not my purpose here to retell the course of that last "incident", save to seek an understanding of the Afrikaners who emerged from it feeling that they had been beaten by force of arms and weight of numbers but not in the justification of the cause for which they had taken up arms. In the spirit of his cause, the Afrikaner has never admitted defeat. This is as completely understandable to anyone with the merest understanding of how the Afrikaner feels that it is he alone who has tended the soil of South Africa, as it is understandable of any proud and enduring people.

Most of those who fought during the South African War were farmers (Boers), simple, upright, honest men, many of them living a day or more's ride from the nearest township, tending the soil through its seasons, often with the Bible as the only book within their homesteads. In their judgment, they took up arms to defend their acres and the Divine Spirit which animated their husbandry. Beaten by force of arms and weight of numbers, they emerged from the encounter with their ranks thinned, a number of their family or friends stilled within the veld they had sought to protect. Passionately and honestly, they had believed their cause right. Inevitably, therefore, they had believed those who opposed them to be wrong.

Add to this initial situation, which exists upon the outbreak of any war, the wrongs, the hardships, and the tragic evils which war invariably inflicts upon the innocent and non-partisan who are involved in the area over which warfare rages, and the picture of many, indeed most, Afrikaners at the conclusion of the South African War

becomes clearer. The Afrikaner was not a man girded and equipped for war. He therefore accepted as more personal to himself and his fellows the tragedies which in other countries, more acquainted with the devastation of warfare, are seen as the inevitable, sometimes accidental evils of such a time. Being deeply religious, as are most men who live in intimate daily contact with the earth, he retained his conviction that God was always upon his side and his opponent represented the evil of ungodliness, but that perhaps for the ultimate good of his soul, a time of further tribulation had been inflicted upon him in order to fit him more surely for the time when he would be vindicated, led from the valley of despair, and brought more surely to the side of his Creator.

This is the way many Afrikaners felt at the end of the war and we should do them less than justice not to recognize it. In similar circumstances, could any man who kept his faith and his pride feel differently? Without some inner animus no man—defeated or victorious—can live.

Naturally enough, many of those who had fought in the war formed their small societies and organizations, to sustain the knowledge of comradeship which their participation in the grim struggle had engendered in them. Naturally also, the first political expression of this comradeship was the desire to keep alive and honoured the traditions and language they shared, fearing that these might be swamped by the feared tide of British emigrants which was expected to wash over the veld. And, again naturally, when it became apparent that this flood was not appearing, a number interpreted it as indicating that they, the Afrikaner people, were destined yet to be vindicated before their fellow men and be accredited with their rightful place among the nations. The Afrikaans language was not stilled or despoiled. But many Afrikaners remained fearful.

This is understandable. What is not understandable is that despite every proof given from the time of Union onward, a number of "Afrikaner" politicians have deliberately fanned the heat of the issue, ignored the attempt of other South Africans to create harmony between the Europeans in South Africa, and, some honestly, some for more personal motives, have prevented that harmony from being developed. It is they, the politicians, aided by some predikants, who have either made or seized upon every opportunity to keep their fellow Afrikaners in fear and hatred, to rally and regroup their fellows by continually acclaiming that Britain and her Commonwealth family is in the wrong and that therefore her opponents must be right. From this interpretation, is was easy for many Afrikaners to see the military defeat of Germany in Europe as no proof that German ideals had been defeated, only the once-mighty German armies who had confronted an association of enemies of more powerful numbers and weapons.

Thus, "the awakening of national self-assurance among the Afrikaners" has for them the significance of working to produce a

vindication of their spiritual and moral right, when, ultimately, they shall climb from the glooming valleys of travail to take their place as "a nation with its own character and own calling".

It has been necessary to recall this development, in order to try to interpret part of the Afrikaner soul.

That the many fears which some have held down the years since the commencement of this tragic century have not been borne out by fresh tribulations inflicted upon the Union by Britain was shown during a conversation with a family of Afrikaners, of Boer extraction, in the Free State. My host, a man of sober life and honesty, accepted me with great hospitality, though suspicious of the fact that I was British.

At the end of our meeting he said: "This I will agree—at no time since the Union have we had reason to accuse the British of being unfair or of attempting to crush us."

I replied that it was sometimes more difficult to be responsible for carrying the greater number of weapons than it was to be without them.

I prefer that farmer's word to the multitudinous utterances of vote-seeking professional politicians.

The document issued by the Broederbond following General Smuts' accusations continued with a number of specific denials.

Members sought nothing beyond an opportunity to serve the Afrikaner nation. The statement that the Bond was subversive or had encouraged sabotage was untrue. At no time had the Bond ever given away State secrets. Only 8.4 per cent. and 33.3 per cent. of its membership were public servants and teachers respectively, the remainder being "mostly farmers". Membership at that date amounted to 2672 Broers. The ranks of the society were not limited only to influential persons. The Bond was neither undemocratic nor Fascist: "On the contrary, the Broederbond is pre-eminently organized on democratic lines; every Executive is elected by its members annually; the highest Executive Council and the chairman are elected every two years by some secret ballot by chosen delegates to a congress." It declared that the Bond has never "at any time declared itself in favour of a National Socialist system for South Africa or that it has ever sought or had any connection with the Nazi rulers of Germany". Then came a denial that Erich Holm, an Afrikaner who had broadcast Nazi propaganda on the German radio, had ever been a member of the society.

"Space does not allow any further details," the document continued.[1] "Therefore they will be supplied later. In the coming session

[1] This is a peculiar statement, as the Bond was not tied to newspaper restrictions, but was issuing a statement composed at its own length.

of Parliament also, its members are free to put the Broederbond's case."

It urged General Smuts' Government not to engage in "rash or hasty action" against its members. Then it claimed that "the Afrikaner people have had to endure much during this war"; that no ordinary citizen had been trusted with a firearm for his protection, that attacks had been made upon Afrikaans schools, on the Church, Afrikaans organizations, and even on sports clubs and folk-dancing societies (it did not specify by whom). It ended: " . . . the members of the Bond . . . will take up a waiting attitude".

Much in the foregoing deserves close attention.

It would be unjust to accuse the chairman and secretary of the Bond of having played with words. Indeed, there is no need. As has been shown, many of the words used have a completely different meaning for Afrikaners who are or were members of the Nationalist Party or the Ossewa-Brandwag than they have for English-speaking South Africans.

For example, if it is Afrikaners alone who compromise the nation, then it is obviously only Afrikaners of Nationalist and allied sympathies who are "the people" whose verdict is awaited by the Bond. Similarly the Bond may never have approached Germany for an armistice or have supported a National-Socialist credo for South Africa, but this does not mean that individual members, either as themselves or as members of another organization, had not done so. The claim to being democratic means virtually nothing. Democracy has already assumed several shades of meaning in different countries.

Indeed, the only unqualified statements given were those upon membership, that Erich Holm had not been a member, and the revelation that the Bond had members who served the interests of a party in Parliament. Even the statement that the Bond had not engaged in subversive activities or encouraged sabotage can be read as meaning only that it had not done so as an organization.

This is the organization which, when Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party was elected to office in 1948, assumed sharpening significance for all South Africans.

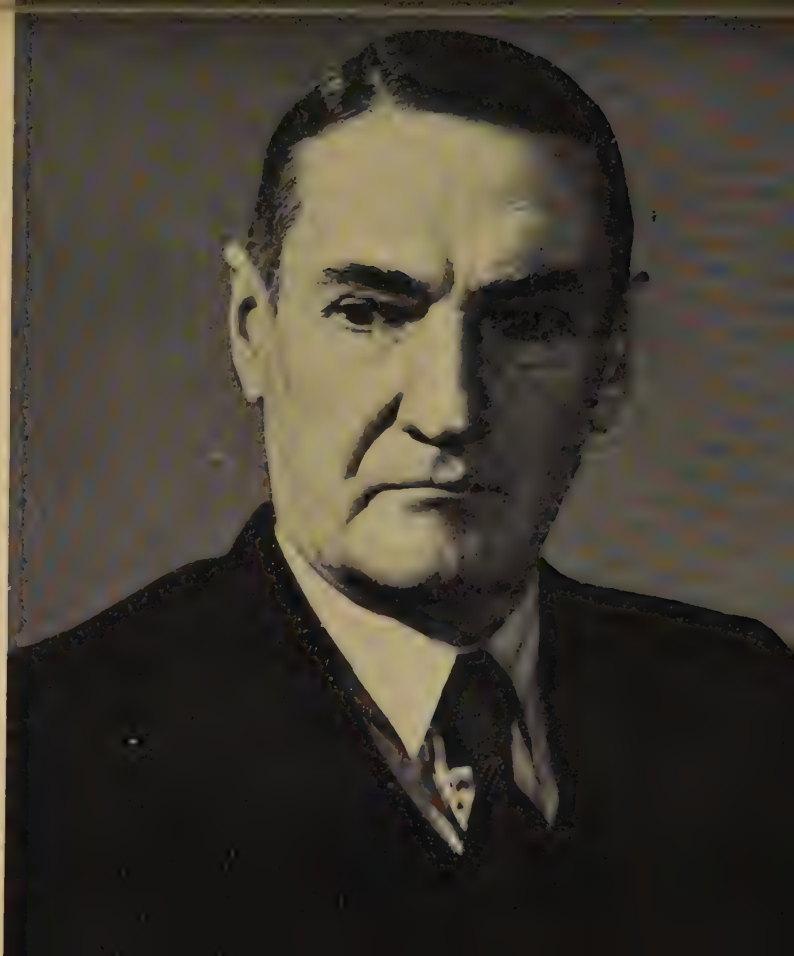
From whence had it come?

If proof is sought that the Broederbond is indeed a secret society, its own history would appear to provide the surest evidence.

Reliable information is scanty. Confusion exists even upon the date of its foundation. No list of members is publicly available.

One statement is the date of its founding was shortly after the failure of the 1914 Rebellion; a second is that it commenced in 1918 with a list of 28 founder members; a third is that it had appeared early the previous year as a cultural body whose republican policy was of secondary importance, and was the creation of 17 members.

37. *Mr. C. R. Swart, Nationalist Minister of Justice*
38. *Dr. E. G. Jansen, Nationalist Minister of Native Affairs*



A widely-held belief is that it ceased sending communications to its members through the post within a few months of being formed.

Several theories surround its original purpose. In addition to that which states it to have been cultural, there is a second which says it was devoted to the "nationalization of South Africa under Afrikaner leadership", and another, held to have appeared in 1921, to encourage the establishment of schools in which only Afrikaans was spoken (single-medium instead of the two official languages of English and Afrikaans). Following the temporary liaison between the Nationalist Party and the Labour Party for part of 1923-24, the Broers are said to have realized that in future they would have to seek stronger control over the machinery of government. A later aim, it is said, was "the elimination of all English-speaking persons from official posts".

At this time the Broederbond was a body which held its congress in public and issued statements when necessary to the Press, which increases speculation as to why there is such confusion about its founding and accumulating aims. Little public interest was accredited it, save as a cultural organization whose name was occasionally heard or seen in the Press. This situation continued for the nine years following 1924.

Then in 1933 for reasons best known to its Executive Committee, the Broederbond went underground. This is known. What is not known is the reason for its so doing, a fact which strengthened the suspicion of all who were not associated with it. One indication may be gleaned from political events of the time. General Hertzog had recently engaged his party in a Fusion Government combining both English-speaking peoples and the then South African Party. This indicated that more temperate, less lengthily-memoried Afrikaners and those of British descent were at last moving towards mutual understanding and good-will. This can be interpreted as being contrary to opinions held by the Broers.

Addressing the last Broederbond Congress held in public, the chairman of the meeting declared:

> After the cultural and economic needs, the Afrikaner Broederbond will have to devote its attention to the constitutional needs of our people. Added to that objective must be a genuine Afrikaans form of government for South Africa. A form of government which through its embodiment in our own personal head of the State, will be bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.

This pronouncement was followed, on January 16, 1934, by publication of a circular, signed by Professor J. C. Van Rooy and Mr. I. Lombard, the same signatories as those who signed the document issued in rebuttal of General Smuts' 1944 speech. The 1934 document contained the not uninteresting sentences:

O

39. *Mr. F. C. Erasmus, Nationalist Minister of Defence*

Let us focus our attention on the fact that the primary consideration is: whether Afrikanerdom will reach its ultimate destiny in South Africa. Brothers, our solution of South Africa's ailments is not whether one Party or another shall obtain the whip hand, but that the Afrikaner-Broederbond shall govern South Africa.

Having made these two momentous statements of objective, the Broederbond went underground, the better to obtain "the whip hand" with its own bone and flesh.

Can it be doubted that it did so in order to obtain a fuller and quicker realization of its aims?

In view of both statements and the disappearance from the scene where normal men, particularly the truly God-fearing, pursue their aims in the broad daylight of unafraid honesty, small wonder need attend the speech made by General Hertzog on November 6 the following year. In the course of his speech, the General said:

Owing to the nature of the Afrikaner-Broederbond, it is impossible to ascertain what is going on behind the scenes, and there is accordingly no protection for the Non-Broer against the secret supporters of the Broer. There is nothing to prevent the Bond from being misused as an instrument for organized action in conflict with the best interests of the State and the Public Service.

In the course of his speech, delivered at Smithfield, General Hertzog made a number of specified comments upon the Bond and certain of its members. He named Dr. Malan as a member of the Bond:

Dr. Malan became a member of the Bond at the time of Fusion (in 1933). He was suddenly converted from a protagonist to an antagonist of Afrikaner unity. His membership of this anti-English movement of necessity compelled him to depart from the policy of national unity, which included the English-speaking Afrikaner. He was further compelled by his connection with the Broederbond to pursue a course of national division and strife. When Dr. Malan denies that he is influenced in his refusal to co-operate with the United Party for national unity by racial animosity and the desire to dominate over the English section of the population, he makes himself guilty of a falsehood.

General Hertzog named eight leaders of the Nationalist Party who were Bond members.

Like Dr. Malan [he said] they are sworn not to entertain any co-operation with the English-speaking population, and thereby they stand in direct racial conflict with our fellow English Afrikaners, and are striving by means of domination on the part of the Afrikaans-speaking section to set their foot on the neck of English-speaking South Africa. The Broederbond has shed its youthful innocence and has suddenly become a grave menace to the

rest and peace of our social community, even where it operates in the economic-cultural sphere.

If the Bond's critics, and some of its friends, are to be believed, General Hertzog was subsequently given abundant personal proof of his accusation. When this gallant man faced a situation, four years later, in which Britain was again at war with Germany, and he was Prime Minister of a country which had no unanimous wish to be involved, it was, we are told, the Broederbond which broke him. Its members are held responsible for the Congress of his party held at Bloemfontein which, as we have seen, ended his political career: a tragic ending for a man who was not, as has been stated, anti-British, but only, and quite naturally, pro-Afrikaner in the truest and cleanest sense.

Perhaps, therefore, there is truth in the report that at the initiation ceremony of a new Broer to the Bond, the Bond's chaplain intones the words: "He who betrays the Bond will be destroyed by the Bond. The Bond never forgives and never forgets. Its vengeance is swift and sure. Never yet has a traitor escaped his just punishment." Herein a betrayal of the Bond may well be taken as meaning not its betrayal by a member only, but by one of undoubted Afrikaner descent and blood, the "Loyal Dutch" as they are slightingly called by members of the Nationalist Party. (It is interesting to recall a wartime speech made by Eric Louw, who became Minister of Economic Affairs in the Nationalist Government of Dr. Malan formed in 1948. Mr. Louw was reported as saying: "We shall settle accounts with the 'Loyal Dutch'. . . . In the past the Afrikaner forgave and forgot too soon. We shall not make that mistake again. For this a vigilance committee has been established. We shall keep 'red lists'."[1] What "vigilance committee"?

From the foregoing account emerge some interesting points, all of which, like the history quoted, are known to South Africans, though, in the heat of the pre-war and war years they are not so well known outside of the Union.

The Broederbond exists. Voluntarily, and for its own reasons, it went underground. Its ultimate objective is generally known. There has been no attempt to hide either its existence or its aim.

What is not known is its membership, how many members it has or who they are, or by what secret actions it has sought and seeks the fulfilment of its ambitions. We are not unfamiliar with politicians who deliberately assume a persecution-complex and pretend they must go underground to avoid "martyrdom and persecution", an odd manœuvre for Christian men.

General Hertzog named eight Nationalist Party members, and

[1] Speaking at Beaufort West, July 19, 1940; reported *Die Burger*.

Dr. Malan, as belonging to the Bond. Dr. Malan has agreed that he is a member of the Bond: first in reply to a questioner at a meeting which he addressed in Carnarvon, Cape Province, on November 17, 1935, and later, in reply to a challenge made by the late Jan Hofmeyr, when he said, on May 23, 1948: "I have not the least objection to acknowledging my membership of the Broederbond."[1] Addressing the House of Assembly on April 20, 1949, Dr. Dönges, Minister of the Interior, then busy preparing the forthcoming Citizenship Bill, said: "I agree that I was vice-chairman of the Broederbond." Within a few days, also during an address in the House of Assembly, on May 3, Dr. A. J. Stals, Minister of Health, of Social Welfare, and of Education, said: "I have been a member of the Broederbond for many years."[2]

Who are the Bond's other members?

It is generally assumed that most, if not all, of the Cabinet Ministers of Dr. Malan's Government—excepting Mr. Havenga—are members of the Broederbond. Rumour—in the circumstances still attending the Bond's existence, it cannot be more—suggests that there are 60 Broers sitting in the South African Parliament. Among those named, in and out of Parliament, are Dr. Viljoen, Secretary for the Department of Agriculture; Dr. Kuschke, former Secretary for Social Welfare; Dr. Holloway, Secretary for the Treasury; Dr. N. J. Diederichs; Dr. Albert Hertzog, son of the late General (both members of the House of Assembly); Dr. Pellisier, Director of Education for the Orange Free State; Dr. Karl Bremer, President of the South African Medical Council; Dr. Oswald Pirow; Dr. Van Rensburg and all Grand Council members of the Ossewa-Brandwag; Dr. H. F. Verwoerd, editor of *Die Transvaler*; and others, in responsible positions in the public service, education, church, radio, and a number of public bodies.

It is up to these gentlemen to deny, should they wish to do so, their membership of the Broederbond.

Structurally, the Bond is believed to have three leaders, a *Uitvoerende Raad* (a governing body known as the "Twelve Apostles"), and an Algemene Raad or General Council, in direct contact with the cells of ordinary members scattered across South Africa. The cell system is reputed to have been introduced following a visit to Germany during 1934 by a leading official of the Bond.

The Bond's relations with other Afrikaans bodies is reputed to be extensive, though this is, of course, through the facts of individual members being connected with these other organizations.

For instance, the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Dönges, is associated with the Federasie van Afrikaanse Kultuurvereniginge (the FAK), an Afrikaans cultural body, of which he is one of the directorate of its Institute of Christian-National Education and in that capacity aided in drawing up the policy for Christian-National Education which appeared

[1] The *Johannesburg Star*, November 19, 1935; the *Johannesburg Star*, May 25, 1948.
[2] The issues of *Hansard* for the two dates given can be consulted.—H. G.

in Johannesburg in 1948 with an introduction signed by another Broer, no less a person than the Bond's chairman, Professor J. C. Van Rooy. (This is dealt with more fully in the following chapter.) According to one report, the FAK embraces no fewer than 150 Afrikaans cultural societies, over 20 other societies throughout the Union, and such bodies as the Economic Institute, the Afrikaans Chambers of Commerce, the Institute for Volk Welfare, an Historical Commission, and the Institute of Teachers' Organizations. It has links with the Reddingsdaadbond (the RDB), and another reputed Broer, Dr. Diederichs, is also concerned with this body.[1] Another subsidiary of the FAK is the Afrikaanse Taal-en Kultuurvereniging (the AKTV), which organized the 1938 celebrations of the Voortrekker centenary. *Die Vaderland* (September 3, 1943) stated:

> The ramifications of the Kultuurraad stretch over the whole country and its influences encircle almost every Afrikaner organization of note, as for instance the Voortrekker movement, the Afrikaanse Vroue-Federasie [Afrikaner Women's Federation,] and the Afrikaanse Jongeliede-onderneming [Afrikaner Young People's Association[2]].

During the 1946 congress of the FAK held in Bloemfontein, 1946, a report of two years' work by the RDB was placed before members, in which it was stated that the RDB had placed an average of 800 Afrikaners in employment each year and that its employment section was continually aiding those who had been interned during the war; £15,000 had been spent upon aiding 283 students qualify for commercial technical positions; £30,000 had been collected; membership had increased considerably; in association with *Die Ekonomiese Institut* (the Institute of Economics) it had founded a small finance company with a capital of £50,000 to aid several small businesses. (At the same Congress the FAK executive appealed to all Afrikaners in rural districts to speak only Afrikaans when visiting the cities.)

Through this activity, say those who have been watching the scene, the FAK and RDB obtained an interest in such diverse concerns as wholesale establishments, clothing, tobacco, and furniture factories, funeral parlours, a cold storage depot, and a number of retail shops. This is admitted.

According to an article by Mr. I. Lombard, secretary of both the Broederbond and the FAK, any major proposal placed before the Bond —such as the proposal for Christian-National Education—is carefully studied by a group appointed by the Bond "in silence" and with "Cabinet secrecy". Subsequently it is placed before all groups and cells of the Bond, before going to the Executive Council of the Bond. This is true of all cultural and economic policies, if we accept the word of Professor Van Rooy himself, who, addressing the 1932 Congress of the Bond as

[1] Reddingsdaadbond, literally "Deed for the Bond of Salvation".
[2] Afrikaanse Jongeliede-onderneming, literally "Afrikaner Young Sons Undertaking".

chairman, said: "In accordance with this new situation we find that gradually the Afrikaner Broederbond is delegating its cultural work to its far greater son, the FAK, and I feel that we would be wise in also following this trend on the part of the council of the Bond." Of the RDB, Dr. Diederichs, its *Hoofleier* (literally Head Guide), stated that it "controlled 14 Union-wide companies, including banking concerns, with a combined capital of £7,000,000, and these in turn control between £20,000,000 and £30,000,000. The turnover amounted to between £400,000,000 and £500,000,000. The RDB was also entering industry and Press and publishing houses, insurance, and the hotel business."[1]

Along the twin paths of Afrikaans culture and business, the Broederbond, through its members, has thus advanced closer towards the main highway on which its ambition may speed more quickly to the final destination of its whip-hand.

There are many in South Africa, not all of them antagonistic to the Nationalist Party, who assert that the Broederbond advanced similarly along the path of political development by engineering the creation of the Purified Reunited Nationalist Party, ultimately Dr. Malan's Party; produced the Cradock Agreement between the OB and the Nationalists; and caused the political downfall of more men than General Hertzog.

Although the Bond cannot be said to have publicly proclaimed its faith in National Socialism, some of its members have done so. Among them is Dr. Malan, who informed an audience at Stellenbosch on March 25, 1941, that 85 per cent. of its policy was similar to that of the New Order. His actual words were: "One can look at it in this light, that perhaps 80 to 85 per cent. of the 'New Order' has been taken up in the Nationalist Party programme, which the Party will carry out in letter and in spirit when it comes into Power." In that same month the Federal Council of the Nationalist Party declared that it would bring a republic into being; except for a few minor details, everything in the New Order progamme was openly or by implication included in the Party's programme; democracy had failed in South Africa—presumably only the Broederbond is democratic—and National Socialism had done much for Germany.

Even as late as 1939, warning voices upon the future of Afrikanerdom if its people followed the path indicated by the Broederbond was followed, were to be heard. They were ignored. Among them was that of General Hertzog. In a letter to his son he wrote:

> Allow me once again, in all sincerity, with no other object than to be of service to Afrikanerdom, to utter this warning to you and your young Afrikaner friends: along the road of national division which you are following at present, only national destruction can be found.[2]

[1] *Die Transvaler*, July 1, 1947.

[2] *Die Vaderland*, January 28, 1939.

This situation has assumed significance for more than the members of the Bond and those who, absent from their ranks, agree with them in spirit. It was bound to do so directly a Government was formed in which it would be said that one or more members of the Bond was present, who either implemented any of the known ambitions of the Bond or used their office to forward its schemes.

This involves far more, in fact, than the possibility of South Africa becoming a republic. It affects directly all other Europeans in South Africa. If allowed to progress to the fullest expression of its aim, the whip-hand, it can endanger the future of a European South Africa. Indeed it could destroy everything which has been done in South Africa and send all peace-loving Europeans of every group from the African continent. If this happened, where would the Afrikaners go?

In view of this situation, it is advisable to heed the unfolding history of the Nationalist Government headed by Dr. Malan. Only so can we gain any understanding of whether the aims of the Broederbond, and such other extremist bodies as the Ossewa-Brandwag, are gaining fruition.

We have all heard the story of the young lady who attended the most "social" social party of the season and, espying another young lady who was reputed to have passed unkind comments upon her, went over to where the second lady was standing surrounded by a bevy of admiring generals, admirals, eminent lawyers, and millionaires, and in a loud voice said: "Excuse me, Daphne, your slip's showing."

It can be said of Dr. Malan's Nationalist Government that already its Broederbond is showing.

Already there are Bills in existence, and more Bills promised for succeeding sessions, indicating that a bid is being made to gather into a few hands all political power in the country.

In May 1949 Dr. Dönges introduced into the House of Assembly the South African Citizenship Bill. Main clauses of this Bill mean that future emigrants into the country must wait for five years instead of two before having a right to qualify for full citizenship and the vote, and the title of citizenship will be changed. Citizenship is not automatic, but depends upon the individual being able to provide certain proofs of his ability as a citizen (we shall return to this later).

In the same month, ante-dating the Citizenship Bill by some weeks, had come the Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Bill. This measure, hailed as the Government's first positive action to introduce *apartheid* legislation, had the single purpose of preventing any marriage being contracted between a European and a Non-European. To ensure this, marriage officers had to decide whether both parties to the proposed

marriage were European. If he had any suspicion of either person, the officer was instructed not to permit the marriage: to have done so would render him liable to a fine of £50.

Many clergymen protested against this Bill. Many more pointed out that there were a large number of dark-skinned Europeans in the country and also a large number of light-skinned Non-Europeans. An investigation conducted in the Press at the time proved illuminating. It showed how the number of mixed marriages had decreased considerably in recent years: there had been a time, long ago, when the first settlers in the Cape Province had advocated marriages between European men and Native women. In 1925 only 13 such marriages occurred; in 1935 the number had dropped to 7; in 1946 it was down to 5. In 1925 there had been 85 marriages between European men and Coloured women; in 1936, 66; and in 1946, 52. In 1925, 6 European women had married Natives; in 1946 no such unions were contracted. In 1925 28 women had married Coloured men; in 1946 this number was down by half. Seven European women married Indians in 1945.

Although such marriages may be deplored—unhappiness is almost inevitable and, in South Africa, children of the union suffer far more than the parents—it was generally felt by those who did not share the Government's policy that the Mixed Marriages Bill was flogging an already almost dead horse. During the debate it was noted that whereas Dr. Dönges started, in his opening speech, by claiming that the "maintenance of race purity" was the Bill's primary object, he later advocated it on humanitarian grounds—to reduce the subsequent sufferings of "throwbacks" resulting from such marriages. Subsequently Dr. Dönges agreed that the Bill could not aim at solving the whole problem of miscegenation; it would, therefore, be followed by an Immorality Amendment Bill.

The effect of the Bill was to make criminals those who contracted such a marriage, whether they had erred in good faith or not. It was just possible that a light-skinned child left as a mysterious foundling might be adopted by a European family and brought up as a White. Dr. Dönges encountered considerable opposition during the debate, and was forced to amend the Bill. It was noticed that he did not deny a challenge made by the United Party, in Opposition, that those married people who ignored the dissolution of their marriages under the Bill would be punished under the forthcoming Immorality Amendment Bill.

Towards the end of June the indefatigable Dr. Dönges went on record as telling the House of Assembly that the Government was seriously considering steps to outlaw the Communist Party. This statement was made during the Minister's reply to a question on his withholding passports from a number of people who had applied for permission to travel abroad, including Senator Ballinger, husband of Mrs. Ballinger, one of the three Native Representatives; the Reverend

Michael Scott; and Dr. Naicker, head of the Natal Indian Congress. In the same session permission to address meetings in the Johannesburg region was refused to Mr. Sam Kahn, a Communist, another of the Native Representatives in the House of Assembly.

During the same first session of office it was often indicated that the Nationalist Government intended to remove the three Native Representatives: Mrs. Ballinger, Mr. Kahn, and Mr. Will Stewart.

Another intended measure was to remove from the rolls Coloured men who had qualified for the vote. This will become a major issue. Coloured men had been entitled to vote in every parliamentary election in the Cape Province since 1854. Even after Union, the qualifications for the franchise were the same for all races. Originally a man could become a voter if he earned £50 a year or occupied a house valued at £25. In 1892 the house value was raised to £75 and he had to be able to sign his name and write his occupation and address. During the framing of the South African Constitution the most important compromise was one which guaranteed that the then existing franchise qualifications of each province were to be continued. Thus the franchise of the Cape Coloured people was a major guarantee of the act of Union.

In an illuminating article printed in the *Cape Times*, March 31, 1949, Mr. L. M. Thompson pointed out that whereas the proposed removal of the Coloured voters was reputedly to be effected in order to remove a grave menace to the European community, they provided only 8.6 of the total voting strength on the common rolls in the Cape Province.

In six constituencies in the Province—Cape Flats, Cape Town Castle, Paarl, Parow, Vasco, and Woodstock—they provided, however, over 20 per cent. of the total vote. In another 13 constituencies they numbered between 10 and 20 per cent. (including Bredasdorp, Caledon, Hottentots-Holland, and Port Elizabeth district). In another 15 they totalled between 5 and 10 per cent. Mr. Thompson considered what might happen at the next General Election if the Cape Coloured voters were removed from the roll. He predicted that the Nationalist Government would probably win three seats which it had narrowly lost in May 1948 (Caledon; Hottentots-Holland; and Vasco) and a probable fourth win would be Port Elizabeth district. It would probably also hold two seats which it had won in May 1948, and lost during the Provincial Council elections in March 1949; Bredasdorp and Paarl. It would probably become more strongly entrenched in other seats, where its 1948 majority was under 1000 votes: Kimberley district, Malmesbury, Victoria West, Worcester, and Uitenhage.[1] Mr. Thompson reminded his readers of the words of General Hertzog: "The Cape Coloured people must be treated on an equality with Europeans—economically, industrially and politically."

[1] At the May 1948 General Election European voters totalled 1,314,158; Coloured voters 46,051.

But South Africa, according to the belief of the Broederbond and its members, is not a country in which the Coloured people are accounted citizens. They are not part of the Afrikaner nation "planted" by "the hand of God". They are the product of other seed, planted by other gardeners.

Owing to the nature of the Broederbond, it is difficult to tie up these measures to any official pronouncement of the Bond, save through implications in the quotations given from the statements and speeches mentioned earlier. But they can be tied to a policy producted by a body containing members of the Bond, the *Draft Constitution for a Republic*, including Dr. Malan.

Article 9 of the Draft stated that "every Coloured group of races, Coloureds, Natives, Asiatics, Indians, etc., will be segregated, not only as regards the place of dwelling or the neighbourhood dwelt in by them, but also with regard to spheres of work". Even more illustrative is Article 11 (d), which says "the principle of no mixing of blood and of segregation must be maintained as of fundamental importance for the future existence of White civilization in the Republic of South Africa". Article 3 of the Draft stated that there would be a select franchise. Citizens entitled to vote would be known as "burghers" and this recognition "will only be accorded to subjects of whom it can be expected that they will act as builders-up of the nation, whatever status they might have possessed before", and only burghers would be entitled to vote "in regard to the Government of the Republic as such".

During the period before the burghers may be acclaimed, the Nationalist Government faces no Coloured group, only the three European Representatives of the Native people, and an Opposition composed of the United Party, which contains Afrikaans- and English-speaking men and women. These cannot be ignored. But they can come under the imposition of a guillotine on an important debate, as occurred during the debate on the Citizenship Bill.[1]

The foregoing makes strange reading for those who assumed that, during his visit to London earlier in 1949, Dr. Malan had affirmed South Africa's intention to remain within the Commonwealth.

Such a belief is incorrect. Dr. Malan never made any such statement. Unable to attend a Press conference in London, he invited written questions. These he answered after he had left London for the Continent, and in them he set out his five main principles for the Nationalist Party's governorship of South Africa. First, to build a united nation, as the Nationalists see it. Secondly, to maintain the sovereign independ-

[1] In the first stages of the Citizenship Bill debate, the Minister of Finance, Mr. N. C. Havenga, told the Opposition, "We will give you all the time you want." In the resumed debate on June 14 Dr. Malan said: "We will give you so much time for discussing the measure as is reasonable. And when you are prepared to sit [in Assembly] until September, so are we." When the debate was resumed on June 17 Dr. Malan introduced the guillotine, limiting discussion to a total of twenty hours for all purposes. (*Vide House of Assembly Debates.*)

ent status of the Union as a member of the Commonwealth. Thirdly, to maintain Western civilization in South Africa. Fourthly, to uplift the Natives and other Non-European people and provide them with opportunities for development within their own spheres. Fifthly, to infuse into South Africans love and patriotism for their country. "South Africa has, of course, as I stated recently, no intention of leaving the Commonwealth as long as there is no infringement of her rights as a sovereign State—even her right to become a republic": those were the words which he used. Later he added how

> the Nationalist Party and I believe that the republican form of Government is best suited to the circumstances of South Africa. At the same time, we realize that a republic can only be founded on the basis of the broad will of the people. For that reason, the Nationalist Party states in its programme of principles that it will take no steps towards proclaiming a republic unless and until the electorate has approved of the proposal in a general election or referendum held for that purpose.

An electorate, it may be surely pointed out without offending anyone, whose three European Native representatives are threatened with extinction; whose Coloured voters are threatened with being deprived of their vote; whose most recent new citizens have now to wait for five years to seek a citizenship which may ultimately be denied them, placing the Nationalist Party and members of the Broederbond in its ranks in a position where they appear to be concentrating upon measures to ensure an overwhelming vote for themselves.[1]

It is worthy of attention that Dr. Malan did not say who were "the people" whose "broad will" would decide the republican issue.

This would indicate that Dr. Malan's associates in the Government have evidence that they will tread "op die pad van Ierland" (on the same road as Ireland), to use the Doctor's own description during his negotiations with the late General Hertzog in 1939. That South Africa is in a totally different world and strategic and historical position from Ireland does not appear to matter.

The Broederbond has long stated its intention to make South Africa a republic.

Within a few days of his return from the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London, Dr. Malan appeared before a meeting of 2500 Nationalist supporters in the City Hall at Cape Town. He was welcomed by Mr. J. G. Strydom, Minister of Lands. In the course of his speech, Mr. Strydom said that he hoped Dr. Malan would live to become the first president of a South African Republic. Dr. Malan was only then celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday.

[1] Mr. S. H. Pellisier, appointed Director of the S. A. Broadcasting after the Nationalist Government came to power, is stated to be a Broer (*News Letter*, Johannesburg, July 1949).

Thus, from the Broederbond's known policy to the first measures undertaken by the National Government does not appear as long a step as might have been believed. The weight of impending measures would indeed seem to justify the warnings voiced by General Hertzog, General Smuts, and others.

Addressing the Transvaal committee of the United Party in Pretoria on August 29, 1949, General Smuts returned to the attack. A Broederbond State would be a far greater menace to South Africa than a republic, he said. He would sooner welcome a republic than the monstrosity which was developing. He could not conceive of anything which, at the present stage of South African history, would do more than tear apart the Union than the Nationalists' republican propaganda. (The General had said much the same to me in Pretoria a few weeks before.) A Broederbond State was actually being formed. It could be observed in the efforts being made to stop criticism and in the stopping of immigration. Instancing a visit by detectives to a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church who had criticized the Nationalist Government's native policy, of which visit the Minister of Justice, Mr. Swart, disclaimed all knowledge, the General said: "I wonder what they will do to me after what I have said here this morning?"

The second Nationalist session of Assembly, which opened in Cape Town on January 21, 1950, started with indications and rumours of activity which would gain loud Broederbond applause. On the first day of the session, Dr. A. J. Van Rhyn (Nationalist, Bethlehem) gave notice of moving that a Government commission inquire into the South African Press. Dr. Van Rhyn was, for some time, editor of a Nationalist newspaper, presumably one of those to be investigated. At the same time it was indicated that a plea would be made to the Throne to assume custodianship of the three Protectorates.

If the Nationalists succeed in carrying, intentionally or unintentionally, the Broederbond's aims, to the farthest goal, will they, in General Hertzog's words, have led South Africa along a road where "only national destruction can be found"?

To appreciate this more fully, attention must be paid to the way the aforementioned Afrikaner societies, through the FAK and other organizations, are preparing the way.

It is often through the care and education of the young people of a nation that the clearest insight into the motivations of the governing politicians can be gained.

The policy of Christian-National education, the source of teaching from whence it arises, is of supreme and, again, ominous interest.

XXIV

"THERE'S AN OX-WAGGON AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR CLASSROOM"

IN its issue of April 15, 1949, the Afrikaans paper *Die Suiderstem* printed an article upon a recently published pamphlet which had set out the policy of Christian-National Education.

The article was written by Professor M. C. Botha. For some years Professor Botha had been Secretary of the South African Department of Education; later he was appointed Rector of the University of Pretoria. He was one of those rare educationalists who could claim to be acquainted with both the general and the individual aspects of education.

I have before me [wrote Professor Botha] a pamphlet entitled *Christelik-nasionale onderwysbelied* [Christian-national education policy], compiled and distributed by the *Instituut vir Christelik-nasionale Onderwys* [Institute for Christian-national Education], which is apparently one of the organs of the Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Associations [FAK]. It is called a statement of policy, and its formulation took nearly ten years of work behind the scenes—which, after all is said and done, is quite a long time in which to hatch out an educational basilisk of this nature. For although the words Christian and national jostle each other on every one of the twenty or so pages—pretty words which represent pretty conceptions—one feels after a while that they are two eyes which want to poison our whole educational system with their gaze.

The Professor drew attention to a phrase in the foreword to the pamphlet which stated that the policy had been "approved by the whole of Afrikanerdom as far as it is represented in the FAK in articulate and organized form". Commenting on this, he said:

The executive of the ICNO [the Institute for Christian-National Education] consists of ten persons, one of whom is an able and learned educationalist from Potchefstroom, where there is a university college for Christian higher education, and a second educationalist, who is also professor, but at the University of Stellenbosch. The other eight consist of one barrister, one teacher, two professional politicians, and four theologians. The chairman of the FAK is evidently also a professor from Potchefstroom.[1] This is, to say the least of it, a most peculiar combination of people to undertake to draw up an education policy for the whole of Afrikanerdom without, as far as I can gather, consulting the education department, the universities, the teachers' associations, the other recognized educationalists

[1] Professor J. C. Van Rooy.

But, as they say, "they worked in quiet. . . ."

Professor Botha said that the policy would produce a system of Christian-national segregation. He deplored that there should be disputes about the interpretation of the words "Christian" and "national". He rejected wholly the interpretation given them in the pamphlet: "I find it un-Christian, because it is intolerant, unnational, and pitifully narrow." He denied that religious education had been neglected in South African schools or that their curriculum lacked a true expression of nationalism, challenging the writer of the introduction to the pamphlet, who stated that culture was absent and the Afrikaans school atmosphere culturally foreign.

In summing up the proposals made in the pamphlet, and the reasons given for them, Professor Botha concluded:

> The total impression which I have of them is that an attempt is here being made to place us, as far as church, religion and education are concerned, back in the Middle Ages. If these people succeed in the attempt we will get a twentieth-century Inquisition.[1]

The Introduction to the pamphlet on Christian-National Education was written by Professor J. C. Van Rooy, who, as has been noted, signed statements issued by himself as chairman of both the FAK and the Broederbond.

Professor Botha's article was not the only attention paid in South Africa to the policy of Christian-National Education.

Far from it.

Discussion has been rife ever since the pamphlet first appeared during 1948. Educationalists and teachers all over the Union were immediately engaged in the most bitter discussions ever known to attend the function of teaching in South Africa. From initial debate the argument developed, gaining national importance, until the whole of the teaching profession was involved from those who attend their scholars in classrooms in small dorps to university professors and the Department of Education. No teacher has been able to remain impartial. Christian-National Education split the hitherto quiet ranks of the teaching profession from top to bottom.

One of the sharpest and most foreboding attacks made upon the proposed policy was delivered by the *Opvoedingsbond* (Education League). This appeared in a pamphlet *Blueprint for Blackout*. It said that should the policy be made official

> in one generation South Africa will be spiritually destroyed. . . . This calamity has, we repeat, not yet happened. The policy is, at this moment of

[1] Addressing a teachers' conference in Cape Town during June 1949, Professor Botha called the policy "politically wrong and immoral", "getting away altogether from Christianity" in that it stressed nationalism at the expense of Christianity. *Rand Daily Mail*, July 2, 1949.

writing, still only a private policy. But for how long? Considering who its sponsors are, it may at any moment become law.

At the end of June 1949 a conference of the South African Teachers' Association, meeting at Queenstown, Cape Province, deemed the matter sufficiently important to make a number of resolutions. Released to the Press, the resolutions proclaimed that "This conference rejects and condemns the pamphlet on Christian-National Education. . . ." Although in favour of inculcating a true Christian spirit into school teaching, it regarded as unsatisfactory "the extremely narrow definition of Christian in the pamphlet". Although it supported the provision of a sound national sentiment for young people, it deprecated "the narrow definition of 'National' given in the pamphlet and the clearly stated purpose of its sponsors to keep separate at all costs the English and Afrikaans-speaking sections of the European population".[1]

In a publicly issued paper on *The Broederbond and Christian-National Education*, Dr. A. H. Jonker, Unionist M.P., feared that a bitter struggle was pending over the issue, because of the attempt to segregate all Afrikaans-speaking children; because of the misuse of the mother tongue (Afrikaans) education; and because of other provisions contained in the policy. He urged the Government to cast the policy back to its sponsors, saying, "Unless that is done a wave of fury will sweep the country and will be more bitter than any political feud of the past. It depends on the Government and the two Ministers who signed this document whether they will repudiate it or alternatively will set the whole country aflame."

Headmasters of schools in the Cape Province sent out pamphlets to the parents of their scholars during 1949. In April of that year a newspaper report stated that "the battle for the schools" had become real and earnest in the Transvaal.[2] Protest meetings against the policy were held in Natal. In the Free State the parents of English-speaking children were summoned into conference with the teachers. The reporter of a Johannesburg newspaper stated that leaders of English-speaking teachers had told him: "We are now reaping the result of ten years of insidious capturing of teachers' minds. The 'Christian-National' education policy is no longer an underground movement—it has come into the open and is being pressed by teacher adherents to the limit."[3]

Sufficient time has been spent on these references to informed opinion viewing the policy of Christian-National Education with alarm to indicate that the issue at stake is of no minor significance to the future of European South Africans.

[1] Reported in the *Rand Daily Mail*, July 1, 1949.
[2] Johannesburg *Sunday Times*, April 17, 1949.
[3] *Ibid.*

It will be recalled that in the document issued by Professor Van Rooy and Mr. I. Lombard, on behalf of the Broederbond on December 14, 1944, in reply to General Smuts' challenge, it was stated that only 33.3 per cent. of the Bond's membership were public servants and teachers.

Two known Broers were associated with the policy which awoke such misgivings among other educationalists. They were Dr. Dönges, Minister of the Interior, a member of the Directorate of the Institute for Christian-National Education, and Professor Van Rooy, who wrote the Foreword. Another known Broer, Dr. A. J. Stals, is Minister of Education in Dr. Malan's Nationalist Government.

What is this policy which has awakened such bitter dispute in a sphere where no such anger should occur?

Perhaps the best answer was that given to me by an Afrikaner—not a supporter of the Nationalist Party.

"You know the saying 'there's a fairy at the bottom of my garden'?" he said. "Christian-National Education means 'there's an ox-waggon at the bottom of your classroom'."

I have in front of me a translation of the policy of Christian-National Education. Published in Johannesburg in 1948, it gives the names of the directorate referred to by Professor Botha. They are Advocate G. F. de V. Hugo (Chairman), Mr. J. H. Greijbe (Vice-Chairman), Professor Dr. J. G. Meiring, Dr. T. E. Dönges, M.P., Professor Dr. J. Chris Coetzee, Rev. D. P. Laurie, Professor Dr. H. P. Wolmarans, Dr. E. G. Jansen, M.P.,[1] Dr. E. Greyling, and Rev. G. D. Worst.

The policy is headed by a dedication to all men and women who work for the education and upbringing of "the youth of our people" and wish to be true to the ideal of imparting what is good, beautiful and noble "in the past of our nation" and who help to build "the future of the Boer Nation on the root of our national history".

This beginning would appear to suggest that, as in the case of the 1944 document issued by the Broederbond, the use of some words has a different meaning for "Afrikaners" from what it has for "South Africans".

Undoubtedly the Introduction is intended to serve as an historical outline of how Christian-National Education came into being.

Having announced himself pleased to introduce the policy, Professor Van Rooy says that the ideal contained in the policy is not new to "us" (presumably its sponsors). He records that following "the Second War of Freedom",[2] CNO (Christelik-nasionale Onderwys)

[1] Minister of Native Affairs in Dr. Malan's Government.

[2] The South African War, 1899–1902. The first was the War of Independence, 1880–1.

41. Mr. P. O. Sauer, Nationalist Minister of Transport

schools were established in the Transvaal and Orange Free State to oppose the "purposeful Anglicizing" of children in British schools.

In CNO schools the soul of the Afrikaner nation lived in the children, he continued. The schools proved a severe financial drain on people impoverished by the war, but, in 1907, were handed to the State, when already "a second front" was developing to preserve the Afrikaner nation; this was the Second Language (Afrikaans Movement). In 1914 Afrikaans was recognized as a school subject. In 1920 it became a medium of instruction in schools, and in 1925 became the second official language of South Africa, equal with English.

Thereafter, said Professor Van Rooy, followed a decade of peace and steady growth in the language domain. Afrikaans literature increased; Afrikaans medium schools appeared throughout the Union: "It can be said with justice that quite a number of generations of children went through our mother-tongue schools without any disturbance." But in 1937–38, stated the Professor, "the old superannuated dual medium idea [the teaching of both languages in one school] was snatched at in an attempt to 'Anglicize' the Afrikaner children through instruction". The FAK immediately took action. In Bloemfontein on July 5–7, 1939, a Christian-National Education Congress was held, sponsored by the FAK. The Congress resolved on the foundation of an Institute for Christian-National Education. The Institute soon realized the need for an overall policy, setting to work "on the quiet". Ten years later, here was the policy.

After referring to "the first fruits" of victory won in 1914, and "further victories" which followed, and saying that "truly we have progressed", Professor Van Rooy said: "As a matter of fact we have gained very little. Afrikaans as a medium of instruction in a school atmosphere which is culturally foreign to our nation is like a clinking piece of metal and a sounding cymbal. The true cultural feeling is not yet there." Afrikaans schools must be Christian and National, "places where our children can be drenched and nursed in the Christian-National spiritual cultural belongings of our nation". Changes must be brought about. "We will not have any mixture of languages, any mixture of cultures, any mixture of religions, or any mixture of races."

The Introduction concludes with words which, once again, will strike a familiar chord in the ears of those who recall events in Europe during the period of 1933–39:

> Now let everyone accept this policy. Every parent, every man and woman, teacher and child, and in the light of this let us proceed with our labour in the interest of the education of our children, to the Honour of God, and for the benefit and blessing of people and fatherland.

The policy is in two parts. In the first the policy for lower and secondary education and "upbringing" are set out in nine articles. In

43. *Mr. Charles Te Water, South African Ambassador Extraordinary at Large*
44. *Dr. A. J. Stals, Nationalist Minister of Health, Social Welfare and Education*

the second part, in six articles, is given the policy as it relates to infant schools, higher education establishments, manual training, and education for adults.

The First Article affirms:

> We believe that the education and upbringing of the children of white parents must take place on the basis of the view of life and world outlook of the parents. For Afrikaans-speaking children this means that they must be brought up on the basis of the Christian-National view of life and world outlook of our nation.

This basis is founded on Holy Scripture and as set out in the articles of faith in the three Afrikaans Churches. It interprets "National" as meaning "love of everything which is our own": country, language, history and culture. Such principles as these inspire should be fully expressed in education: "the Nationalist must shoot out suckers on a Christian root".

Article 2 deals with education and upbringing, stating that Christian education means education and upbringing in the light of God's revelation in the creeds of the three Afrikaans Churches. This must be expressed in religious education, determining the spirit and direction of all other subjects, including the view of life and world outlook.

Article 3, on national education and upbringing, states that by "national" is implied the principle of love for one's own within the "Christian" principle, thereby giving the child a thorough introduction to its spiritual-cultural inheritance and possessions within the nation, in order that it may more faithfully treasure that inheritance. The school must be within the national life, gaining strength and inspiration from it.

Article 4, referring to the child and the Christian and National Education and Upbringing, says:

> We believe:
> (*a*) That God originally created man sound and good according to His own image, that is in true righteousness and holiness without sin so that he could rightly know and honour his Creator;
> (*b*) That man, through his own choice, fell into sin, through which the image of God in him was darkened to such an extent that he kept nothing over of it but just slight remains which are enough to take away all excuse from man; that through this fall into sin, sin by inheritance has penetrated through each succeeding generation and that the child, therefore as the object of the education and upbringing, is a sinful being and not one without sin;
> (*c*) That God made His covenant with the believing generations in

Christ Jesus out of free mercy and in the rebirth planted the germ of a new Christian life in the child; that this covenant of mercy runs in generations, and that therefore, in the deed of teaching, the child of believing Christian parents must be regarded as a believer and not treated like a heathen child;

(*d*) That God at the Creation placed in the person a living, eternal, active, self-responsible, self-conscious, goal-seeking principle, which is ordinarily called the spirit or soul of the person, by means of which he is distinguished from all other living beings, and which places the possibility of development before him;

(*e*) That in the child's condition of unripeness, his dependence, his ability to learn through experience, his docility and his imperfection, lies the possibility and necessity of all education and training;

(*f*) That apart from the common qualities which each child holds in common with all other children out of all nations, there are also the national qualities which must be known and respected.

Article 5 affirms that education and training lie in submission to the Word of God. This is the true aim of education, by which youth must be led to what is good, beautiful, and noble, "in the cultural possession of the nation". Only so can the individual know God and glorify Him. Only so can man subdue the earth and rule over it. This can only be properly taught in Christian-National schools.

Article 6 deals with what is referred to as the "tenor" of education and training. It contains six items. First, to gain Christian-National education, teaching must not be confined to a few subjects. Significantly the policy says:

> We believe that the spirit and tendency in which all subjects are taught must agree with the Christian and National view of life and world outlook; that is to say that every subject must be taught in the light of the Word of God, with emphasis on the scriptural principles concerning them; and that *no anti-Christian or un-Christian, or anti-National or un-National propaganda may be pushed forward in any subject.*[1]

Citizenship, Geography, and History are subjects which can be given the policy's interpretation. Secondly, religious teaching includes Biblical history and the Christian doctrine. This must be supported by parents, according to their creeds; for Afrikaans children, according to the teaching of the Afrikaans Churches. Hymns should be paid more attention. Thirdly, Afrikaans must be the language of teaching. Fourthly, the child must be moulded as a citizen. Fifthly, the sponsors believe that every people and every nation is "in its own soil" determined by the Creator and that every citizen should be acquainted with his country's appearance and must defend it if necessary. Sixthly, the teaching of history must be taught according to God's revelation and seen as the fulfilment of His plan. The sponsors state their belief that

[1] My italics.—H. G.

the "great antithesis" between the Kingdom of God in Christ Jesus and the kingdom of darkness appears everywhere in history. God gave each nation and people its especial characteristics and talents. Therefore the young must be equipped with this belief as their guide to interpreting history, fulfilling God's mission for it, and becoming a good citizen.

Article 7, on the method of teaching and discipline, states that teachers must study the child in order to gain its best efforts. Part Two of the same article states that discipline must be exercised; schoolteachers have an authority delegated to them by God.

Article 8, dealing with the control of education, comprises seven items. Firstly, no mixed schools are permissible: English-speaking children must be separated from Afrikaans-speaking children. Secondly, the home, the school, and the Church, must combine in instructing the child. Thirdly, the parents must bear their share of bringing up the child properly. Fourthly, the Church must aid the child directly and through its parents. The Church itself can establish schools only if the existing schools are "un-Christian and unnational" or exist "in the heathen world". Fifthly, the State must see that Christian-National Education is properly imparted and administered, but cannot interfere if the school obeys "the law of God" or is not harmful to the State. Sixthly, the school itself can decide without reference to Church or parents upon the method of education, syllabus, or school discipline. Seventhly, whereas original control of the school must reside in the hands of the parents, the Church exercising authority through the parents, and the State acting as adjudicator between teacher, parent, and Church, ultimately school committees should be formed.

Article 9 deals with the teacher, seeing him as substitute for the parent. He must be of unimpeachable character. He must be thoroughly trained in "Christian life and world outlook".

Part Two of this illuminating statement of policy comprises six articles.

The first deals with infant schools, outlining the same system of care and tuition for the youngest children at school. The second article refers to higher education and outlines a similar policy for universities. The third article states that, in relation to "technical colleges, industrial schools, reformatories, higher technical schools, higher domestic science schools, and schools for the special education of the deaf and blind and schools for bodily and mental defectives", the same Christian and National policies can be applied. Afrikaans should be the only medium, English-speaking students having their own schools. Religious education should be provided. Teachers should be Protestants and bi-lingual "South Africans".

The fourth article concerns adult education, which should be

imparted with due consideration to "cultural apartness" and for Afrikaans-speaking students of Christian-National "and world outlook of the Boer nation".

The fifth article concerns the education and training of Coloured people. This, states the policy, is "an accessory to the calling of the Afrikaner to Christianize the non-white races of our fatherland. *We accept the principle of trusteeship of the white man and by name the Afrikaner over the non-whites*".[1] As trustee, the Afrikaner must bear "the costly duty" of educating the Coloured person in the light of Christianity, which is the only way to ensure his happiness so that "he will be proof against his own heathenish and all kinds of other strange ideologies which promise him a sham happiness but at the end leave him unsatisfied and unhappy". The Coloured people can be made racially conscious "if the principle of apartness is strictly applied in education just as in his Church life". The method of instruction should be conducted in the Afrikaans language.

The article concludes: "The financing of Coloured education must be placed on such a basis that it will not happen at the cost of white education," a gay little idea.

The final article deals with the education and training of Natives.

The Native must be made Christian. To do this, his education and training "must be founded on the life and world outlook of the White man, more decidedly that of the Boer nation as the senior white trustee of the Native. . . ." Afrikaans must be the basis of the Native's instruction, but "the two official languages of the country must be learned as subjects. . . ."

The State, aided by the Christian-Protestant Churches, will control Native education. As soon as possible the Native should assume responsibility for his own education and training "but under the control and guidance of the State, with the understanding, however, that the financing of Native education must be placed on such a basis that it will not happen at the expense of White education". The goal of this aim is to establish an independent, self-supporting, self-maintaining, Native community (again the "principle of apartness") on a Christian-National basis.

The most cursory glance at the articles set out above provides ample reason for their having split the teaching profession of South

[1] My italics.—H. G.

Africa. Afrikaans teachers are told, in effect, to accept wholly or not at all. There is a black and there is a white. No half-tones are permitted by the policy. He must accept one or the other.

How easy it would be to discredit the whole tedious policy point by point! "Christian" does not mean Christian. It means only the Christianity contained within the creeds of the three Dutch Reformed Churches. "National" does not mean "the South African nation". It means only the Afrikaner, the Boer people. "History" is not history. It is the interpretation of history which is accepted by the same Churches, the same "Christians": the Afrikaner nation.

In every respect, at all times, the children of Afrikaner people are to be kept separate from all others in South Africa, including the children of English-speaking people and the descendants of the Huguenots, and instructed that they alone belong to "the nation" and have "the Christian faith". Indeed, as critics of the policy have said, the provisions are such that it claims to be able to give a Christian-National interpretation of algebra, arithmetic, art, music, science, and every other item in the scholastic curriculum from infancy to maturity. Life is either lived in the darkness of Satanic power or in the light of Christian truth—that is, the light of the creeds of the Dutch Reformed Churches. In that life only those who have inherited this "Christian" light can claim to be becoming free of the evil darkness, freed from the element of original sin within them at birth.

This does not read like honesty.

It reads more like the documents which have issued from other nations who have sought to pervert truth in order to claim greater devotion and allegiance from the rising generations, who have laid claim to having invented or produced the scientific discoveries, instruments, and great works of art, in order to give their young people reason to acclaim only their own nation and its leaders—not the struggling endeavours of all Mankind.

It reads like a political tract intended to deceive in order to gain support for a political party making its greatest bid to attain complete and lasting power over a people.

Afrikaner children are to be trained as Herrenvolk.

But this is not a charge which can be lightly laid against the sponsors of the policy of Christian-National education.

There is far more to this policy—as there is far more than meets the glancing eye alive for fresh evidence of the sorrows of Man—than political conniving.

Many men who belong to or support the organization which produced the policy, who make up the Nationalist Party, the Broederbond, and their allied organizations, are basically men of good faith. They act in full belief that they are right in what they do and have justification for every action. A right and justification which, in their belief, belongs solely to those who share their faith.

We must seek the cause for this belief if we are to do justice to those men in the Afrikaner nation who are indeed sincere.

To do so we must go back over the centuries, across the seas, to Europe in the 16th century.

Into the home of Gerard Calvin (or Cauvin), a notary-apostolic, and his wife Jeanne, daughter of a Cambrai innkeeper, on July 10, 1509, in Noyon, Picardy, was born a son: John Calvin.

At that time Europe was a pleasant place in which a child might be born. Emerged from the shifting turmoils of earlier centuries, the nations advanced in pomp and wealth. Lands prospered. Craftsmen flourished. Merchants did increasing business with neighbouring states. Only the fractious ambitions of petty princelings and boastful kings, plotting their personal aggrandisement, occasionally spoiled the general scene. Behind all stood the Church, the greatest unifying power in each country.

Little is known of Calvin's early life. He was led towards an ecclesiastical career and spent some time in a noble household. In May 1521, at the remarkably early age of eleven, he was appointed to a chaplaincy in Noyon cathedral, and earned the tonsure. Two years later he became an out-student at the Collège de la Marche, in Paris, and later went on to the Collège de Montaigu, for ecclesiastical studies. In 1528 he left Paris for Orleans to study law, continuing to Bruges the following year. On the death of his father in 1531 he went to Paris, then the centre of "the new learning" which was ousting mediaeval scholasticism from the university. After retracing his steps to Orleans and Noyon, he settled in Paris in 1533. His companions in those years were mostly men favouring the new learning.

During the spring of 1532 and winter of 1533 Calvin gained what he referred to as his "sudden conversion", which he attributed to Divine agency. One of his friends, Nicolas Cop, Rector of the university, made an oration which defended the reformed opinions upon religion, notably that of justification by faith alone. Cop, summoned to appear before the Parliament of Paris, to answer for his speech, fled to Basle. Calvin was also sought and fled to Noyon. When proceedings against him were dropped, he returned to Paris, then went to Angoulême, as guest of a canon of the cathedral, at the beginning of 1534, and in May, having made up his mind, he resigned his chaplaincy at Noyon, his rectorship at Pont l'Eveque, and finally broke with the Church of Rome. He was arrested and sent to prison for two short periods, the charges against him not being pressed.

Calvin then set off along the road and from that time onward became the leader of those in France who supported the reformed doctrines. His life was continually in danger as the argument between the Church of Rome and its opponents gained strength. Despite this,

Calvin was judged "the most Christian man of his time". To escape the dangers surrounding him, Calvin went to Switzerland, to Basle.

In 1540 there appeared the earliest French edition of his work *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, which he had written some years before, in Latin, while incensed at slanders cast against the reformed party in France. The work had only six chapters and set out a scheme, traditional in form, for religious teaching: (1) The Law, as set out in the Ten Words, (2) Faith (as given in the Apostles' Creed), (3) Prayer, (4) The Sacraments, (5) False Sacraments, (6) Christian Liberty.

A number of other works followed the *Institutes*. He was made welcome in Geneva, which had broken from Rome, though on account of a political rebellion against the Duke of Savoy. Most Genevans lacked knowledge of the new teaching. In association with Farel, Calvin drew up a statement of the new Christian doctrine. At the same time he and his associates deemed it advisable to establish schools throughout the city to enlighten the people and devised means to enforce that they be attended. Calvin believed that all teaching should be given a religious significance. Without religion as the guiding spirit in each subject, equipping the individual in every aspect of life for awareness of the white light of Christian truth as opposed to the clustering shadows of Satanic evil, he could envisage no *true* education. To strengthen these precepts, Calvin drew up a catechism of Christian doctrine which the teachers included as an obligatory part of their school curricula.

The Roman Church, with its pageantry and pomp, its love of elaborate rituals, most evidenced on festival days when churches blazed with colour and were bathed in incense and an increasing torrent of song, produced another effect upon Europe. Kings and princes evolved more elaborate rituals and festivities to surround their thrones upon occasions of State importance.

To adherents of the reformed faith, it appeared that both the Roman Church and more temporal princes were combining in a tolerance of each other's opulence which, with its flash of colour, its song, and parade of earthly magnificence and power, could only blind the unfortunate truth-seeking man of the time to inner truths of Mankind's plight. Honesty, the true acceptance of ultimate realities connected to Man in his fall from grace, appeared to be on the point of being swept aside in order to enjoy ephemeral pleasures of the senses. This might be, it probably was, devils' work, decided Calvin. To combat the perils such practices enjoined, he and his associates insisted upon an extreme austerity of both religious conduct in their churches and in the conduct and equipment of their personal lives. Naturally enough, the teachers at their schools in Geneva instructed their pupils in the spiritual reason for this attitude.

In short, Calvin's life-work was to seal off the holes and breaks in the dam wall which the reformer Luther had flung up to check the

uninterrupted flow of the flood-waters of Roman Catholicism which streamed through Europe. He widened the gap between what he and his colleagues saw as mere formal lip-service to Christianity made by the Roman Church and gave, to the Lutheran challenge to interpretation and witness of Christian mysteries, a hard core of organized faith, reaching from an established Church into the personal "world outlook" of its adherents.

Probably no better summary of Calvinism has ever been given than that voiced by J. A. Froude, the historian, when addressing students of St. Andrew's University, Edinburgh, in March 1871. Froude saw much to admire in Calvinist principles. He preferred their personal application of Christian principles to the interpretation of those principles when voiced by the Catholics:

> Calvinism [he said] as it existed at Geneva, and as it endeavoured to be wherever it took root for a century and a half after him, was not a system of opinion, but an attempt to make the will of God as revealed in the Bible an authoritative guide for social as well as personal direction. Men wonder why the Calvinists, being so doctrinal, yet seemed to dwell so much and so emphatically on the Old Testament. It was because in the Old Testament they found, or thought they found, a divine example of national government, a distinct indication of the laws which men were ordered to follow, with visible and immediate punishments attached to disobedience.[1]

In a footnote to this summary, contained in the published edition of the address, Froude added: "In burning witches the Calvinists followed their model too exactly: but it is to be remembered that they really believed these poor creatures to have made a compact with Satan."

Froude's reference to punishment is concerned with Calvin's insistence, during an ecclesiastical dispute in 1538, that in order to maintain proper authority and discipline, a system of church parishes would be made, from which excommunications could be permitted on the authority of elders chosen by a council associated with the clergy.

The Calvinists approved more than the burning of witches: it may be recalled that it was the principles of the faith which animated the more exacting clerics of later centuries, notably the Puritans and such men as Cromwell and the Scots divine, John Knox. On one notable occasion, Calvin was responsible for the burning of a critic. It was directly at his insistence that one of his severest opponents, Michael Servatus, was arraigned for blasphemy, condemned, and burnt to death. As Froude told the students of St. Andrew's: "The Calvinists called the eye within us the Inspiration of the Almighty." This Inspiration demanded the courage to inflict the utmost in punishment upon those who proved most ferociously intractable to the Calvinist faith. Calvin believed himself justified in administering such punishment in

[1] *Short Studies of Great Subjects*, by J. A. Froude. Vol. II, p. 53.

order to preserve untainted his Divinely-granted knowledge of ultimate truth.

This was the interpretation of Christianity which the Afrikaners took to the burning veld and torturous mountain ranges of South Africa. This was the faith which the Boer farmer, isolated from his fellows, found in the Bible which accompanied him in his wanderings and which, from daily acquaintance and contemplation on the Sabbath, animated his husbandry of the land in which he believed himself to have been planted by the hand of God. Whatever trials and disasters he and his family endured, it was his source of endurance, often the sole remaining guide by which he might find renewed strength to continue his endeavours. Half-way through the 20th century it provides the core for all policies with which the more ardent Calvinist Afrikaners propose to remake South Africa, and the model upon which those policies, including Christian-National Education, are based.[1]

It is also the means by which Dr. Malan's administration hopes to influence all other parts of the African Continent.

That this restatement has been no pointless digression is abundantly clear. It has been necessary in order to explain why the National Party is engaged upon some undertakings, and to see what justifies them and whither they may lead. These men are not necessarily Fascist or Nazi by intention. They have not suddenly called into being a Valhalla of warrior gods, a pantheon of dieties who bless their weapons and can be said to lead them forth into bloody conflicts for personal aggrandizement. It is therefore a greater tragedy that the ultimate end of their ambition may produce precisely the same result as though they were indeed Fascist and their aim to conquer ruthlessly and without regard for their fellow humans.

Before commenting upon points connecting Calvinism to present-day Calvinists in the Union, some minor items are not without significance in the way in which the creed is being applied.

Calvin's interest in establishing schools which provided the young with a careful indoctrination of his creed's principles is the basis of Christian-National Education.

It is not yet an official policy in Dr. Malan's South Africa.

At a joint congress of the ICNO[2] and HNP[3] held at Pretoria on November 17, 1948, a professor of Pretoria University sought to pass a resolution urging the Government to introduce changes in the system of education to conform with the policy of Christian-National Education. *Apartheid*, he argued, would be useless unless the policy

[1] In July 1949 a conference of the Dutch Reformed Churches on social evils, convened in Johannesburg, "noted with approval" Dr. Malan's declaration that the Nationalist Government acknowledged God's guidance in governing South Africa.

[2] Institute for Christian-National Education.

[3] Dr. Malan's Reunited Nationalist Party.

was operated. To illustrate his point, he held up a copy of the booklet containing the policy, saying he was sure that everybody present was acquainted with it.

Oddly, Broederbond member Dr. A. J. Stals, Minister of Education, pleaded ignorance of its contents, a strange plea for the man most responsible to the Government for the conduct of education in the country, a Broer, and a practising Calvinist.

"I must unfortunately plead ignorance of the contents of the FAK booklet," he said, "so I am not in a position to talk about it. We are in duty bound to give our children a Christian education." Dr. Stals told the congress that only higher education establishments came under the Government. It would hurt the feelings of others if he accepted the resolution as it stood, and it was wrong at such a time "to antagonize certain provinces". He could not decide anything which fell within the scope of the provincial authorities. The congress then changed the wording of the resolution to "urge the authorities concerned" to make the alteration. It may be understood, however, that there will be those who are not content to let the matter remain in such a vague position.

Naturally, the Sabbath is rightly revered by all Calvinists as a day when the world should be ignored in contemplation of Scriptural teaching.

During May 1949 the Minister of Justice, Mr. Swart, startled South African sportsmen by indicating that he intended to ban Sunday sport. Newspaper correspondents understood that he intended to invoke the Transvaal Republic's 1896 Sunday Observance Act, by which the authorities were empowered to "break up gatherings of desecrators of the Sabbath who indulge in games, gambling, dog- and cock-fights, races and betting, and arrest all players and organizers". Leading sportsmen protested vigorously against the suggestion being carried into effect, many arguing that for some Sunday was the only day possible to indulge in exercise.

Mr. Swart immediately notified the Press that his intention had been misunderstood. He intended to ban only competitive organized sport "where charges for admission were made or where there was pecuniary benefit to the organizers or participants". His assurance caused the fears to die down—except for some Native sport associations. An official of the Non-European Affairs Department told a representative of the *Johannesburg Star* that "all Native football in town on Sundays is organized with a 'gate'. The money taken is used to pay expenses. If the ban was enforced it would wipe out Native football because the players cannot pay for their equipment themselves. . . . Johannesburg is already much troubled by large numbers of Natives walking the streets on Sundays with nothing to do."[1] This action of Calvinism would therefore appear to have its most dire effect upon those who have no money with which to indulge in luxury

[1] *Johannesburg Star*, May 18, 1949.

pastimes. It is doubtful whether there are sufficient Calvinist-guided churches in South Africa to house them should they be minded to attend.[1]

These instances are among the many which point to a significant question.

Is there, as many claim, and as the Nationalist Party by its policies is seeking to demonstrate, a true similarity between Calvin and his associates and themselves in 20th century South Africa?

Immediately that question is put many notable differences spring forward into brightest light.

Despite the issues of the Afrikaner's history in South Africa, he is not facing powerful religious enemies who claim the right to burn heretics. It may be claimed that this is only a matter of degree, that some Afrikaners have in the past endured equal tragedy. But, as we are questioning the wisdom of their actions upon a higher level than that of a purely political plane, it may be pointed out with some justification that the reason for past tragedies has not been inspired by a conflicting spiritual belief operating malignantly against them and their faith. With their belief that everything in life is either good or evil they will not accept that what the past contained were tragic accidents of human nature which led men of goodwill on every side to commit folly: they will not even accept that they too were in error. This is a philosophic viewpoint alien to the Nationalist and allied Calvinists. Yet it is the belief of almost all other White South Africans. This viewpoint they should not quickly deride. If the emergence of their Calvinist faith in its new social power means that they insist upon their supremacy over all other White South Africans, and may, however paternally, sit in judgment upon them, then they may well unite all others against them: for they are obviously more Nationalist than Christian; many Calvinists do not share their political opinions. The resultant chaos to the whole White population in Africa cannot be disregarded. More than once the emergence of an authoritarian credo has united all other peoples against its boasts and stringencies, resulting in bloody conflict for all men, guilty and innocent alike.

Another point is that John Calvin was not a professional politician. Indeed, at the time of his life, professional politicians as they are known today did not exist: the rulers were the Church, the kings and princelings, and the associations of dukes who worked out their schemes round the thrones of Europe. The large political advances of individual freedom and responsibility as citizens of a State came with the evolution of the merchant class, then only beginning, and with the introduction of industrial communities.

Afrikaners may argue that socially South Africa is today in a similar position to Europe in the 16th century, indicating the large Native

[1] The Rev. A. Meiring, of the Dutch Reformed Church, a member of the Commission for Public Morals, stated: "The Dutch Reformed Church will be jubilant about the ban. . . . All forms of sport are discouraged by the Afrikaans churches on Sunday. . . ." *Johannesburg Star*, May 18, 1949.

population in its state of undevelopment and only recent advances made in transforming the country from a pastoral and agriculture country into a land where the rise of powerful cities is creating a merchant class and the wheels of industry are churning over the veld and along the shores of the blue Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

Yet the rest of White humanity has advanced. Political and social developments have progressed. Men may worship as they please in most countries. South Africa cannot live to itself alone, but must advance in the general light of world understanding and progress.

The Afrikaner cannot suddenly tell a man who does not share his faith that he is wrapped in Satanic darkness: other men with whom he, the Afrikaner, is in contact are, in the main, men of good intention and faith, desirous only of peace. If, then, the Afrikaner is also a professional politician, it is extremely unlikely that he will be believed, his pleas of Divine right will awaken only resentment.

What will be the position of Afrikaner women married to English-speaking South Africans? What of English-speaking women who have married Afrikaners? What of their children? Are families to be told that one of their members lacks true light? Are children to be set against one or other parent—as they were in Nazi Germany? Does the "Eye of Inspiration" justify the anguish which this will cause to homes throughout the Union? Is any professional politician, seeking votes, reforming the common roll in a bid to strengthen his party's position, entitled to introduce such evils into any community, Christian or otherwise? Are Roman Catholics who have abandoned the burning of witches—Jews who have fled from other tortures in Europe[1]—to be thus treated and reduced to impotence merely because they honestly hold a different faith from that of the Calvinist-Nationalist Afrikaner? Are these Afrikaners really willing to assume the awful consequences of clasping to their bosoms this creed of God-inspired authoritarianism?

These are only a few of the questions which, we may be sure, the average Afrikaner has not fully contemplated or understood. Indeed, he has not been asked to do so. He has been invited only to accept the principles laid down, to follow the lead of others, and to find the measure of reason for his so doing in (1) the supposition that God has willed the right for their actions, and (2) the hatred of those who have, in the past, he is told, persecuted him and his people.

A third difference between Calvin and his present-day followers in South Africa is that the issues he fought were waged between Europeans. It is the leaders of Afrikaner Calvinism who face the problem introduced by the African Native. It is therefore the Nationalists who introduced the policy of "apartness", or *apartheid*, though they claim that in so doing they were only applying their faith.

[1] The Nationalists' anti-Semitism in the 1930s cannot be ignored, neither can Dr. Malan's attempt to ban Jewish refugees in 1937 as prohibited immigrants, nor the Nationalist attack on the late Jan Hofmeyr for pitying them in their plight.

Undoubtedly, they will argue that "the ends justify the means" of their actions.

Such an opinion is likely to encounter considerable opposition.

What will be the end of the policy of Christian-National education? The Afrikaner Nationalists believe it will mean that the Afrikaner nation will prosper by coming into its divinely-appointed own and whosoever else accepts this belief will be content under the benevolent rule of a Nationalist government, the future of South Africa worked out in godly contentment as the soul strives for a return to its place before the fall of man.

It would be interesting to know how many of them know the story of Robert Wringhim. Robert, a young Scot who belonged to "the community of the just upon earth", a small Scottish sect, with beliefs not dissimilar from those of the Calvinists, put on the armour of the Lord and sallied forth to do justice to his faith. On the very same day, in a wood, Robert met someone who looked remarkably like himself. With this other being, he had a long discussion upon theology and his own "rightness", particularly about the doctrine which holds that man is damned or saved in the scale of God's wisdom before he is born. After some time they were on to the theme that it does not matter what a man does, what sins or evils may be undertaken, provided that he belongs to the elect of God. This, the other person told Robert, included murder which was undertaken under "the commission of heaven". Fired by this belief given him by the stranger, who gave his name as Gil-Martin, Robert Wringhim used a small golden pistol which the stranger gave him, to kill off a divine who did not share their beliefs, and later, with a sword, stabbed his brother to death through the back. Remorse afflicted him, but Gil-Martin assured him that his crimes did not matter; they were already absolved because he was the chosen of God. Reassured, Robert then murdered his mother and his sweetheart and finally, assured by Gil-Martin that he was absolved for doing so, hanged himself. Dying, his thoughts were: "I have done all for the best, and as I was prompted, by one who knew right and wrong much better than I did." What Robert did not know was that Gil-Martin was Satan.

The story is not real, of course. It was a story entitled *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, written in 1824, by James Hogg. It was aimed at those who sought to maintain the Calvinist belief in Scotland, precisely that philosophy which is now attempting to segregate, dominate, and order the affairs of South Africa. The end, as for Robert Wringhim, may be disastrous.

But there are other European South Africans. The largest community is the English-speaking people. What about them, to whom one South African referred, at the time of the Citizenship Bill debate, as "second-class ostriches"?

XXV

SECOND-CLASS OSTRICHES

THE title of this chapter may lead some to assume that comment is about to be made on the South African Citizenship Bill, introduced into the House of Assembly in June 1949. Such comment would be legitimate, for many strange things surrounded the introduction of the Bill. There was, for example, Dr. Malan's amazing words, spoken the previous June, following the General Election which made him Prime Minister, that "we have come into our own where once we were strangers in our own country; today we feel at home in our fatherland". This statement was amazing because it ignored the fact that from the date of Union, 38 years before, all South African Prime Ministers had been Afrikaans-speaking and their Cabinets and House of Assembly had been largely composed of Afrikaans-speaking members. The connection between these words and the subsequent Bill is obvious, as were many other utterances and events which occurred during the same period.

But it would be wrong to assume that a comment upon the Bill, as many Nationalists may expect that an Englishman would automatically comment upon it, is about to be made. The issue of citizenship status within the Union concerns chiefly if not exclusively those who reside in the country. Our purpose is to notice the Bill's appearance and some of the events connected with it as incidents in the larger pattern of South African life. Here we may legitimately note that it was Dr. Malan himself who originally introduced the two-year period of qualifying residence before citizenship should be claimed. It was his Minister of the Interior, Dr. Dönges, who introduced the five-year probationary period after which citizenship can be given but may be later taken away. Every politician is privileged to change his mind about the conduct of his country's affairs; vast differences exist between the time when others are in office and when he assumes control.

The debate itself was one of the most bitter ever heard in Cape Town. Some of the comments made during its course have an interest wholly apart from the Bill itself. Many do not appear to carry any direct connection with the Bill or its provisions.

For example, there was the observation by Dr. Van Rhyn (Nationalist Member for Bethlehem, OFS) that immigrants were "imported condensed milk".

There were some not unamusing personalities indulged in by Major Van Der Byl (Unionist Green Point) who observed that the Minister of Economic Affairs; (Mr. Eric Louw) was "so pleased with himself

and his head so swollen with his own hot air, that we have to give him diver's boots to keep his feet on the ground", who told another member that "the hon. gentleman's face is enough to make even milk turn sour", and capped it, when Mr. G. F. H. Bekker (Nationalist; Cradock) made an inaudible comment, with "I hear another bleat from the old sheep farmer." Major Van Der Byl did not get it all his own way. The Minister of Lands (Mr. J. G. Strydom) told the gallant Major that he was a monkey, for which he received the retort: "The Hon. Minister is in error. I am not a member of the Cabinet."

Several Nationalist Members told Mrs. Ballinger (Native Representative; Cape Eastern) that she was talking rubbish. Even Dr. Malan interjected a few wry comments. The Speaker was continually calling for order. Indeed, despite the measure under discussion, several Members appeared to be enjoying themselves in robust parliamentary fashion. The *House of Assembly Debates* (Nos. 19–21 of the Tenth Parliament, Second Session) show evident appreciation on both sides of the House of the opportunities of the democratic form of government introduced into South Africa from Britain.

Alas, some members affected other sentiments. Some were agog to more than voices echoing within the House. A few were heeding the stealthy footfalls of intrigue, possibly straining every other sense for a rattle of ghostly chains and the tortured scream. One of these would appear to be Mr. A. Steyn (Nationalist; Kroonstad), who announced during the debate that he had received a large number of telegrams on the issues under debate.

> . . . I received them from the Broederbond of that Party [the Unionist Opposition], from the Sons of England [said Mr. Steyn]. I received them from the Ossewabrandwag of the Party, the Caledonian Society; and I received them from the Gestapo of that Party.

The Sons of England, to which Mr. Steyn referred, is a cosy little organization, as dangerous as a glass of tepid water and as secret as a thunderstorm.

During my travels around South Africa I met, to my knowledge, two of the Sons. Within five minutes of meeting one, I asked if I might see a copy of the society's constitution, and was immediately handed one. I also asked whether I might see any periodical which was published, and was given two copies of its monthly magazine, *The Patriot* (in which, as might be expected of any paper produced by English-speaking people, 25 of its 52 pages were occupied by advertisements; watch-makers, cake-makers, the Red Cross, hotels, chemists, boot and shoe makers, dry cleaners, and grocers). Nothing in either indicates the secret ambitions of malignant schemers desirous of claiming the know-how with the Almighty or of preventing all South Africans of European

extraction from working together as equal standing for the advancement of the Union.

Membership, not unnaturally, is composed of first generation Englishmen and their male descendants, and provides that the son of an English mother and British father (English, Welsh, Scottish, Irish, Manx, or Channel Islander) may swell the ranks.

It may be possible that some Afrikaner Nationalists may chance upon this present work. If they expect a long diffuse argument to justify this organization, they are doomed to disappointment. The society is justified by itself and its own history.

It was originally founded in Toronto, December 12, 1847. The first South African society was inaugurated at Uitenhage,[1] Cape Province, in December 1881. I am not (at the behest of any other) inclined to apologize for the foundation of such a society, whose subtitle is "Patriotic and Benevolent Society", during the last century. Conditions operative or existing at that time do not exist in the present century. If it be argued that the foundation of the society or its appearance in South Africa was a mistake, I have still no intention of indulging in any evasions. No people has ever been without error or mistake—not since "the fall of Man"—and to indulge in pointless evasions would be to indulge in recriminations.

Beyond question, the Sons of England was founded to keep alive the spirit of the country from which its members had set forth to dwell in other countries, in a particular historic phase of their parent country, and, it may be remembered, occasionally among people who made them unwelcome and combined to prevent them ever feeling more than strangers, preventing them from becoming accepted citizens of their new country. As a body the Sons have sought to minimize the effects to a family if the breadwinner has fallen amid the strangenesses, the climatic and other hazards, of an unknown country. The English-speaking people are not the only people to have had such an organization.

If the ultimate in truth be required that the Sons of England in South Africa is not a malignant body for South Africans, it may be recalled that it and all English-speaking people there have not sought an English-speaking Prime Minister in the country since Union, and that the Broederbond came into being, achieved growth, and now sits in control, while the Sons' organization has been in existence.

The name and objects of the Sons of England Society define that it be known as "the Sons of England Patriotic and Benevolent Society"; that it shall have a central headquarters; and that its objects are (1) to bring together South African citizens of English birth or descent for their mutual benefit and support; (2) maintain equal rights and opportunities for English-speaking South Africans and recognize that

[1] Locally pronounced as Yout-en-hag, occasionally (chiefly by visiting Americans) as You-tin-a-ge, and reputedly Ate-en-ha-her.

46. The Botha Statue and Union Buildings, Pretoria

English is the official language in the Rhodesias; maintain South Africa within the British Commonwealth; foster English traditions and ideals in a "common South African Nationhood"; promote amity, peace and unity among citizens of all races in Africa; and raise funds for benevolent purposes.

Gestapo? Broederbond? Menace to South Africa? This innocuous, tepid little body, which believes in fostering English ideals and traditions only in "a common South African Nationhood"?

So much time is being devoted, and will still be devoted, by Afrikaner Nationalists to the Sons of England that we are entitled to ask the questions before, as seems likely, attempts are made to outlaw the body.[1] Evidence is already appearing that the Nationalists intend to try to persuade "the Sons" to go on their knees and beg forgiveness for belonging to a body of ungodliness, not recognized by those bathed in the light of Calvinist righteousness. Yet nowhere in the stated objects of the Sons, and they are all stated above, is there any talk of "a whip-hand", of gaining control of all South Africa, or of demanding that Afrikaners be forced to accept "the Sons'" edicts in order to be proven worthy men.

Particular exception is taken by Nationalists to the object which seeks to maintain South Africa within the British Commonwealth, a clause dating from 1881 when the Commonwealth implied something (this point is covered in the following chapter). The late Jan Hofmeyr, General Smuts' second-in-command of the Unionist Party, used to say that Nationalists should be judged by their behaviour during the war, not by words used and promises made when seeking friends. The same may be applied to the history of Sons of England. They have not noticeably impeded the growth of the Broederbond or fought with remarkable energy and fury to keep South Africa within the Commonwealth. On the contrary, their very placidity has helped South Africa nearer to being driven from the Commonwealth.

It is one thing for Mr. Steyn in his assumption of righteous and political foreboding in the House to cry "Wolf!" He has to prove, as have the several others—all associated with the Nationalists—that the beast prowling near the door carries a label "Property of the Sons of England". The New Order, the Fascist form of government so admired by Nationalists, may yet have to adopt another Hitlerian move, by suggesting that members of "the Sons" are conspiring against South Africa (which will then mean the Nationalists) and must therefore be outlawed. And the Sons, unversed in such political chicanery as has been witnessed in Europe in the past 20 years, will undoubtedly apologize and accept the edict, hoping thereby to avoid disaster for their families and keep some expression of being true South Africans which their children may treasure.

[1] Since the foregoing was written Dr. Malan has asked that the Sons be investigated—and then the Broederbond can be investigated; in Johannesburg, September 6, 1949.

It is difficult to imagine the Sons taking any other course. They have already started upon such a road by allowing their membership to lapse. One of the two Sons whom I talked with affirmed he could not afford to lose business for his store by antagonizing Afrikaner Nationalists. In Europe this attitude was associated with the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain, a goodly man who, at the last, died heartbroken because the latitude he afforded to the authoritarian dictators of Germany and Italy plunged Europe into war. The word used then was "appeasement". And the dictators then alive employed every appeasement to increase the power of their whip-hand.

The question which arises is why the Sons, and the remainder of the English-speaking people, have allowed such a situation to develop, have permitted it to reach its present stage.

An answer is not difficult to find.

The English-speaking creature is no politician. He is inclined to be bored and uninterested in the conduct of government. His ambitions in life are to gain stability for his work or business and to devote his leisure to the games he adores in which balls of varying weights and sizes are pushed around amid rousing huzzas (or in any other way he wishes). Politics is of little import to him. He does his work, conducts his private life as he wishes, and, politically, to employ that most English of all phrases, "hopes for the best". He hopes for the best in the conduct of business, national and international; in the restrictions of his right to speak his mind; in the behaviour of others at home and in other countries; and in the conduct of national affairs representing him as a citizen to other countries. Politics and the conduct of most social affairs he leaves to chaps interested in such things or his womenfolk. He is too busy with office or workshop, balls or gardens, car and carpentry.

Thus it is that when disaster threatens he prefers to ignore it and leave everything to the politicians who represent him, and at whom he grouses far more angrily than at those who oppose them. Only finally, as was said by one historic personage who had reason to know, does he wake up, in time to "lose all battles except the last". By then his blood is up, his ire is mounted, arrayed for battle, and the struggle is on. Even then he hopes for the best, that his opponents will conduct their warfare honourably and accept the outcome of the struggle, which he, the English-speaking individual, never doubts.

Such a mentality is admittedly deplorable. Every adult should ensure that he is properly represented by his governmental appointees. The English-speaking people are not alone, they never have been, in leaving such concerns to others, including those subsequently proven madmen, careerists, charlatans, megalomaniacs, and criminals of varying shades. But such a mentality has its qualities. It never seeks the

whip-hand and quickly loses its interest in burning witches. These oddities it also leaves to others, usually proven fanatics in the long run —another reason for "hoping for the best".

The digression is not without point. It has bearing upon South Africa during the tenancy of Dr. Malan's government.

English-speaking peoples are daily watching more and more difficulties placed in the path of their ever gaining honourable status as South African citizens. They are acquainted with the known history of the Broederbond. They are alive to the fact that the Nationalist Government Acts are whittling away their newly-arrived relatives' chances of settling in South Africa in honourable circumstances. They even watch the Nationalists applauding an attempt to inculcate into Afrikaner children a belief that they belong to a Divinely-ordained Herrenvolk, which can mean only that their own children, not inspired by the creed or the same racial group, will become tolerated citizens lacking in the ultimate of Afrikaner perfection.

Hoping for the best, the Sons send telegrams to politicians. They compromise. The word spoken, the telegram sent, sufficient has been done.

Occasionally telegrams and the Sons' other protests as a body are delayed. The Citizenship Bill was well advanced in debate when newspapers printed the Sons' protest. It was useless, vapid in wording, devoid of any political significance worthy of attention.

More significant were meetings organized in Cape Town, Durban, Johannesburg, and elsewhere, in city halls and on the steps of city and council buildings.

The conduct of the Johannesburg meeting on June 16 was fairly representative. The meeting was held during the lunch hour. It had been called by the Mayor, Mr. S. P. Lee, following a petition by English-speaking citizens. After reading a resolution (to which there were five dissentients in a crowd reported as numbering several thousands), Mr. Lee removed his mayoral chain to protest against the Bill as "a plain citizen". The resolution read: "We, citizens of Johannesburg, register our strongest protest against the Citizenship Bill now being rushed through Parliament. We are completely in favour of our South African citizenship being enhanced in prestige, but we object to the present legislation, which : (1) Breaks the moral obligation to all immigrants who have come here recently from Britain on the understanding that they would be Union nationals after two years, but who now, under this proposed Act, would have to wait a further three years and may even then be refused citizenship at the discretion of the Minister; and (2) will make everyone not born in South Africa (irrespective of their length of domicile) a citizen by registration, likely to have this citizenship withdrawn at any time."

Other organizations held protest meetings—the British Empire Service League, similar to the British Legion in that it is an ex-Serviceman's association, and its women's branch; the South African League of Women Voters, the Civil Rights League, the Springbok Legion, and others—and sent telegrams. These telegrams were of lasting interest. Almost all agreed that instead of being classified as "Union nationals" they should be known henceforward as "South African citizens", which was as the Government proposed, but urged that the Bill be referred to a Select Committee for discussion before appearing in the House of Assembly.

Many bodies sent telegrams, not only the Sons of England. All were disregarded, utterly and *in toto*. The Nationalists had made up their mind.

There is therefore no reason to assume that either the Sons or the Caledonian Society will, officially, do more than watch themselves being gradually reduced to the status of second-class citizens.

Before the English-speaking South African stretches a grim vista. He may appease the Nationalist to the utmost. He may leave the country, accept being forced out, which, from foregoing indications, is what the Broederbond would desire. If he, as an individual, refuses to go or refuses to appease to the utmost, he is given no alternative but to seek individual expression for his disagreement with the Nationalist treatment of himself and his fellows.

Evidence is already available that even should the Nationalists relent, bodies such as the Ossewa-Brandwag and the Broederbond will pursue their ambitions. If successful, their aims can result only in creating an identical position for English-speaking South Africans. "Following the failure of the Prime Minister, Dr. Malan, to obtain a Republic for South Africa at the London conference in [1949], the Ossewa-Brandwag will continue unabated its work in the direction which will lead to the establishment of a Republic," announced an official statement from OB headquarters in Pretoria after Dr. Malan's return from London. (A National comment on the London Conference was: "While Malan fiddled, Nehru got a Republic.")

Increasingly the fissure will appear. As yet only the first cracks are appearing in the social ground. South Africans are as familiar with the sight of dongas as they are with the sight of Dönges, as one Afrikaner commented.

From evidence already provided by their actions, and from comment on the Sons of England, it is useless for Nationalists to say from this time forward that it is English-speaking South Africans who have produced this widening chasm. They have antagonized the Natives. They are antagonizing the Coloured people. They have antagonized the English-speaking community. They are antagonizing their fellow-

Afrikaners and fellow-worshippers who do not share their opinions (simultaneously with the Government's actions against English-speaking citizens came the announcement that the Dutch Reformed Church will conduct an inquiry into the Broederbond's nature, operation, and tendency). Upon the narrow pinnacle of their own flaunting ambition they stretch out hands to the sky and proclaim its Mystery as their own, heedless of the convulsions already shaking their perch.

And below . . . there are the English-speaking people, playing their games, learning how to avoid the tactless comments which offend lively Nationalist hypersensitivities, playing with less happiness in a weaker sunshine, but still "hoping for the best". This can be said: the English-speaking people in South Africa are almost guiltless in what is happening, and will happen, there. None of them is actively wrong. The trouble with a number is that they are inactively good, too often heedless of their historic responsibilities and opportunities as citizens of the greatest association of free nations that this world will ever know.

XXVI

OUBAAS AND U.P.

DRAMA pays better dividends in politics than does any other quality. No logic, no reason, no laudable intention, pays so well as do the ranting voices, bangings on a big drum, banners, jack-boots, blood-brotherhoods, and sensational political trials. The latter alone stimulate wide devotion. He who seeks progress through democracy and good citizenship may freeze to death, but he who becomes a professional neurotic, who screams and bellows of the injustices he is suffering, who insults everybody who does not agree with him—he has high hopes of becoming a Prime Minister, a saviour of his country. In a highly emotional age the truly smart, truly astute politicians trim their party programme to lines which give them a chance to emote. The aspiring politician who cannot bring himself to cry at an appropriate time, "To the barricades!" or "So-and-so is a snivelling, yelping, cowardly cur whose home is in the gutter with other refuse," had better go back to a quieter job: he will never be a success as an orator or statesman.

Because of the fierce drama of the Nationalist Party, the quiet, able, democratically-inspired men of the United South African Party, the U.P., appear quite incorrectly to be insignificant because they do not deliberately whip up emotion. This is not their true failing. That lies in their attempt to "hasten slowly", a manner which is rather more than a policy, and which is probably quite unconscious.

The United Party faces several difficulties. It is composed of democratic Afrikaners, who seek an end of their country's problems through peaceable contact with other groups and a general progress for all, and of some English-speaking people. This combination awakens fierce antagonism towards the U.P. from Nationalist-Afrikaners, which is strange because, in the main, English-speaking support for the Party is colourless, useful only for votes at election time. The U.P., like all Europeans in the country, views the Native as a child, but believes in seeking, however slowly, to aid him to grow and develop his power of responsibility. The Party has made mistakes (it is composed of human beings), and sometimes these have been shown in the way it has put down riots and insurrections, but it does consciously seek a democratic country in which all groups may live together amicably. This is its strength and (in the propagandist sense) its weakness.

It has experienced many tribulations and, as recently as 1948, a great tragedy, when its second leading figure, the very Christian and brilliant scholar, Jan Hofmeyr, died at the time when it was being

assumed that he would shortly take over more responsibility from the man who has led the Party for many years, General Jan Christiaan Smuts.

What Franklin Delano Roosevelt was to his party, Winston Churchill is to Britain's Conservatives, J. C. Smuts is to the United Party: a leader whose great intellectual capacity and dauntless personal courage overshadows those who follow him. He is also a modest man and a true South African; he prefers being known as "General" to "Field-Marshal", which may explain why I have used the earlier title when mentioning him.

Historically, South Africa was not prepared for Smuts. He may not have been born before his time, but he was certainly born before the rest of the country could keep pace with him. Soldier, statesman, lawyer, botanist of international repute, philosopher, and visionary, Smuts is more of a stranger to many of his own Afrikaner people than he is to nations in an advanced stage of development. Among his own people, he has frequently suffered for this. It is not a new thing for the limited or undeveloped to feel suspicious of those with greater intellect, the prophets without honour in their own country. Smuts is not without honour in South Africa. Indeed, more than one can be heard saying "I come from South Africa—Smuts' country." But his intellect, and his willingness to work with the English-speaking people, has made many Afrikaners suspicious of him, and this suspicion has its political disadvantages as well as its advantages. Smuts too has been accused of committing errors, but, whatever propaganda his opponents on any side attribute to these, he cannot be said to have made them in bad faith. Because of this, he has brought his Party far more goodwill from the Native and Coloured people than will ever be given to the Nationalists.

I had met General Smuts on two occasions before I went to his offices in Pretoria. On the first occasion, during the war, he had been opening a South African Merchant Seamen's hostel in Princes Gate, London. The second occasion was on a Saturday afternoon some months before I went to Pretoria. Going out of my hotel, I nearly knocked him down as he went in, just returned from a climb up his beloved Table Mountain; on that occasion he wore a grey and pink checked cap, a khaki battle-blouse and grey shirt, an old pair of flannel trousers, and carried a large stick.

Several apocryphal stories are told about Smuts and his passion for mountains.

On one occasion he told a friend that he did not need to listen to music in order to gain a larger vision. "The mountains talk to me," he said; "they have given me courage when I needed it, they have spoken to me of Nature and taught me many lessons."

I was in his office very early in the morning. During the previous week he had returned from his visit to England, in its long hot summer

of 1949, and had flown back to South Africa. At the weekend he had flown down to Cape Town to make two speeches, and flown back to Pretoria on the previous day.

No sign of any fatigue showed in his face as he came into the room where I was talking with his companion of many years, Henry Cooper, who has devoted his life to "the Oubaas", as Smuts is called. His thin face, with its short white beard and moustache, was as soft and pink as a boy's. His eyes, a brilliant blue, were sharp, more completely alive than those of the vast majority of people. He walked erectly, easily, carrying his seventy-nine years with a grace and agility seldom encountered in men thirty years his junior.

Alone in his office—a plain quiet room; painted walls catching the winter sunshine; the furniture a desk, a small table, and some easy chairs, all simple; three pictures on the walls, two depicting scenes of the countryside and one a seascape—we talked for over an hour.

I expressed interest in the Broederbond.

"The Broederbond is a dangerous organization," said Smuts. Unlike many, his natural voice is little different from that which is heard coming over the radio; quick, alert, and with only a faint intonation. "It was intended by some to help the Afrikaner keep his culture. But it became involved in politics and is a great menace to the country. It is the prime mover for *apartheid* and it intends to separate us all and keep political representation only for its supporters and their friends."

For some moments he outlined the history of the Broederbond, directing my attention to incidents and proclamations which my previous research had overlooked or failed to discover. His observations upon the future effect of the Brothers on South African history were similar to those which he made later, in a speech in the Transvaal, and which have been given elsewhere in this work. Smuts' dislike of the Broederbond is known throughout South Africa. What is not so well understood is his reason for disliking it. Nationalists commonly ascribe it to his political antagonism to their policy. In my opinion this is incorrect. A progressive, a man whose work for the present and future of South Africa is based largely upon his acceptance of the tenets of Holism, it is his philosophic belief which opposes him to the Brothers as it would oppose him to any group in any country which employed similar methods to gain a purely sectarian end that excluded a majority of the country's people. Smuts' distaste is a thing of the mind and faith, not of the ballot-box.

I asked whether the danger of large-scale rioting in Natal had passed. The General refused to make any prediction. The situation was fraught with danger, he replied, but that was no guarantee that further violence would occur. Did he foresee any chance of a lasting settlement of the Indian problem? I asked. Not, he answered emphatically, if the present Government continued its line of conduct.

Smuts is one of the world's most fascinating men for a newspaperman to interview. When asked a direct question, he will give a direct answer if he believes one to exist. If he knows no answer he does not—as have many whom I have met—hedge for some moments and invent an answer: he states simply, candidly, that he cannot answer. But the intrinsic quality of his mind is best shown, in my opinion, when he is asked some question which requires some reference to the many aspects involved and his mind ranges widely over the history and affairs of men. In the course of answering a question which I put on the future of South Africa in the larger world scene, he stated his disbelief in Spengler's theory of social collapse (*The Decline of the West*), a work beloved by the Nazis and by some South African Nationalists because they accept its Germanic origin without having read through its arguments; Communism, which Smuts sees, being a realist, as a political creed whose greatest appeal has been made this far to peoples in historic phases akin to those of the Russians in the Czarist régime and the Chinese under the Kuomintang ineptitude; the atomic bomb; the European Renaissance; the cultural progress of Mankind in groups; and the possibility of war in Europe in order to reassert the positive human values of Christianity and what should be its truest child, democracy.

Most of the time while I was with him he sat behind his desk facing out of the window towards the sky, quiet save for one thin hand which moved on the desk in the little twitches of concentration. At no time did he make any sharp or sarcastic reference to his political opponents, a sure sign of his integrity as it was a sure sign in some of them that they lacked the same integrity. He discussed their opinions soberly and as coming from men of good faith though he believed them mistaken. Though he had many other urgent demands upon his time, he gave no sign of being irritated by the questions of a British writer. I had endeavoured, during the few months spent in the country, to gain some true appreciation of South Africa's many problems, and, though my questions were undoubtedly blundering and sadly lacking in comprehension, he paid them the compliment of being sincere.

"It is a great, a brilliant age," he commented shortly before I left. "The scientists have done marvellous things since I was a boy—we are surrounded by marvels. It is our tragedy that we have not yet learned how to make the best use of them. It will come in time. But it is a tragedy that we have not learned already."

It is indeed.

The Wright Brothers, Rutherford and the American and Russian and German scientists who produced both the American and Russian atom bombs, other men, such as Marconi, who have shortened the meaning of miles, the significance of oceans and frontiers, have produced many terrors which seem at present beyond solution by the spirit of man.

The world faces them with increasing alarm. Europe is most concerned, having been ravaged by two major wars within 30 years. But the problems are not limited to Europe and the Far East. Every section of mankind will be affected by any future disturbance, including South Africa. We may be tempted to say "especially South Africa" if she pursues the Nationalist policy. This would be a sorry conclusion to the lifework of such men as the Oubaas.

There are some men, the most favoured few, who belong to no one nation but to all mankind. Genius in the sciences, the arts, or government may be theirs, but it is their humanitarianism, the greatest genius, which is their qualification to the company of the few. Jan Smuts has this genius. He is attuned to the slow, sad music of our little sojourn here. He is already a worthy figure in the story of mankind.

XXVII

MALAN PUTS THE CLOCK BACK

SOME attention has been devoted in previous chapters to establishing beyond question the policy of the Nationalist Party and its associate organizations, and in seeking some acquaintance with the largely unknown men who direct those bodies.

Too often the cry has sounded in South Africa, "We Nationalists are misunderstood and misrepresented." To gain some knowledge we have glanced at the careers of Cabinet Ministers before they took office. We have delved more closely into some of their activities in spheres which seem of major significance. We have scooped up from the wells of their faith a sample of the water whose inspiration sustains them, and observed their conduct in days when the world's fate swung in the balance.

We have sought to be fair. Many will claim that it is not fair to report their words when they believed Britain ended and the World Reich begun. This would be nonsense. Had this belief been proven correct, it would have been fair then to report their acumen and insight in such prophecies. It can only be fair, to more people than themselves, to record that acumen was lacking and insight a victim of myopia.

Yet there remains a curious atmosphere of unreality about this little group of men clustered in Cape Town and Pretoria.

Spiritually, there is the demand that observers accredit their political actions as prompted by the highest motives, a statement which, in history, has been frequently easier to hear than to accept. Then comes the somewhat truculent-sounding statement of policy that it does not matter whether outsiders believe this motivation, because, within the framework of the organization, it is accepted without question. Then we note that whoever accepts this belief must provide other proof of good faith. He must be Nationalist first, then Afrikaner, then a member of the Dutch Reform Church. Votes from others outside the pale are welcome to support the political theory, but within these qualifications apply. True, they are not so stated. But there has yet to be a South African who was originally English-speaking, whose parents were British, and who is a member of a non-Calvinist Church, who would qualify as a member of the Cabinet. Even Afrikaners who are also Calvinist but who lack Nationalism are denounced as being not Afrikaners, as witness Dr. Malan's comment that he does not consider General Smuts an Afrikaner and Mr. Louw's fulminations against "the Loyal Dutch".

Such exclusiveness defeats itself. It indicates that what is sought is

not political or moral or even religious truth, but the right of a few men to dictate what truth shall be.

In many towns and cities I was told by Afrikaners who were also members of the Dutch Reform Church they that are shunned both at church and socially by their fellow-worshippers and fellow-Afrikaners who are also Nationalists. There appears no reason to disbelieve this oft-told tale. People do not lightly invent such stories. We know that certain sects of politicians do seek to cast social stigma upon those who do not share their political outlook. One of those who told me of ostracism inflicted was a woman of British descent married to an Afrikaner. And the Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikaners—perhaps the reader will appreciate why I have inflicted this ponderous definition so often upon his patience—claim to want to create true South Africans! Were the story not so tragic for those concerned, ordinary men and women not accustomed to harsh political buffetings, its innate hypocrisy would be a matter for raised eyebrows and incredulous laugh.

All this is politics. It is not, under any pretext, religion. To hail this evil—let us give it the name it deserves—as rising from spiritual conviction is to deny the whole teaching of Christ.

Secondly, in the political sphere the Afrikaner is instructed to accept as true South Africans only Afrikaners, the "oldest-established" European race in the Union. The nation then is not South African. It is not even Afrikaner. It is Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikaner. Once again the word "Nationalist" carries prime merit and greatest importance. No matter what any other, even Calvinist-Afrikaner, has contributed, has done for South Africa, his actions have never been undertaken in the truest and best spirit, which is Nationalist and Calvinist and Afrikaner. Perhaps Dr. Malan may care to deny this. (I have a feeling that a few people outside the country, including some possible investors in the country's industry, will read this little study, even if it does not get widely-read in the country itself.)

In other words, the Nationalist arguments are Fascist. They stipulate the same exclusiveness as that stipulated for and by Hitler's Nazis and Mussolini's Fascists. It is the old cry of the Herrenvolk: *Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Fuhrer.*

This is borne out by the third aspect of the issue, the social aspect, which attempts to say that the Herrenvolk are a good cut above their neighbours, even to the point of their children being exclusively indoctrinated with this belief. There is a story that until the day of his death President Kruger believed the world was flat. Will this be added later to teaching children that geography, mathematics, and other subjects, have a religious base, the base of Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikanerdom?

There is, we repeat, a curious unreality about these men and their outlook.

Only after some further probing do we realize what it is. These men are sincere.

Like many men who have gone before them, and dragged humanity behind them into a needless bloodbath prepared by fanaticism, the Nationalists started in a belief that they were persecuted. They kept their contacts with each other as the central core of a sect convinced it was being persecuted. They rejected every move made towards them, in the belief that it was jade's stealth to seduce their remaining dignity and strength. Early on they formulated a code, a handful of rules, and a method of gaining political recognition for their people, clinging tighter to these things every time the voice of moderation addressed them. Would they lose their grip upon such beliefs in order to embrace the honey-voiced evil which whispered to them? No! God would defend them. As some early success rewarded their aim—here the recognition of Afrikaans as a language and similar items—they viewed it not as a means for easing their attitude to life and those of other blood, but as a sign that Evil (their opponents) was bound to weaken before Ultimate Truth (themselves) because they were under the protection of God and all others, even those not actively plotting their downfall, were either Satan's human agents or had their tents pitched in a greater darkness.

In this attitude we may believe them sincere.

They have gone on believing themselves right because they have become used to believing it: it is the core of their reality. Political success means to them a vindication of *spiritual* righteousness. Earlier, when referring to Ruth and Seretse Khama, we noted that success is usually adjudged right and failure wrong. So with the Nationalists. They believed, they will say they *knew*, themselves right when all the world believed them wrong. Today they *know* their presence as South Africa's Government due not to a ballot-box of human beings but to the Agency of a Higher Authority. This, they claim, is proof of the righteousness of their Calvinist faith.

They are quite sincere in this, many of them. They have lived so long being sincere in this belief that few of them can find it in themselves to question whether they are right or wrong. Certainly not now when, on top of everything else, they live through glowing years of fulfilment before all Africa and argue their spiritual righteousness in the little political chambers of lesser men, men in darkness, and whom they must curb as they work out their Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikaner destiny. It is an amazing spectacle which these men present, but they believe in it. And no one is a more persuasive debater on the platform or farmstead hearth or city bus than the man who believes himself right sincerely and has the uttermost wish to do good for his enlightened colleagues, for the misguided who deride him, and for those poor miserable sinners who are the tools of Satanic evil, set to tempt him, to seek to overthrow his prideful honesty in Christian light and sincerity.

Then again, many of them have been, and still are, predikants, divines, used to infusing, however unconsciously, into their meetings the sincerity of devout men seeking the light. Such men can be very persuasive. The religious groups which some of their number have left behind—when the creed preached had already come from another—such men as Calvin, Luther, Wesley, and, at the farthest and nearest end of the scale, the hot-gospellers from America, have shown their power in preaching. Ally this ability to sincerity, then tag it on to politics: it is an explosive combination.

From this beginning, reality can be denied, truth can be ignored, 10,000,000 men and women taken through the door of life into the darkness beyond before their time. It will be seen only as inevitable. Thus with Hitler, with Bonaparte, with Attila, with Genghis Khan—men used to having their way and knowing themselves sincere become very philosophical about the death or maiming of those who are, by design or accident of history, the enemies or adherents, the pawns, of their beliefs.

In view of this situation, it is scarcely surprising that some people in South Africa say that the sooner the country becomes a republic the better.

I met a number who suggested that South Africa should be banished from the British Commonwealth.

The argument behind these suggestions was mainly that only then would the bemused and spellbound see the bitter realities awaiting them down the slope towards which Nationalists are rushing them.

Reasons which supported the argument were that already Nationalists were engaged upon legislation which was not in accordance with the democratic faith of Britain, with British social justice, yet people in other countries would hold Britain responsible for what is happening in the Union if it ultimately harms the country.

Taking the argument further, it may be said there appears little logic between the British Government assuring the United Nations that no racial prejudice exists in Tanganyika and supporting Dr. Malan and his broers, vowed to a policy of *apartheid*. Further, why should General Franco be ostracized from the world's councils and the Nationalists of South Africa made welcome? It would be very easy to argue that General Franco is equally sincere as Dr. Malan. His main setbacks are (1) Obtaining power by arms; (2) Being a supporter of Hitler; (3) Sending the Blue Division to fight against Russia. On his side, Dr. Malan certainly did not gain power by armed force, but *apartheid* will affect more people ultimately and in a worse way than the Spanish Civil War. He did support the Nazi case and had wartime contact with Hitler over an armistice, as has been recorded. He has not yet sent anyone to fight Russia but he is opposed to Communism. These are purely academic arguments; the individual must decide for himself if they have any more dynamic import.

I met many people who pointed out that the Citizenship Bill introduced by Dr. Dönges was reputed to be based upon the earlier Canadian Citizenship Bill. Dr. Dönges himself stated that this was so. Under the Canadian Bill, however, all people who were Canadian nationals prior to the passing of the Act automatically became full citizens, and, in addition to Canadian citizenship, remained British Commonwealth subjects. Both provisions were lacking from Dr. Dönges' Citizenship Bill. Why (said the people with whom I talked) should Britain be held responsible for what is happening under Nationalist policy when the country now contains only Union Nationals, and those who may, in five years, gain Union nationality, especially if English-speaking people may be deprived of this citizenship no matter how long they have lived in the country? Britons are already foreigners in South Africa.

The point was made in a British weekly periodical, which stated its concern over the grave consequences to British prestige if Dr. Malan's Government introduced legislation which might be read as showing Britain's attitude towards the Native peoples:

> . . . what effect will the United Kingdom's tolerance of events in South Africa have on British subjects in African colonies? Can Britain, in fact, afford to keep silent in face of a government whose avowed policy in Africa is oppression? The answer depends on the expectation of life of the present South African Government. If the Nationalists have come to stay, if they succeed in setting up their own authoritarian regime, then clearly Britain stands to lose nothing if its political relationship with South Africa changes its character; on the contrary, it would gain enormously in prestige in the rest of Africa and in the East if, in such circumstances, it were to make the first move towards a different relationship.[1]

Meaning that if the Government of South Africa remains Nationalist, South Africa should be expelled from the Commonwealth.

Such a serious suggestion must be given consideration.

Recent history has shown how, ultimately, one man in Europe brought about greater unity among the smaller nations than they have ever enjoyed, by the mere fact of oppressing them equally. Further evidence of how a dictator may unite all peoples against him and his colleagues may be forthcoming in Africa. The possibility has already been considered by an African writer, who concludes:

> Without being very much aware of it, the Nationalist Government might organize Africa's 150,000,000 people into one solid anti-European bloc and in that way seal the fate of the white man in Africa.[2]

In the same article, the writer said:

> Nobody today dreams that the Europeans are capable of defending themselves, let alone Africa, so that to foster division between black and

[1] The *Economist*, July 2, 1949.
[2] Jordan K. Ngubane in The *Forum*, June 18, 1949.

47. Heir to Smuts? Mr. J. G. Strauss
48. This very great man: Field-Marshal J. C. Smuts

white at this dangerous hour in the world's history is tantamount to handing Africa over in advance to the Communists on a platter.

And, said Mr. Ngubane:

For many years now the master minds behind the Nationalist Party have suffered from hallucinations, in which they have seen themselves as crusaders with a twofold mission in the world. On the one hand they have imagined themselves as the chosen of the Lord, sent to "save Western civilization" in Africa. On the other hand they have been sure they were twentieth-century Alarics (subtly) hacking to pieces the British Empire.

Coming back to Britain, an American fellow-passenger on the ship, speaking about the Nationalists, said to me: "Those guys sure need watching."

There are British people in South Africa and there are far more English-speaking people there. They cannot be abandoned so easily to their fate by Britain, though, it must be agreed, many have made no noticeable attempt to ensure that the English-speaking voice be heard sounding loud enough for the British concept of democracy and justice. The majority have not even sought to protect themselves; they have "hoped for the best". A number are just too plumb lazy to care. Yet were the British Government to accept a National proposal that South Africa become a republic within the Commonwealth structure, the action would amount, precisely and without equivocation, to handing over all peoples in South Africa to the grasp of a minority of Herrenvolk dictators, whose only abiding qualification for rule—they certainly do not carry any appearance of true political acumen and wisdom—is their simmering sincerity.

The most important issue is: Where is this minority leading South Africa? To the Afrikaner Heaven? Or to an alternative? What can that alternative be—what shape could it take if the sincere men *were* wrong in their acumen, however self-assured of righteousness? What could happen in South Africa within the next half century?

49. Voortrekker Monument

XXVIII

. . . THEY SHALL REAP THE WHIRLWIND

THE story set out in the foregoing chapters has been complicated, covered a wide area, and embraced many aspects of human life and thought. It has not been a cheerful picture. Yet it should not be assumed that life in South Africa today lacks either cheerfulness or kindliness. Both are present. Europeans show instinctive courtesy towards strangers within their gates: at all times I was treated with rare hospitality by Afrikaner and South African alike, and, as I have endeavoured to show, many went to great lengths to ensure my acquaintance with their country and my personal comfort. In my contact with the Natives, with the Coloured people and the Indians, the same thoughtfulness and hospitality were always apparent. The political divergencies, the mounting tension, exist in the background of everyday life: in this bruised and aching century we are all apt to hope to prevent the worst from occurring by not allowing ourselves to become involved. Indeed, familiarity with the everyday demands and events through the weeks of our years in the country of which we are citizens may easily blind us to the dangers which are mounting about us. For South Africa this has been tragically easy; many have looked forward to what life will be, many have looked back to what life was, and many more have had nowhere to look save at their unhappy present.

If we are to catch any glimpse of what the South African future may hold, should present tendencies continue, it is necessary to recapitulate the main points of what has been shown in previous chapters. Inevitably, it has been impossible to provide all available evidence; to have done so would have required a whole library of works. But what has been stated has set out the background to everyday life and abundant additional proof could be provided to show that the statement given has not been exaggerated or over-emphasized.

The main problems facing South Africa are:

(1) The existence of a Coloured problem. This is likely to increase in importance. The Nationalists' intended removal of Coloured voters from the common roll cannot avoid wreaking profound alterations to South African society.

(2) The existence of a series of problems involving the Native. In the reserves these are economic, educational, racial, and health. In the compounds, locations, and around the cities and towns, they are economic, educational, racial, religious, moral, and health. Political problems face both sections. Initially, the Nationalist Government's *apartheid* proposals will create new economic and financial problems, especially if, as stated, the Native "spheres of interest" are to be financed

by the Natives. If funds are raised, as appear inevitable, in order to found such spheres of interest, it is difficult to see how sufficient sums can be raised without directly involving the European population. This would enormously increase taxation, with, undoubtedly, the promise of future benefit arising from any stringency caused to those so taxed. Is it beyond possibility that taxes will be levied from those who, in the Government's opinion, are the most suited to pay for such a development? If initial funds are not raised to launch the project, then a vast number of Natives will be directed to areas which (1) may not be large enough to provide them with adequate opportunities for their development and (2) may lack a sufficiency of agricultural and mineral wealth to provide them with employment. Unless an attempt is made to launch such a measure of *apartheid*, then the Natives will continue to congregate upon the cities and towns, meaning that the stated benefits of *apartheid*, as outlined in the Government's policy, will not appear for at least another half-century and that present problems facing the Native will continue to exist.

(3) A mesh of problems surrounding the Indian population: rapid increase in population, religious insistence upon acquiring immovable property; relations with other races in South Africa and relations with India; status as citizens in its bearing upon the world problem of minorities.

(4) Soil erosion, an increasing menace, unless adequately checked.

(5) The existence in South Africa of a territory not under South African direction and in whose hills is a watershed of value to neighbourhoods immediately adjacent: Basutoland.

(6) The division of European people into camps of Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking citizens, in which issue an energetic sect of Afrikaners claiming Divine inspiration is politically limiting all other races and is claiming superiority over the other European group, thereby weakening South African leadership and undermining Native, Indian, and Coloured reliance in European leadership.

(7) The centralization of political and social power into the hands of this sect, proof of whose political wisdom is not yet available.

Round these major problems, often uniting two or more together, circle the many others whose existence has been noted; such matter, as housing, industrial development, dollar shortage, trade balances transportation, roads adequate to modern needs, insufficiency of Europeans to balance the other races, agricultural problems not overshadowed by soil erosion.

No country lacks problems. If this be acknowledged, the basic untruth of politics, as the means of government, springs immediately into the light. For politics and politicians claim to have a *solution* for a country's problems, whereas what they are actually claiming is a *theory* of how a country may overcome or minimize its problems. That they have no solution, save on minor matters which would in all

probability be solved within a phase of time—such as housing shortages and the provisions of roads—has been abundantly proven by the fact that politicians have long claimed their creeds as providing solutions and yet major problems remain long after the politicians themselves are stilled and silent.

In democratic countries, which is coming to mean countries in which an organic opposition is allowed to hold a theory of government not held by the party in power, such issues are healthily debated, the citizen accepted as an individual whose opinion is sought in discussion. In authoritarian countries, meaning simply countries without an opposition, the people are instructed to count their blessings, not their difficulties, and account themselves more fortunate in their leaders and their leaders' policies than other countries: the existence of problems is of secondary importance. This latter phase, apart from breeding a form of psychological and spiritual insularity, has already given rise to many queer beliefs and an ever-lengthening list of flagrant untruths.

It remains true, however, that no country lacks problems, many of which are capable of improvement, if not of solution, and a number of which may well be beyond solution. There is another possibility. The advent of a new form of government, i.e. political control, may increase a country's existing problems.

Politicians are not remarkable for their humility. On the contrary, a good politician is one who can infuse into his speeches and parliamentary conduct a sufficient display of assurance to convince his opponents and supporters that he feels his creed to be so right that they may believe that it must indeed be right. (The problem for all men indeed is how to obtain good government without recourse to politics and "Ism" politicians, but that forms no part of our interest here.) Nevertheless, abundant evidence has been furnished that at least a few politicians, who, when elected to office or gaining it through other means, have pursued a dogged, steadfast, headlong plunge straight into a far worse situation than was ever experienced before and who immeasurably complicate all the problems already in existence. A number of these gentlemen have been observed assuring their more credulous hearers that they are actually interpreting their Maker's intention; that they alone have His voice speaking in their ear.

Those interested in the medical profession have noted that doctors sometimes have to spend a considerable amount of attention to clearing up the complications attendant upon a neglected or lengthy complaint before being able to get to grips with the complaint itself. This lesson has had tardy recognition amongst politicians. Often they have introduced a theory of the complaint and a theory of how it can be cured. The cure is then enforced—this is sometimes called "the passing of a Bill through the Houses of Parliament" or a measure which was "approved by the Party unanimously"—and the politician then steps

back and exclaims that the disease is now dealt with and no longer exists. In addition, he ignores the complications, assured that having applied his theory to the complaint, they must naturally vanish. It is, we fear, a sad story.

This is what is happening in South Africa.

Certainly no evidence exists to the contrary and a mass of evidence does exist to suggest that South Africa is heading straight into a far worse situation than she has ever known.

To understand this, we must glance briefly at the world situation which existed before and has continued to exist since Dr. Malan's Government took office.

Half-way through the 20th century the world situation is in more chaotic condition than it has been within living memory. Two great wars have been fought. A number of other wars on varying scales have been waged. Science has made vast strides forward in many spheres. And yet the central problems of international relations between nations remain unsolved. It would be far simpler to follow the example set by American Isolationists, much easier, too, to ignore the whole damned thing. Unfortunately, this attitude can only make the situation worse. The weakest link is Man, who has found no reason to match his ingenuity with a greater awareness of his soul. Man must learn to tackle himself or all men will perish.

Away in the East there is a revival of national aspirations the like of which the West has never witnessed, a resurgence of aspirations which will overshadow the future of mankind for the next century. The West itself, in a number of corners which were once accounted amongst its most stable areas, gives the appearance of having lost its direction and abandoned its ancient faith: the result is confusion and a frantic search to re-establish the ancient faith or supplant it by a new belief giving a personal interpretation for the direction of the individual life and, in a milling vortex, a safe, enduring niche of social and economic security. Between these two has risen the most dynamic political force in Europe since the advent of Liberalism, a force basing its faith upon materialism and operating upon an authoritarian plan: the policy of Communism. A century after the publication of the *Communist Manifesto*, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, Communism is a shadow (or a ray of beauty) across every land.

Communist faith suffers from its interpretation by many who insist that it can be seen solely as Communism. The truth would appear to be somewhat different. While its actions may be Communist, in that they derive from the creed of Communism, the creed itself must be understood as representing a different concept of government, an overall theory *called* Communism. It is the theory which awakens support from many, not the individual action taken in its name.

Thus, it is as natural for those who believe themselves thwarted and dispossessed by a non-Communist form of government to accept Communism as likely to give them security and opportunity, as it is for those who have gained security and opportunity in a non-Communist country to reject its theory and politics.

Into this situation step the "intellectuals" in non-Communist countries who have failed to find there a faith of non-Communist origin of sufficient intellectual and spiritual animus to gain their support. (A number of these support Communism for its moral and intellectual opportunities in creating a less chaotic society than they know in non-Communist countries. Scientists, educationalists, and others form this group. Among them may be included such men as Professor J. D. Bernal, the eminent explosives scientist, who was reported as saying when in Moscow, during August-September 1949, that the Red Army won the Second World War. The Professor's reasoning was well-intentioned but open to criticism; the courage and weight and armour of the Red Army played a major part in the war being won, but that is no proof that their Communist impulse won it.)

History has shown that Communism makes its primary appeal in countries where there exists a large working class who endure on the lower levels of subsistence, often without any representation in politics, and whose plight awakens the indignation of a small group of highly intelligent men and women who feel that society is unjust to the working class. Usually such countries lack a large organic middle society to provide the nation's main bulwark of tradition, stability, and general good faith in politics. This was true of Russia. It is true of China. In somewhat lesser degree it was true of such countries as Poland, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and elsewhere, countries where the large working or peasant class was not dominated by the more emotional forms of religion.

When, in such countries, political and social power rests with a minority of the populace, a minority which denies general freedom and takes unto itself the sole right to dominate, disregarding and antagonizing all other groups, resistance against Communism is weakened.

In short, Communism makes its strongest appeals to countries such as South Africa is already on the verge of becoming. There is the large Native population; there is the voiceless Indian population; there is the Coloured population; and there are the other European people whose opinions are increasingly overriden.

Nationalist politicians in the Union are already fearful of Communism. It will be recalled that Dr. Dönges has already stated that his Government is considering means of forbidding Communist gatherings.[1] This does not, however, disprove the Communist case or

[1] Since this was written Dr. Malan has addressed Transvaal Nationalists in Johannesburg, September 6, 1949. In his speech he said that the Nationalists realized the danger of Russia doing in Africa what she had done in other parts of the world—call for the support of Non-European people, a fruitful field for Communist propaganda.

prevent many of the dispossessed regarding it as their means of social and economic salvation.

When the Nationalists state that they are conducting a policy which has Divine support, in fact that it gives their religious concept its best form of expression, they only deepen the issue, hardening the case against themselves, and, incidentally, against all Europeans in Africa. For if their policy fails to uplift the Natives, particularly the detribalized urban Natives, then it will appear that Christianity, the White Man's Religion, has failed. Natives who have long been told that their own gods have no substance, who have been told that only the Europeans' God exists, can only, if the Europeans' God appears to fail, accept a materialistic outlook. This lies at the bottom of the reappearance of tribal religion, the reappearance of primitive faiths, all over Africa, I believe. Industrial, urbanized Natives will not accept such a return to first faith; they are more likely to listen to those whose argument is political.

There are other considerations which appear to have escaped the Nationalist divines.

In an article published in the South African weekly paper the *Outspan* during July 1949 I wrote:

> . . . were a hostile nation to seize control of the Dardanelles and then attack Egypt and Suez, all areas south of such an attack would be involved; hastily-made pacts and alliances would be as useless as were Belgian, Dutch, Norwegian, and Danish attempts at defence in 1940.

Those words landed me in some discussion. I received a number of letters from Nationalist supporters, accusing me of being an alarmist. Others commented on the depths to which writers will sink in order to earn a few shillings. Some others, more moderate in thought, asked that I should pursue the line of reasoning, indicating the consequences of such a situation.

The situation had, in fact, already existed. It will be remembered that the most anti-British sentiments expressed by all Nationalists, from Dr. Malan down, came at two phases of the war. First, when it appeared that Hitler's forces were about to overrun all Europe. Second, when it appeared that Hitler's troops, under the presiding genius of General Rommel, were about to seize the Suez Canal and march triumphantly down to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean on one fork, and, along another, reach down to Khartoum and the highlands of Abyssinia.

Political parties eager to squeeze their country into the corset of their own theoretic fashioning have a habit of being unable to deal with any bulges which overlap the garment when it is clapped upon its

wearers. History is littered with proof that many such groups institute measures without giving due thought beforehand to the outcome of the measures. It has also been shown that many peace-loving nations give far too little attention to safeguarding their peace. In today's world it is not that many of us wish war but that we possess too few guarantees that others will allow us to enjoy peace. Agile airplanes provide a better argument than pretty pacts. Equally true is the tragic futility which allows two nations, with no differences which cannot be solved in good faith, to drift into an antagonism which can result only in war; the Montagus and Capulets, are, like King Charles, an unconscionable time a-dying.

Britain herself has paid dearly for such errors of judgment. The history of the Baldwin Government, in relation to the provision of adequate air defence, at a time when Germany was busily fitting out her new air force, provided one instance. Another appeared in 1940. Many people in the British Isles had not visualized any possible invasion of their homeland—placing their faith in the mud of Flanders and the supposedly impregnable Maginot Line—until copies of American magazines appeared on the news-stands complete with maps, diagrams, estimates of military, air, and naval strengths which might soon be deployed around the area of the English Channel. These estimates also indicated the possible initial onslaught of German strategy. That they contained some measure of truth was learned subsequently, when the German High Command capitulated and its invasion plans were captured.

With the grim memories and thoughts which these recollections stir in our minds, let us risk prophecy by envisaging a possible attack upon South Africa at some time in the future. Such speculation may not be wholly unworthy. South Africans are inclined to regard themselves as safe from outside interest, their Nationalist politicians are continually demonstrating.

Armed attack is the final outcome of diplomatic activity in a variety of forms over a range of disputed matters, real or imaginary, the reverse of Clausewitz's edict that peace is the continuation of war by other means.

How would an attack be launched upon South Africa?

From what direction?

With what purpose?

The first of these questions is comparatively easy to answer. The Hitlerian method was the time-honoured tactic of dividing in order to conquer: one enemy at a time. A dispute was forced upon a neighbouring government over some matter, usually the alleged ill-treatment of a German minority within its borders (a line followed by the Russians in their dispute with Jugoslavia during the late summer of 1949). An ultimatum was then delivered by the Reich Minister, coincident with the German Government assuring any possible enemy nation that this

was a specifically Germanic issue and that its claim, based upon national and racial issues, provided its last claim in Europe. International politicians then gathered in solemn top-hatted conclave to deliberate upon the matter, brimming with goodwill and importance. Nation after nation was surrendered, almost whittled away in shavings into Nazi hands, thereby reducing the pattern for overall resistance among nations which did not share the Hitlerian ideology. This was the most recent pattern to be observed in action. It is unlikely, for a variety of reasons, to be employed again in the immediate future. Hitler's failure proved such tactics ineffective upon countries immediately adjacent to the West.

More likely, certainly in the case of South Africa, would be the method of infiltration, the gradual sapping of a nation's power to resist armed aggression by an elaborate and deliberate fomentation of civil and social disaffection, aimed by destroying the nation's unity and robbing the existing government of power. We have already witnessed some success attending this method. Every nation contains a group of such people. We have already noted them, the dispossessed and thwarted, persons with a grudge, whether it be genuine, the product of idealism, or evidence of careerism or insanity. Inevitably the group gains its strongest support among people who believe the government to be denying them a legitimate voice in the conduct of national affairs through political representation.

Using the methods of infiltration, a period of underground politics occurs, aimed at slackening national unity, sapping industrial strength, poisoning people against the national authority. When leaders of this movement are satisfied that the nation is sufficiently weak and confused, they may then contact the government of a country whose politics they believe and trust, and ask for the assistance of armed troops and air forces to aid them to overthrow the established government.

South Africa is as vulnerable to such infiltration as any other nation. Malan knows. So do Dönges and Louw. The minority exists. Each new restriction upon liberty and social standing increases discontent. It also increases underground propaganda. From 1950 Africa is a natural choice for such political infiltration. Indeed, evidence is already available that it has already begun all over the continent, particularly in South Africa.

With what purpose would South Africa be attacked?

It has been shown that the Union is a rich country. Potentially, she is even richer. Government brochures, official speeches, statements by economists, assure the rest of the world that the country has a great future. She has gold, diamonds, coal. Metallurgists all over the Union assured me that the country's greatest wealth is yet to be brought from the soil. Despite erosion, drought, and other hazards, the country is capable of adequately supporting 30,000,000 people, two-thirds more

than she supports today, on today's standard and in the light of today's knowledge of production of foodstuffs. When her agriculturists have produced cattle equal to the standards they have set themselves, and the earth has been tamed by methods at present lacking, the richnesses of the veld will be the envy of less fortunately placed nations. In the light of future scientific advances, the total of 30,000,000 people may well be possible of some increase.

South African statesmen are well aware that their country is a rich prize whose desirability may well become enhanced in the future.

One of the major problems facing them is how to defend South Africa from falling into the hands of any nation which might be inclined to obtain control through infiltration and, if necessary, armed invasion.

It is the more depressing to have to report that already the Nationalist Government appears to have developed a remarkably lopsided approach to the problem of defence.

South Africa has a total population of 11,391,949 (1946 figures). Of this total, 2,372,690 are Whites. The Native people total 7,805,515. The remainder are Asiatics and Coloured people. The mere statement of these figures gives some indication of the problem which the Government would have to face if the country were attacked.

Worse, however, is to come. The raising of the two-year period before citizenship was granted to a five-year period after which citizenship *may* be granted, dependent upon the Minister of the Interior's opinion of the applicant, will unquestionably prevent many would-be emigrants from making South Africa their home. Undoubtedly the Government will argue that this justifies their action. South Africa, they may well say, is not a place into which people may rush in search of a fortune or to escape disaster elsewhere and from which they will depart directly the fortune has been made or the danger passed. Correct in utterance, the argument nevertheless means that the country will lose many younger men and women who would fight for the country's independence should such necessity arise.

Another difficulty is that already several thousands of Whites are leaving South Africa yearly since the Nationalist Government took office. To argue that the country is better off without those who are not prepared to accept a change of government still does nothing to deny that, again, the country is losing men and women whose services it may well need one day. That the Union's Government is aware of this has been shown by the travels of Mr. Te Water to try to awaken interest in an all-Africa Pact.

At the same time, however, Mr. Erasmus, Nationalist Minister of Defence, gained from the British Government, during 1949, an undertaking that it will not arm Native peoples in territories adjacent to the Union. This provides a fairly sure indication that the Nationalist Government does not intend to arm Natives to defend South Africa

from an aggressor: and these people, already uneasy, awakened and stirring, feel that they have been allowed no say in the conduct of South African affairs and, worse, that the Nationalist Government has no intention of even allowing them any voice. Thus, the Natives are given no reason to develop any feeling of nationhood towards a multi-racial South Africa and can have their feelings of loyalty directed only back to their own people; in a word, the Nationalists are creating a Pan-African sentiment.

South Africa's defenders will therefore come from the 2,400,000 Europeans.

This figure is the total European (or White) population. It includes the aged. It includes the infirm. It includes the middle-aged. It includes the women. It includes the children.

From what remains will come the Union's defenders. From what remains will come the agricultural workers, those who run the factories and the transport services. A number of malcontents, and individuals inclined towards acceptance of the propaganda of any nation which has created disaffection, would undoubtedly be found among the Native and Indian people. And so from the Europeans will come those whose job it is to safeguard South Africa's internal stability: the police, secret service, warders, government officials, and others, entrusted with keeping down any attempt at rebellion over the veld's broad acres. Could such services be entrusted at such a time to any save Europeans, even if they were to direct Native police?

This, it is beyond question, Nationalist statesmen know. What is not understandable is why they allow a number of the hotheads in their ranks continually to antagonize those who may ultimately prove to be of utmost service to South Africa: the English-speaking people. Blinded by the dazzling chance of declaring South Africa a republic under their guidance, these hotter-tempered individuals are rushing the Union and their own people into a situation where they antagonize all the world outside South Africa and claim that the country will gain true progress only when it is finally freed of all save themselves and their own undisputed rule.

For what are the English-speaking people? They are the members of a world-wide brotherhood, a league of nations upon whose word, even in the most difficult times, all English-speaking people can count. This cannot be said with equal assurance of other attempts to found an international body capable of protecting its member-states.

We may believe that the sad history of the League of Nations did not pass unheeded in South Africa. The League, for which Britain's Arthur Henderson gradually killed himself, and which broke the hearts of many more, began with fanfares of joy that at last an attempt was to be made for mankind to dwell in amity, and guttered out in despair as more ambitious members quit its conferences and less ambitious attended without giving the League adequate support. Whatever other

organizations for peace may come into being during the next century, the early lesson supplied by the ill-fated League dare not be forgotten.

International pacts, of the sort obviously visualized by Nationalists, can do much or little. Their success is not guaranteed. Prior to 1939 a number of European nations, believing that war would not beat on their doors again, certainly not a war which would involve them, had paid their lip-service at Geneva and in some pacts made among themselves. When Germany struck at them, the League was powerless, the pacts forgotten; they themselves had robbed collective peace of life and purpose. In their hour of danger, they were alone. It is true that Switzerland and Sweden escaped the holocaust; but Sweden was forced to supply the aggressor with iron ore and Swiss passes were endlessly manned by the country's heroic little forces. Both countries were surrounded; neither knew but what it would be the next to vanish beneath the Nazis' bloodied cloak. Other nations were overrun within a matter of a few days.

South Africa cannot safely base her future defence upon pacts or upon Leagues, both of which may fail, no matter how strenuously or honourably she honours her own pledges.

It may be argued that South Africa is sufficiently far away from possible danger spots to avoid becoming involved in war. America also thought she was sufficiently far away, until Japanese 'planes descended from the morning skies over Pearl Harbour. Norway thought she was sufficiently off the obvious German track of invasion into Western Europe.

Within twelve months of the attack upon Pearl Harbour, Japanese submarines were cruising around the Indian Ocean, the attack upon Burma was gaining strength, and the whole African coast-line from Mombasa to Cape Town was nearing the front line of combined naval and air attack. It may be pointed out how, despite Dr. Malan's belief that Japan had no intention of invading South Africa, the Union was saved from attack by the number of British and Australian troops who engaged Japanese forces in the Malayan and Burmese areas, tying down the Emperor's troops by their presence in those areas, forming a living wall in the jungle and on the islands, and by the American forces who engaged Japanese troops in the islands and diverted much of their strength to covering their flank and rear.

That was the situation which was in operation eight years ago.

Already the weapons used by Germans, Italians, and Japanese forces then are oldfashioned and out-of-date.

American—and, we may suspect, Russian—experiments with long-range rockets have far outstripped the first experimental German use of rockets and pilotless aircraft which Londoners endured in the last twelve months of the war. Airplanes travel at far greater speeds and over far greater distances at greater heights, out of the range of ground defences. Aircraft-carriers can range the oceans on extended cruising

operations. The world may witness a return to the employment of warships equipped with rockets, which can bombard coastal cities from distances far out at sea, a modernization of the method by which the city of Copenhagen was attacked by rocket-ships in the first quarter of the 19th century. The snorkel submarine device permits submarines to travel far greater distances under water with far less risk of detection.

Other craft, amphibious vessels, were employed by the Allied Nations in the landing on the European coast in 1944.

The use of parachute troops, first actively employed by Hitler's generals in capturing the Belgian fort of Eben-Emal, during the 1940 *blitzkrieg*, and later used *en masse* in Crete, were subsequently engaged by the Allied Nations, first to drop agents into France and Norway, and later at such places as Arnhem and elsewhere in the European theatre of war. Parachutists can be dropped conveniently, carrying radio sets, for both reception and transmission—as they were in the Middle East —and in order to direct the spreading of disaffection or to sabotage main roads and rail communications.

Between the cities and dorps, the veld is wide and silent in the African night.

These are only a few of the known military dangers which South Africa may face within a measurable time. If the Nationalists succeed in removing all other groups to political impotence, ensuring a system whereby they and their successors are in charge of the country, it may be that these will be among the difficulties which they will have to face.

And by their 1940–44 statements on the war's outcome, they have proven themselves remarkably poor military strategists.

Thus to parade an array of military and naval weapons is not, however, the whole story. There is another element. From whence might any possible future attack be launched against South Africa?

It could come from the north. Control of Suez, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, by any hostile power would place the eastern coast-line of Africa directly into the sphere of any future operations which the hostile power might be contemplating.

It could come from the East. China is concerned with her internal problems after a long and bitter war which, in one phase or another, has continued since the Kuomintang Revolution of 1911, sometimes a purely domestic issue, more often with the added complication of a war forced upon her by the warriors of over-populated Japan. When China's millions are united a new problem will exist. Also in the East, India is struggling to attain a nationhood which she has not known for many hundreds of years, freed from the rule of one or other nation.

It is unlikely that either country can attack or would wish to attack South Africa at this stage. Indeed, such a possibility is extremely unlikely whilst the Indian and Chinese Governments are concerned with their

internal problems. But South Africa's future policy cannot be based upon an assumption that the successors to present leaders will be as peaceable or moderate, as inspired by the ideal of peace, as those who are now controlling these countries. To assume such a continuation would be to deny the lesson of history.

An attack might come from a combination of the North and East.

It presupposes that the hostile nation, having seized Suez, and possibly the Dardanelles, would also seek to gain a foothold in India and Ceylon, thereby opening the whole of the Eastern Mediterranean and Western half of the Indian Ocean. This would enable warships of all classes to pass down into Indian waters and create the possibility of air attack down the entire eastern seaboard. Were this situation to occur, would it be unlikely that, if occupation of South Africa were sought, airplanes would not drop agents into the quiet areas of Portuguese East Africa, into the broad spaces of the Transvaal and Free State, to gain contact with those who had been turned against the Government, and instruct them in disaffection and sabotage?

One bright spot occurs. It appears unlikely that President Peron's countrymen will cross the Atlantic intent upon warfare.

Two arguments may be raised, legitimately, against the foregoing. One is the theory "It can't happen here" or "It won't happen in our lifetime."

To dispute this two examples may be quoted. The first concerns an Austrian ex-corporal who, in six short years, was able to claw all Europe into war and threaten the entire world. The second is the sea and air attack delivered without warning by Japan across several thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean upon, first, the Pearl Harbour base, and, secondly, upon the foggy Aleutian chain far to the north.

The other argument is that such a possibility is too fantastic to believe.

Alas, this is not so.

Did no purpose lie behind Mr. Te Water's mission to other African countries in 1949 to discuss an African Defence Pact, similar to the Atlantic Pact, if South Africa cut her Commonwealth connections?

Meantime, the rulers of South Africa have to find additional strength from such alliances as they may make elsewhere. The obvious sources lie with those nations which have possessions in Africa. Not inconspicuous amongst these is Britain, the motherland of the men and women whom South African Nationalists dislike and against whose home-seeking sons and daughters severe new citizenship laws have been introduced. Does the present Nationalist Government assume that its pleas for a pact will be welcomed by the relatives of these same people whom its politicians have derided and whose downfall in Hitler's war they confidently and cheerfully anticipated?

The establishment of a republic in South Africa may have other consequences. There may be those who will protest not at the fact of the republic itself, but at the manner of its gaining: the conniving of a

secret society, the jibes and sneers at the British people and the hope of their downfall in the Second World War, at the differences shown between the statement "We no longer regard England today as a conqueror, but as the mother of our freedom, with our whole heart we recognize the magnanimity of England and the result will be a friendship between us and England such as never existed before" (Dr. Malan, speaking in the House of Assembly, January 26, 1944) and the restrictions upon the sons and daughters of freedom who seek or have made a home in South Africa.

A republic will certainly mean that many English-speaking people will leave South Africa. Indeed, members of the Broederbond and a number of Nationalist speakers have expressed the hope that they will be left in single control of the country. Such events are not calculated to bring other English-speaking people to the aid of a republican South Africa.

Besides Britain there are other European countries with interests in Africa. There is no guarantee that these countries, most of whom are small and incapable of defending themselves against a major aggressor in this century's knowledge of warfare, will be in the position to offer such assistance as may be required.

From this estimate, which is far from alarmist, it is obvious that South Africa's greatest source of security, whether the Nationalists like it or not, lies in her membership of the Commonwealth of the British people, and of which the English-speaking people of Kenya and the Rhodesias, and Tanganyika, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, are members. There are times when it is actually more reassuring to trust in one's relatives than in the promises of friends.

Whatever inspiration prompts Nationalists to some of their wilder, more insular utterances, they should appreciate that the issues of the past have no bearing upon the present sourse of world events; the argument of moral right, however deeply felt in the individual bosom, is no guarantee of gaining security in the 20th century's unresolved chaos. Dr. Malan has reaffirmed his country's desire to take her place among the leading nations. To do this his Government has to be sufficiently broad in understanding and sufficiently alert in operation to ensure that today's government is concerned primarily with tomorrow's need, not with yesterday's dispute. It should appreciate that the only nations capable of scaling the heights are those who appreciate that the era of hot-headed parochial politics is ended. In reaching this comprehension they should be aided by English-speaking South Africans, who may be asked legitimately to remove their heads from the sand for a while.

But this is a possible future development, produced by some aggressive nation, seeking an opportunity to dump 20,000,000 of its

overcrowded sons and daughters in a land where they can provide for themselves or another nation which seeks to control the world.

Meantime there is another, more immediate problem.

If South African industry is to gain its natural expansion within the next quarter century many more Europeans will be needed everywhere, particularly skilled workmen with a knowledge of the mining industries, the motor and electrical industries. This was confirmed everywhere to me by industrialists and businessmen. The Citizenship Bill, however, produced a new situation. It meant that a man could work under the Government's direction, pass on his skill to others, and then be refused citizenship, either allowed to remain without civil rights or to leave, if he has the money and opportunity to pass on or return to the country from whence he arrived in the Union. If he has married while in the Union, his children may have citizenship but he remain deprived of it. By no stretch of the imagination can this be termed a satisfactory state of affairs.

From this situation some people may benefit. Principally those who control the various industries and businesses, who may be supplied with expert labour which can be used to train the rising generation of those accounted true Afrikaners. Those who impart the knowledge, the experts, would they be regarded as largely second-class citizens? Inevitably so unless they had capital or owned their own businesses.

The more one looks at the South Africa envisaged by the Nationalists, the more the pattern assumes similarity to the triangular structure which Mazzini, the Italian social philosopher whose ideas formed the basis of Fascism, saw as the perfect society. Transplanted to a South African setting, this would read as a base of Native labour; above it layers of Coloured and Indian people, above them the English-speaking people, on whom rest the Afrikaners under their churches, and, at the summit, God.

One Afrikaans-speaking South African to whom I talked had another theory. He saw it as a Roman civilization. "At the time of the decay," he assured me seriously. He produced a copy of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and insisted that I read certain passages which he had marked.

The picture is not one which provides reasons for assurance. At the end it may contain old Nationalist-Calvinist-Afrikaners alone on the stoep with their grandchildren. And the Non-European people.

XXIX

GIANTS IN A MOUSETRAP

UNDOUBTEDLY some of the possibilities outlined in the preceding chapter are alarming.

Could they be otherwise? They do not lack foundation. The world is beset by more problems and greater dangers than those which may be expected to form part of the natural aftermath of war. Five years after the termination of hostilities, the Second World War can be assessed as merely an eliminating bout between light-heavyweights which suddenly provoked the two contendants for the heavyweight title to climb into the ring and swop punches with the least-favoured light-heavyweight. It appears that having got rid of him, they are now anxious to set about each other. Ideologies are rampant: strong young fighters favour new ideas to strengthen their muscular tension and boost their morale.

More nations than those found on the maps of Europe and the Americas witness dynamic national reawakenings. India, whose daughter is breeding in South Africa with "explosive fecundity", has independent nationhood for the first time in many hundreds of years. The foundation of a People's Republic in China has an import which cannot at this time be assessed clearly: for many years she will obviously be concerned with her internal affairs, but undoubtedly she will become a major influence in the East and as such cannot help but affect the balance of power, or its realignment, from the South Atlantic to the Polynesian Islands. Burma seeks a national integrity. The Dutch East Indies are stirring. On this evidence alone we should be seeking to deny the teaching of all history if we assumed that these alterations and developments will affect only their own peoples. It is to be hoped that the strong resolves spoken at the Colombo Commonwealth Conference in January 1950 will be followed by equally strong action.

We are witnessing, as Mr. Lothorp Stoddard predicted a number of years ago, the rising tide of other Colours than White. There is no reason to assume that this will inevitably lead to racial warfare. But it becomes the concern of all men of goodwill, irrespective of their colour or creed, to seek a closer understanding of the problems which affect all if they wish to minimize any such calamitous folly. If a majority of men wish to avoid it, then it behoves all to strengthen their ramparts now.

Ours is, as the late Wendell Willkie said, one world. Faced by this reality, the question of right or wrong in politics, and past centuries' injustices or miseries—no matter how they may rankle the individual soul—are as insignificant as is the matter of whether a man or woman lying at death's door has led a blameless or blameful life. If the patient

is to live, life alone counts. Since the introduction of the atomic bomb, atomic warheads fitted to long-range rockets, and bacteriological warfare, the world's life is at stake, not the righteousness or faith of a group. From the date when the first atomic bomb exploded in New Mexico we have all become minorities, the Americans and Russians, too. We live as a whole, with our numerous imperfections, or we shall perish as minorities.

In addition, there is Communism. Whether Communism in 1950 is as Communism was in 1848 is, in the words of the American lawyers, immaterial, irrelevant, and, to introduce a new point, academic.

Communism *is*. It has a name and a policy. It is possible that the policy is right. It is possible that the policy is wrong. Although thirty-one years have elapsed since the Russian Revolution, it is still a new creed in conduct and operation. Between the thirtieth and fiftieth years, the creed of French Liberalism changed considerably. Other systems have also changed: most of them have done well in circumstances which favoured their operation and badly in circumstances which did not favour them. A major problem for Mankind exists in seeking a political system sufficiently solid to inspire loyalty yet sufficiently fluid to be discarded when its usefulness has been outlived. All those which have been operated have committed follies and added to the world's legend of fear. Communism may avoid these shortcomings: the next half-century should show. For South Africa, as one commentator observed to me, the issue is whether the country can maintain even its present stability if Native, Coloured, and Indian communities fail to be emancipated by the existing system, and, if not, whether they will seek it through Communism, a policy whose ability to satisfy and advance people outside of Russia has yet to be proven.

The great, the crowning folly, of South African Nationalists is that they pooh-pooh all that is happening in other parts of the world as being wholly unconnected to themselves. Occasionally, one or other gets up and delivers grave words on "the Communist menace", but their conception of it is foggy; they deal with Communists as importunate Natives and Coloureds or as a handful of poor white and Jewish intellectuals. They see nothing remarkable in segregating all other groups, wherein Communism may thrive, but which they will deal with as Natives, Coloureds, Indians, Jews, and possibly Britons.

The Nationalists' insularity is phenomenal, their pursuit of a Herrenvolk Republic relentless. No other voice matters to them. *Die Burger*, the Nationalist newspaper which may be believed to represent their opinion more completely than any other, published a leading article in August 1949 which contained the following:

> The people who were planted here by Van Riebeeck and who spring from the Hollanders, French and Germans who came out under the Dutch East India Company and developed their own (mainly Hollands) language

here are separated by this language and through their joint descent from the English, Jewish and other groups in the country. If that foundation people of South Africa is no longer called the Afrikaner people, but shares with all other whites who live in South Africa, then we are a people without name. . . . From time to time political leaders do put forward the proposition that an English-speaking person who loves South Africa just as much as the Afrikaners do and who is just as rooted in the country, is also an Afrikaner. But such a proposition remains purely metaphorical. Love of the fatherland is never capable of absolute definition and is in any case a political concept. So also is *South African* or *Union citizen* a political concept; but Afrikaner is an ethnic concept and the Afrikaners are primarily a blood-group and secondly a language-group. . . .

Such childish nonsense, containing its own confusions, is not calculated to win friends and influence affection for those who believe them. What does it ultimately mean? Only that some ambitious politicians seek to impose upon others the belief that in their blood and in their language there is a greater, a mystic reality, which other people do not own. By all means let us be proud of our country's achievements for its people and the world, let us respect those who use our native language with beauty and understanding and power to give vent to worthy thoughts and actions, but may we be spared the tragic folly of believing our blood or language more noble in the eyes of God than that of those not of our race or speech.

For South Africa, the tragedy is that her people cannot live by themselves safely or progressively in their country.

They may, many do, see themselves removed from all other groups, which, on an ethnic scale, they see based upon the Native people and reaching at the top the disliked, unwelcome English-speaking people. Thus the situation occurs that at the very time when all South Africans should be given their greatest chance to love the country and feel part of its history and future, the Nationalists are engaged in a frenzied attempt to disprove even the history of their ancestors and prove that they alone may rightly call the country their homeland and all others visitors and strangers. In such a setting as this creates, many strange loyalties may thrive apace. These loyalties in the history of other countries, even those not troubled by multi-racialism, have meant bloody revolution.

To propagate such ideas as Nationalists possess when in opposition is vastly different from basing political actions upon such ideas when forming the Government. Dr. Malan is no fool. He is aware of the danger attending such absurdities as that quoted above. But now that his Party is the Government, he may be unable to check the more emotional elements among his followers. Such a situation has occurred before: we are not unversed in instances of men who have been forced to watch their less responsible cohorts plunge their country into ruin. That may be happening in South Africa again. But the final decision

may not rest with Malan. His health is not good. He suffers from blood-pressure and collapses in public, to the alarm of his followers. If he should answer a call outside the arena more quickly than many wish, it may be the extremist Mr. Strydom who would probably succeed him as party leader or the rising Dr. Dönges. Whatever may happen, in or out of office, the Nationalists may be relied upon to become increasingly more extremist than they have been in the past.

The South African peoples are indeed giants in a mousetrap. Their country has great potential wealth. It could have greater wealth if adequately and progressively developed. It has a huge consuming market immediately available. It has the unique opportunity of leading the world to the next true phase of progress by proving that a multi-racial society can work. But at present its peoples are caught in a two-penny mousetrap of racialism in which, unable to break loose from the past, they can only turn upon others who have been trapped in the same snare.

The ultimate Nationalist solution, as has been noted, is the establishment of a republic. But it would be a republic with a difference, with, first, a racial system, and secondly, by virtue of such measures as Christian-National Education, a caste system. Though they cannot be expected to admit the similarity, the Nationalists are close to borrowing ideas from India. On such a foundation as this, it could scarcely be a progressive republic. The British Government, and the world, could not hail it as evidence of true progress.

XXX

"THE SERVICE OF MY LOVE"

I vow to thee, my country,
All earthly things above,
Serene and whole and perfect,
The service of my love.

SOUTH AFRICA has received many musical and literary expressions of affection. There is the Afrikaans hymn *Die Stem*, the Xosa *Nkosi Sikelel' i-Afrika*, and more. The words quoted above were written originally, I believe, by an American woman; they were set to music by the late Victor Hely-Hutchinson, the South African composer. Officially, the British and Indian communities have provided no comparable devotion. This would be more regrettable if a majority of the works produced had gained any marked response. What anthems and songs express most, what South Africa needs and most surely lacks, is love.

Apparently this is hard to achieve in a multi-racial society. When the Briton in his native land sings *Land of Hope and Glory*, he thinks of other Britons who have given the song meaning. The new Russian anthem means more of Russia to its sons than did the *Internationale*. Americans singing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* are overwhelmingly of European stock. Even the Frenchman singing the *Marseillaise* knows his devotion directed towards the European history of "La France".

South Africa lacks any true and comparable expression. Pride is secular. At official gatherings both *Die Stem* and *God Save the King* are sung. I attended one function where four national group anthems formed the longest part of the ceremony, very polite and formal, but very distracting for the multitude, who could be observed breaking up into groups. Love of country is therefore secular. The Afrikaner demands that he be free to love only Afrikaner history; English-speaking people, pushed out, return to their own native songs; Xosas and Basutos take refuge in their music; some of those who feel political affection stronger than any other sing *The Red Flag*; others, we may assume, return to their folklore for musical inspiration. The main battle is between *Die Stem* and *God Save the King*, though why one should ever occur no one has ever explained.

If, in days to come, friendly societies are formed, an "Afrikaans Society for Friendship with the English-Speaking People" and an "English-Speaking League for Artistic and Cultural Relationship with the Afrikaans People", great service could be done for South Africa by sponsoring a new national anthem which would have verses in Afrikaans, English, and Xosa for all to sing, and leave the other

efforts for societies sponsoring a group celebration of what has gone before. It would save time wasted in uneasy politeness in singing two, three, or four anthems as at present, and could be worded to include the past contributions by all groups. It would sound, and express, a surer love of country than is expressed today.

Without love any solution put forward for ending South Africa's political, social, racial, economic, and international problems will be only a racial palliative, a group convenience. Even if the racial make-up of the country were to be abruptly changed, the successors to those now in power would most likely produce only palliatives.

Political, social, economic, and international problems exist for all countries. All South Africans know that their country could approach such problems more surely if the venom of racial prejudice could be extracted from them. A number of intelligent men and women in the Union have become so confused in their outlook that they genuinely believe that if only the racial problem could be stabilized, all other problems would be instantaneously solved. This alone is sufficient to show how racialism distorts the scene.

It is abundantly clear to any visitor to South Africa that the country's internal economic problems would be nearer to lasting health if ways were found to increase the purchasing power of the Native, Indian, and Coloured peoples to the point where their consumption of goods might increase progressively. It is not every country which, in the first stages of industrialization, can boast a community of over seven million people immediately available as a consuming market. That such a development will occur is inevitable; the other groups have already started to imitate Europeans in their tastes and requirements. If delayed artificially, because of a colour prejudice, it is possible that the final moment will be attended by insoluble complications.

A proposal has been put forward recently that the political problem should be solved by adoption of a federal system of government. The author of this suggestion argues that in order to avoid racial discrimination being infused into future national progress, in spheres of governmental and social development, the Union should be divided into areas in which the separate groups conduct their own affairs under their own parliament and are represented in a general Union Parliament as integral members of the State.

The proposal is a far worthier one than that of *apartheid*, which would banish all Native peoples to areas which, it has been seen, would be as unproductive, poor in quality, and as over-populated as the present Reserves, where bitterness increases as drought and poverty of soil increases individual tragedy. In this way group history and culture could be preserved intact and love (we come back to the word) proven through sacrifice rather than indicated by words which anyone can chant without meaning.

Such a system requires one essential: good faith by those entrusted with working it out and maintaining it. Could South Africans of all races and creeds rise to this opportunity? The question cannot be answered before the theory is tried, but it would be worth the attempt, infinitely preferable to the formless shuffling and increasing antagonisms developing now through lack of any workable plan.

Socially, it would appear that the whole question is summed up in the question asked almost every day by South Africans of visitors who express any idea that the Native people should be advanced. The question is: "Would you like your daughter to marry a Native?"

This idea includes some initial alarm for the visitor finding himself in contact with colour prejudice for the first time or who has grown up in a country where such a prejudice exists. The fault is not his. It was only three centuries ago that the European came into contact with the Native people. At that time the European had an established and complex civilization and was advancing strongly while the Native people, for reasons over which they could exercise no permanent control, had not yet attained such an advanced state of civilization. Since then a majority of White people have always lived away from the problem of relationship with people of colour or have dwelt in localities where people of colour have not achieved a (European) type of civilization or a positive nationhood. The question of intermarriage, especially where it affects one's own family, is not therefore directed against those of colour as individuals, but against losing racial integrity, developing strains which do not, it must be admitted, display usually the best of both parties to the mixture.

Some young women, the daughters of some parents, do take the step. Their number is limited. Few expect any lasting happiness arising from such a union. A situation has risen, without reference to either side, due to the contraction of space within the last hundred years and the progressive spirit of young people who wish to see more of the world, in which individual cases cannot be avoided. They are likely to remain individual cases.

There is another side to the question. The father of a Native male may equally dislike the idea of his son marrying a white woman. We have noted one uncle in Africa who disliked the situation.

From the Native viewpoint a white daughter-in-law is as unsuitable as is a Native son-in-law from the White viewpoint. Problems of race, education, customs, what the partners require from each other in their different stages of civilization, are followed by problems of children, their own individual growth after the first emotional and sexual attraction has ebbed, old age, the children in maturity: a thousand daily difficulties added to those known by married couples of the same race and period of civilization. The Native is not unmindful of such problems. In this he and the European are probably more united than in any other matter. However cleverly it be directed at the most sus-

ceptible parental and maternal emotions, the question is pointless and cannot pierce the target. It does not concern, and will not concern, a majority of Europeans or Natives in South Africa, even without Parliamentary Acts to prevent mixed marriages.

Other issues are of immediate concern to all, irrespective of race or religion.

They cannot be avoided or shelved. They have direct bearing on the next half-century, when children now at school in cities, towns, and dorps, will grow to maturity and see their own children to school and into maturity. They affect all groups, government, economic development, and social peace. For, even if Malan goes, and Smuts and the U.P. returned to office, the Nationalist viewpoint will still be stated and seek to divide the country.

I hope that no reader of this little study will assume that I have paraded myself as an authority on South Africa or that I know all of its problems. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I have attempted only to set down what I found beyond the doorway and a few of the thoughts which these issues stirred in me.

Over these issues there lies already more than the shadow of the unknown future. In the half-light, newer, sharper, fiercer antagonisms are rising from the veld: South Africans should not be led into believing them only a continuation of past differences, for they are already more bitter and more ominous. They can be averted because they are needless, the product of a political fantasy conjured up by a section of one group. South Africans must decide. Is this darkness that which heralds the dawn or twilight in South Africa?

INDEX

A

Africa Defence Pact, 270
African Mirror, The, 155
African Switzerland, 143, 164
Afrikaans Chamber of Commerce, 213
Afrikaans language; bi-lingualism, 23, 165, 174, 176, 188, 204, 206, 209, 213, 225, 227, 228, 229, 239, 254, 259
Afrikaanse Jongeliede-onderneming, 213
Afrikaanse Taal-en Kultuurvereniging (AKTV), 213
Afrikaanse Vroue-Federasie, 213
Afrikaner Party, 182, 183, 196, 197
Afrikaner Women's Federation, 213
Afrikaner Young People's Association, 213
Agriculture; agricultural training, 82, 83, 131, 134, 137 *et seq.*, 147, 266
Agriculture, OFS, 131
AKTV, 213
Alexander the Great, and sugar, 92
Algoa Bay, 21
All-India Congress Committee, 123
All-India Socialist Party, 123
All-India Women's Conference, 123
Almeida, Francisco d', 18
Amatongaland; Amatongas, 91, 93, 94
Amsterdam, Chamber of, 10
Anthems, 47, 277
Antimony, 83
Antonie of Bengal, 10
Ants, 110
Apartheid, 35, 46, 49, 63, 79, 84, 215, 234, 237, 249, 255, 258, 259, 278
Art, 157, 159, 160
Arya Paropkarini Sabha, 123
Asbestos, 82
Aschman, V., 150
Asiatic Land Tenure and India Representation Act, 113, 120, 121
Atteridgeville, 45
Azad, Maulana Abul Kalam, 123

B

Baker, R. R., 140
Ballet, 157, 158
Ballinger, Mrs. M., 183, 240
Ballinger, Senator, 216
Bamangwato tribe, 56, 57 *et seq.*
Bambata rebellion, 116
Bantus; Bantu language, 24, 33, 145, 156
Baragwanath Hospital, 41
Bargate, G., 69
Baring, Sir Evelyn, 65
Barlow, A., 69
Basanth, Harrilal, 97 *et seq.*
Basson, L., 11
Bastaards, the (*see under* Griquas)
Basutoland; Basutos, 35, 61, 94, 130, 142 *et seq.*, 259, 277
Bechuanaland; Bechuana tribes, 35, 54 *et seq.*, 142, 145
Behrman, L., 11
Beit, Sir A., 36
Bekker, G. F. H., 240
Belkum, Van, Roads Engineer, OFS, 130, 147, 151, 153
Bernal, Professor J. D., 262
Bethlehem, 124, 139
Bethlehem Express, 139
Bi-lingualism (*see under* Afrikaans language)
Birkby, C., 160, 161
Birkby, K., 161
Blitz (Bombay), 123
Bloemfontein, 45, 81, 126, 142
Blood River, 90
Blueprint for Black-out, 222
Boer Wars, 21, 90, 116, 126, 168, 169, 172, 194, 205, 206, 224
Boerenasie, Die, 179
Boerevolk, Die, 179
Bonaventura, The, 89
Books of To-Day, 12
Botha, General L., 22, 29, 173, 174
Botha, Professor M.C., 221, 222
Bowls, 154, 155
Boyd, L., 96
Brandy, Cape, 154
Bremer, Dr. K., 212
British Empire Service League, 245
British occupation of South Africa, beginning of, 18 *et seq.*
Broederbond, the, 192, 198, 200, 201 *et seq.*, 222, 224, 241, 244, 245, 249
Broederbond and Christian-National Education, 223
Brooke, B., 158
"Broome Commission", 120
Broome, Hon. F. N., 120
Buchanan-Gould, Vera (Mrs. Postma), 161, 162
Buckner, Captain C., 11, 80
Bueb, J. J., 80
Burger, Die, 188, 190, 191, 211, 274
Burghers, Rev. T. F., 167
Burrows, Professor, 39
Burt, Port Elizabeth City Engineer, 44
Bushmen, 24, 33
Butha Buthe, 143, 147
Byl, Major Van Der, 239, 240

C

Cabinet, Dr. Malan's, 190 *et seq.*
Caledonian Society, 245
Calvin (Cauvin), Gerard, 231
Calvin, John; Calvinism, 188, 231 *et seq.*, 254
Calvinia, 188
Campbell, A., 66, 68, 69, 163, 164

Campbell, K., 159
Campbell, Sheena, 67
Campbell, W., 80
Canadian Citizenship Bill, 256
Cango Caves, 130, 150
Cape Argus, 12
"Cape Coloureds", 10, 23, 24 *et seq.*, 121, 175, 183, 217, 218, 229, 245, 248, 257, 262, 266
Cape Coloured Commission Report, 24
Cape Malays, 24
Cape of Good Hope, 18, 20, 21, 133
Cape Times, 217
Cape Town, 15, 16, 23 *et seq.*, 125, 149 *et seq.*
Cape Town Agreement, 112, 120, 122
Cape Town Argus, 26, 27, 149, 163
Cape Town School of Industry, 76
Casualties; Boer War, 169
Cathcart, Sir George, 166
Cattle Improvement Act, 139
Centaurus, The, 90
Cetewayo 167
Chamberlain, Joseph, 115
Chamberlain, Neville, 177, 178, 243
Chinese labour, 93, 116
Chinese passive resistance, 116, 117
Chopi language, 34
Christelik-nasionale Onderwys (CNO), 221, 224, 225
Christelik-nasionale onderwysbelied, 221
Christian-National Education, 78, 212, 213, 220, 221 *et seq.*, 276 (*see also* INCO)
Christian-National Education Congress, 225
Christianity, Afrikaners' interpretation of, 234
Chrome ore, 82
Cilliers, Professor A. C., 177
Cinemas, 31, 155, 156
Citizenship Bill; citizenship status, 85, 192, 212, 215, 218, 219, 238, 239 *et seq.*, 256, 266, 272 (*see also* Immigrants)
Civil Rights League, 245
Clark, Deputy-Mayor James, 12
Clarke, Deputy-Mayor Ken, 106, 107
Clive, Lord, 20
Cloete, Sir Henry, 90
Cloite, Stuart, 160
CNO, 221, 224, 225
Coal mining, 82
Coast of Diamonds, The, 163
Coetzee, Professor J. C., 224
Collège de la Marche, 231
Collège de Montaigu, 231
Coloured Advisory Council, 30
"Coloureds" (*see* "Cape Coloureds")
Commonwealth Conference, 273
Communism, 29, 31, 79, 124, 216, 250, 255, 257, 261, 262, 274
Communist Manifesto, The, 74, 261
Compensation, 93
Conroy, Senator A. M., 202
Constitution of the Transvaal, 116, 166
Constitution of the Union, 22
Convict labour, 19, 193
Cooper, Henry, 249
Cop, Nicolas, 231
Copper, 81, 82
Corundum, 83
Cotton, 81
Cowling, F., 164
Craddock Agreement, 214
Creasey, J., 75
Crime; morality, 68 *et seq.* (*see also* Juvenile delinquency, Prostitution)
Crocker, H. J., 11
Cry, the Beloved Country, 41, 76, 164

D

"Dagga", 24, 26
Danragh, 97 *et seq.*
Date of Union, 22
Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, 272
Decline of the West, 186, 250
Decoration, interior, 153
Defence of the Union, 192, 193, 194, 256, 263 *et seq.*
De Kaap, 9
Detribalization, 43, 73, 74, 77, 110, 263
Devaluation, 87
Devil's Peak, 20
Diamonds, 21, 81, 82, 167
Dias, Bartholomeo, 18
Diederichs, Dr. N. J., 212, 213, 214
Diepkloof Reformatory, 41, 76, 77, 78
Dingaan, 90
Disinherited, The, 162
"District Six", Cape Town, 25 *et seq.*, 30, 31
Dodo, M. M., 80
Dolin, Anton, 157, 158
Don, Rev. Davidson, 50
Dongas (*see under* Erosion)
Dönges, Dr. T. E., 85, 190, 191, 192, 212, 215, 216, 224, 239, 256, 262, 265, 276
Donovan, Major, 144
Doornkop, 168
Draft Constitution for a Republic, 218
Drake, Sir Francis, 18
Drama, 158
Dromedaris, The, 9, 19
Drought, 130, 131, 132, 140
Dunn, E., 156
Durban:
  history, 89, 90
  native quarter, 106 *et seq.*
  population, European, 112
  population, Indian, 112 *et seq.*, 121
  riots; Riots Commission, 96 *et seq.*, 112
Dutch East India Company, 9, 10, 19, 20, 90, 274
Dutch language, 174
Dutch Reformed Church, 198, 220, 230, 236, 246, 252, 253
Dutch Reformed Church Council, 198

E

East African Indian National Congress, 123
Economist, The, 256
Education, 30, 47 *et seq.*, 145 (*see also* Christian-National Education *and* INCO)
Education, Coloured, 30, 47 *et seq.*
Education, Indian, 47 *et seq.*
Education, Native, 47 *et seq.*, 145, 229
Elections, 174, 175 (1924), 191 (1943), 182, 183, 208, 217 (1948)
Electricity Supply Commission, 83
Elgin, Lord, 116
Engels, F., 74, 79, 261
Epivaginitis, 140
Erasmus, F. C., 169, 192, 193, 194, 266
Erosion, soil, 126, 129 *et seq.*, 146, 259
Escombe, H., 115
Evans, Vice-Admiral E. R., 58
Exports, 81 *et seq.*

F

Face to Face, 163
F.A.K. (*see* Federasie van Afrikaanse Kultuurvereniginge)
False Bay, 20
Farel, 232
Farewell, F. G., 90
Federal Government proposal, 278
Federasie van Afrikaanse Kultuurvereniginge (Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Associations), (FAK), 192, 212, 213, 214, 220, 221, 222, 225, 235
Fick, Dorothea, 150
Finance, 86, 87, 88
Findlay, G., 27
Fitzherbert, H., 19
"Fitzroy, V. M.", 149, 163
Flag, the Union, 195
Flanagan, Father, 75, 78
Flooding scheme, 135 *et seq.*
Fort Hare, 46, 47 *et seq.*, 151
Fortress on Sand, 164
Forum, The, 12, 66
Franchise, 217, 258 (*see also* Citizenship, Indians, Native)
Franco, General, 255
Froude, J. A., quoted, 233
Fruits, 81, 154
Fusion, 176, 188, 190, 209, 210

G

Gale, Dr. G. W., 38
Gallacher, W., 124
Gama, Vasco da, 89
Gandhi, Mahatma, 114 *et seq.*
Gaseitsiwe, Chief, 55
Gavron, Dr. G., 153, 162
Gavron, Mrs. (Nadine Gordimer), 67, 153, 162, 163
General Election (1924), 174, 175
General Election (1943), 191
General Election (1948), 182, 183, 208, 217
Germany and South Africa, 90, 167, 168, 174, 177, 179, 180, 185, 186, 187, 189, 190, 206, 207, 212, 250, 255
Gesuiwerde Nasionale Party, 177, 214
Gibbon, Edward, 272
Gibbs, Martin, 12
Gil-Martin, 238
Gladstone, Lord, 22, 173
Glen Agricultural College, 137 *et seq.*
Gluckman Report, National Health Services, 38, 39
Goede Hoop, The, 9, 19
Gold, 167
Gold Standard, 175
Golding, George, 30, 31
Good Hope, The, 89
Gordimer, Nadine (Mrs. Gavron), 67, 153, 162, 163
Goske, I., 19
Graaf Reinet, 20, 188
Grants; pensions, 114, 119
Great Trek (*see under* Voortrekker)
Green, Frank ("Dusty"), 47, 151
Green, G. L., 163
Green, Lawrence, 29, 30, 161, 163, 164
Greijbe, J. H., 224
Grey, Sir G., 93, 94
Greyling, Dr. E., 224
Greyshirts, 179, 193
Griquas, the, 125, 126, 167
Grobler, Major Piet, 71, 72
Guardian, The (Cape Town), 31, 123
Guha, Ranjit, 123

H

Haarlem, The, 19
Hamitic natives, 33
Handbook of Tswana Law and Custom, 55
Handhawersbond, the, 179
Havenga, N. C., 87, 169, 182, 183, 193, 196, 212, 218
Hayworth, Rita, 53
Health; health services, 38 *et seq.*
Health, European, 39, 40, 119
Health, Indian, 118, 119
Health, Native, 36 *et seq.*, 42, 44, 45, 129
Heever, Mr. Justice F. P. Van Den, 103
Hely-Hutchinson, V., 277
Henderson, Arthur, 267
Henry the Navigator, 18
Hertzog, Dr. A., 212
Hertzog, General J. B. M., 173, 174, 175, 176, 178, 179, 182, 188, 196, 197, 202, 203, 209, 210, 211, 214
Hides; skins, 82, 147
History of South Africa, 173
History of the Colony of Natal, 93
Hofmeyr, Jan, 139, 171, 212, 237, 242, 247
Hogg, James, 238
Holden, W. C., 92
Holloway, Dr., 212

Holm, Erich, 207
Home Rule for India, 117
Homosexuality, 73
Hooker, Richard, quoted, 4
Hoosen, A. K., 113
Horrocks, V., 158
Hottentots, 9, 18, 24, 29, 33, 125
Housing, Native, 41 *et seq.*, 73, 74, 77, 84, 106 *et seq.*
Houtman, Cornelis, 19
Hugo, G. F. de V., 224
Huguenots, 20, 23, 125, 230
Hulett, Sir Liege, 118
Hutchings, Elizabeth, 47, 151
Hutchinson, J., 49

I

Identity Cards, 116
Illegitimacy, 27, 77
Illiteracy, Native, 50
Immigrants; immigration, 85, 86, 176, 215, 220, 239, 244, 266 (*see also* Citizenship)
Immigration Quota Act, 188
Immorality Amendment Bill, 51, 216
Imperial Conference, 1926, 175
INCO, 212, 221, 224, 225, 234
Indians:
  education, 114
  entry restrictions, 118
  franchise, 115, 121, 218, 262
  grants; pensions, 114, 119
  health, 118, 119
  incomes, 112, 113, 114, 118
  in Natal, 94, 112 *et seq.*
  land ownership, 105, 113, 118 *et seq.*
  passive resistance, 105, 116, 117
  pass system, 116, 118
  plantation labour, 94, 113
  population, 105, 106, 112, 121
  propaganda, 123
  religions, 114
  repatriation schemes, 112, 115, 121, 122
  sports, 114
  transport ownership, 106, 113
  U.N. representation, 113, 119, 123, 124
India League, London, 123
India League, U.S.A., 123
Indian Ambulance Corps, 116
Indian Association, Addis Ababa, 123
Indian Association, Jinja, 123
Indian Association, Kericho, 123
Indian Association, Mombasa, 123
Indian Congress, Durban, 122
Indian Congress, Natal, 114, 117, 123, 124
Indian Disenfranchisement Bill, 115
Indian Merchants' Chamber, 123
Indian National Congress, 123
Indian National Overseas Congress, 123
Indian Opinion, 117
Indian Organization, Natal, 104, 117 *et seq.*
Indian Penetration Commission, 120
Indian Provincial Congress, 118, 123
Indian Union, Cairo, 123
Indra, 92
Industrial development, 81 *et seq.*
Industrial Schools; reformatories, 41, 75, 76, 77, 78
Ingwavuma, 34
Inhambane, language, 33
Inheritance for My Children, An, 51
Institute for Volk Welfare, 213
Institute of Christian-National Education (INCO), 212, 221, 224, 225, 234
Institute of Economics, 213
Institute of Teachers' Organizations, 213
Institutes of the Christian Religion, 232
Instituut vir Christelik-nasionale Onderys (CNO), 221, 224, 225
Inter-marriage (*see under* Mixed marriages)
International League for the Rights of Man, 123
International PEN, 163
Invasion (*see under* Defence)
Investment; finance, 86, 87, 88
Iron ore, 83
Iscor, 81, 83
Isipingo, 93

J

Jabavu, Professor D. D., 49, 50
Jacobsdal, 194
Jagersfontein, 174
Jameson, Dr. A., 168
Jansen, Dr. E. G., 198, 224
Japanese interest in South Africa, 268
Jews, 193, 237
Joad, Dr. C. M., 150
Johannesburg, 66 *et seq.*, 81, 167, 169
Johannesburg Star, 40, 65, 67, 68, 163, 212, 235
John II, 18
Jongh, T. W. de, 87
Jonker, Dr. A. H., 223
Juvenile delinquency, 75 *et seq.* (*see also* Industrial Schools)

K

Kaffir Wars, 20, 21, 125
Kaffirs are Lively, 67, 163, 171
Kahn, Sam, 183, 217
Karakul pelts, 82
Karanjia, R. K., 123
Keate, R. W., 167
Khama, Chief, 55 *et seq.*
Khama, Seretse, 54 *et seq.*, 63
Khama, Tshekedi, 56 *et seq.*, 62
Khan, Prince Aly, 53
Kieser, Mr., Principal of Diepkloof, 77
Kilachand, Ramdas, 123
Kimberley, 21, 81, 83, 153
King, Dick, 90
Kingwilliamstown Industrial School, 76
Klerksdorp, 191

Kock, Dr. M. H. de, 87
Kok, Adam, 126
Korsten, 42, 44
Kotze, Rev. C. R., 179
Krige, Professor, 39
Krige, Uys, 165
Kruger, Paul, 21, 167, 168, 253
Kuschke, Dr., 212
Kuys, J. F., 11

L

Laas, Colonel J. C. C., 181
Labour (plantation) importation, 90, 93, 94, 113
Ladysmith, 124
Lancaster, Osbert, 66
Land ownership, Indian, 105, 113, 118 *et seq.*
Lange Commission, 121
Lange, Mr. d', 78
Langlaagte Farm, 21, 41, 67, 167
Languages, Native, 33, 34
Laurie, Rev. D. P., 224
League of Nations, 195, 267, 268
League of Nations' Mandates Commission, 195
"League of Upholders", 179
Lee, Alphonse, 158
Lee, Mayor S. P., 244
Le Roux, S. P., 197
Liesbeeck valley, 9
Literature, 160
Lombard, I., 203, 209, 213, 224
Louw, Eric H., 113, 123, 194, 195, 211, 239, 252, 265
Lovedale, 46, 50
"Loyal Dutch", 195, 211, 252
Luther, Martin, 232, 233

M

MacDonald, T., 171
McIntosh, P., 57, 58
McKen, M. J., 93
MacLaughlin, D. N., 135
MacPherson, A. K., 151
Madondo, G., 95, 97 *et seq.*
Malaboch, 167
Malan, Dr. D. F., 30, 35, 63, 65, 79, 86, 116, 147, 148, 174, 176, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 186, 189, 190, 198, 199, 210, 212, 214, 218, 219, 234, 237, 239, 252 *et seq.*, 262, 271, 275, 276, 280
Malan, Mrs. W. de Vos, 48, 49, 151
Malherbe, Dr. E. G., 39
Man of Two Worlds, 63
Manganese, 82
Manuel the Fortunate, 89
Markova, Alicia, 157, 158
Marx, Karl, 74, 261
Maseru, 146
Masson, Ryle, 103
Matthews, Professor Z. K., 48
Matthey, R., 80
Mazelspoort Camp, 155
Meerhof, Van, 10
Meet the Indian in South Africa, 113, 118
Meiring, Professor J. G., 224
Meiring, Rev. A., 236
Mercury, 83
Merwe, B. C. van der, 103
Mica, 83
Millin, Sarah Gertrude, 23, 160, 163
Minerals, 265
Miscegenation, 106, 216, 279, 280
Mixed marriages; Mixed Marriages Bill, 51, 63, 215, 216, 279, 280
Moeng, 61
Mohair, 147
Mokachane, 143
Monks, Noel, 62
Moodie's Reef, 167
Moolman, H., 86
Morewood, Edmund, 93
Morgan, Charles, 196
Mornings at Seven, 149
Mosega, 166
Moselekatse, 126, 166
Mosheshwe; Moshesh; Moshoeshwe, 126, 143, 144
Mswazi, John, 59
Mswazi tribe, 59
Muilins, Claud, 77
Music, 158, 159
My Experiments with Truth, 117

N

Naicker, Dr. G. M., 118 *et seq.*, 217
Naidoo, S. R., quoted, 122
Natal, 18, 21, 34, 82, 89 *et seq.*, 92 *et seq.*, 112 *et seq.*, 119, 167, 249
Natal Daily News, 12, 102, 121
Natal Indian Congress, 114, 117, 123, 124
Natal Indian Organization (NIO), 104, 117 *et seq.*
Natal, Indian population, 112 *et seq.*, 119
Natal Women's Commission, 198
Natalse Boerekongres, Die, 198
National Convention, 1909, 174
National Marketing Amendment Act, 139
National Socialism, 181, 189, 214
Nationalist Party; Government, 28, 29, 30, 31, 35, 40, 46, 50, 51, 52, 64, 74, 83, 85, 87, 88, 113, 119, 126, 147, 148, 174, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 183, 188, 190, 191, 195, 197, 198, 199, 202, 208, 209, 210, 212, 214, 215, 218, 219, 234, 242, 244, 245, 252 *et seq.*, 262, 263 *et seq.*, 271, 272, 274, 275
Nationality and Flag Act, 188
Nationality Bill, 176
Native:
  detribalization, 43, 73, 74, 77, 110, 263
  distribution, 34, 259

Native:—*cont.*
education, 47 *et seq.*, 145, 229
franchise, 218
health, 42, 44, 45, 129
housing, 41 *et seq.*, 73, 74, 77, 84, 105, 106 *et seq.*
industrialization, 34, 50
infant mortality, 36
languages, 33, 34
politics, 79, 175, 245, 248, 262, 263, 267, 274
population, 33, 34, 112, 266
reserves, 34, 278
sport, 37, 146, 235
Naude, Rev. S. W., 189
Neutrality vote; policy, 174, 177, 179, 186
New Era, 198
New Order Group, 180, 187, 190, 214, 242
Newton, Commander, 11
Ngubane, Jordan K., 256, 257
Nguni language; tribes, 33, 143
Nicholls, Senator Heaton, 189
NIO, 104, 117 *et seq.*
Nkosi Siekel' i-Afrika, 277
Not Without Honour, 161
Noyes, Alfred, quoted, 26, 27
Noyon Cathedral, 231
Ntatisi, 143
Nuwe Suid-Afrika, Die, 185 *et seq.*

O

OB (*see* Ossewa-Brandwag)
Ollemanns, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo, 67
Onderstepoort Veterinary Research Station, 140
Opvoedingsbond, 222
Orange Free State:
agriculture, 131
drought, 130, 131, 132, 140
erosion, 126, 129 *et seq.*, 146, 259
history, 21, 126, 168
Indian bar, 118
rainfall, 131, 132
vegetation, 131
Oranges, 19
Osborn, Dr. T. W. B., 36, 43
Ossewa-Brandwag, 179, 180, 181, 208, 212, 214, 215, 245
Ostrich farms, 81, 130, 150
"Oubaas, the" (*see under* Smuts, General)
Oudeshoorn, 129, 130, 150, 192, 197
Outspan, The, 12, 59, 136, 263
Oysher, Moishe, 157, 159

P

Paar dekraal, 167
Paarl, 20, 130
Pagel Story, The, 161
Parachute invasion, 269
Parry, R., 11, 81, 82
Passes, Indian, 116, 118
Passive resistance, 105, 116, 117
Paton, Alan, 41, 76, 163, 165
Patriot, The, 240
Pauw, J. C., 11, 81, 130 *et seq.*, 145, 146, 151, 155, 157, 161
Pauw, Professor S., 135
Pearson, Mrs., 44
"Pegging Act", 120
Pellisier, Dr. S. H., 212, 219
Pelzer, W., 50
Pensions; grants, 114, 119
Petersen, Senator S. M., 12
Piet Retief, 195
Pietermaritzburg, 45, 80, 90, 124
Pirow, Dr. Oswald, 179, 212
Plantation labour, 93 *et seq.*
Plessis, Dr. Otto du, 184 *et seq.*, 189, 190
Plessis, P. J. du, 138
Population:
European, 112, 121, 266, 267
Indian, 112, 121
Native, 33, 34, 112, 266
Port Elizabeth, 21, 42, 44, 80
Postal voting, 188, 193
Postlooper, The, 90
Postma, Mrs. Tienie (Dr. Buchanan-Gould), 161, 162
Postma, Tienie, 156, 162
Potchefstroom, 167
Potgieter, A. H., 126, 166
Prasad, Ragendra, 123
Pretoria, 22, 45, 81, 166, 167, 169
Pretoria Agreement, 120
Pretorius, Andries, 90
Pretorius, A. W. J., 166
Pretorius, M. W., 166
Pritt, D. N., 124
Private Memoirs . . . Justified Sinner, 238
Propaganda, Indian, 123
Prostitution, 72, 73, 108, 109, 110
Proud Zulu, 67, 163
Provincial Conference of the Congress (Second), 123
Purified Nationalist Party (*see under* Gesuiwerde Nasionale Party *and* Reunited Purified Nationalist Party)

Q

"Quain, Peter", 161
Queenstown Daily Representative, 47, 151
Queenstown School of Industries, 75, 76
Quin, Leung, 117
Quo Vadis?, 177

R

Race Relations Handbook, 30, 36, 40, 71, 73
Race Relations, South Africa Institute of, 67
Radio, 153, 156
Rainfall, O.F.S., 131, 132
Rajkumar, Dr. N. V., 123
Rand Daily Mail, 68, 70, 222, 223

Raucea, Dario, 157, 158
RDB, Reddingsdaadbond (RDB) } 192, 213, 214
Reformatories, 41, 75, 76, 77, 78
Rehoboths, 29, 30
Reiger, The, 9, 19
Religions, Indian, 114
Rensburg, J. F. van, 179, 180, 181, 212
Rensburg, Dr. S. W. J. van, 140
Repatriation, Indian, 112, 115, 121, 122
Republican issue, 180, 189, 197, 198, 199, 200, 214, 218, 219, 220, 245, 255, 257, 270, 271 (*see also* Broederbond *and* Ossewa-Brandwag)
Republikeinse Orde, Die, 189, 190
Reserves, 34, 278
Retief, Piet, 90
Reunion Island, 93
Reunited Purified Nationalist Party, 179, 234 (*see also* Gesuiwerde Nasionale Party)
Rhodes, Cecil, 21, 168
Rhyn, Dr. A. J. van, 220, 239
Riebeeck, Dr. Jan van, 9, 10, 19, 274
Robben Island, 19
Roberts, Michael, 180
Rocket warfare, 268, 269
Rolfe, Archdeacon and Dr. M. M., 12, 47, 151
Ronga language, 34
Rooy, Professor J. C. van, 203, 209, 213, 221, 222, 224, 225
Ros, Edmundo, 16
Rosenthal, Eric, 143, 145, 164, 165
Ross, J. C., quoted, 134

S

Saldanha, Antonio de, 18
Saldanha Bay, 19
Sandwyck, Van, 80
Sanitation, 26, 42, 61, 107
Satyagraha in South Africa, 117
Satyagraha Oath, 116, 117
Sauer, Paul, 178
Savoy, Duke of, 232
Schoeman, B. J., 197
School feeding; milk, 40, 140 (Native); 119 (Indian); 119 (European)
Schreiner, Olive, 28, 160, 161, 163
Schultz, W., 103
Scott, Henry, 78
Scott, Rev. Michael, 59, 217
Second Languages (Afrikaans) Movement, 225
Secret Africa, 163
Sekgoma, Bagakanetse, 59
Sekukuni, 167
Serowe, 57 *et seq.*
Servatus, Michael, 233
Shack-dwellings (*see under* Housing)
Shillinge, A., 19
Signal Hill, 19
Simonstown, 20
Singh, George, quoted, 119
Skins; hides, 82, 147
Slaghter's Nek, 125
Slavery, 9, 18, 19, 20, 21, 30, 94
Smith, Sir Aubrey, 132
Smith, T. C., 90
Smuts, General, 12, 86, 112, 117, 134, 139, 161, 173, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 194, 200, 202, 203, 204, 209, 220, 248 *et seq.*, 280
Smuts and Swastika, 66
Smuts, Dr. M. N., 75, 76
So Few Are Free, 163
Soda ash, 83
Sogas Tiyo, 51, 52
Soil Conservation, 134
Soil Conservation Act, 139
Soil deterioration, 134
Soil erosion, 126, 129 *et seq.*, 146, 259
Song of England, A, quoted, 26
Sons of England, 240, 241, 242, 243
Sorenson, R., 124
Sotho language, 33, 47
South Africa Party, 175, 209
South African-American Survey, 86
South African Institute of Race Relations, 67
South African League of Women Voters, 245
South African Nation, The, 191
South African Opposition, The, 180
South African Saturday Book, 162
South African Teachers' Association, 223
South African War (*see* Boer Wars)
Southwall, Mr. and Mrs., 151
Sparrman, Dr. Andrew, 27
Spengler, Oswald, 186, 250
Sport, 37, 146, 154, 155, 181, 235
Springbok Legion, 245
Springfield Flats, 93
Stals, Dr. A. J., 198, 212, 224, 235
Status Act, 175
Stavenisse, The, 89
Stellenbosch, 20, 135, 174, 180, 188, 189, 190, 191, 194, 197, 214
Stem. Die, 47, 277
Stewart, Will, 23, 51, 217
Steyn, A., 240, 242
Steyn, President, 175, 188
Stoddard, L., 273
Story of an African Farm, The, 160
Strauss, J. G., 12, 139, 192
Strydom, J. G., 35, 38, 46, 50, 143, 148, 190, 191, 219, 240, 276
Sugar, 81, 82, 90, 91, 92 *et seq.*, 113
Suiderstem, Die, 221
Sunday Observance Act (Transvaal), 235
Sunday Times (Johannesburg), 64, 223
Swart, C. R., 37, 197, 198, 220, 235
Swaziland, 35, 142, 145
Swellendam, 20

T

Table Bay, 15, 18, 19
Table Mountain, 15, 18
Tavern of the Seas, 163
Theatre, 158
Thika Indian Association, 123
Thompson, L. M., 217
Tobacco; cigarettes, 82
Toit, Fitzroy du, 149
Tomlinson, Miss, 164
Tonga language, 33, 34
Transport; Indian ownership, 106, 113
Transvaal, 21, 125, 166 *et seq.*
Transvaal Constitution, 116, 166
Transvaal Nationalists, 198
Transvaler, Die, 191, 212, 214
Trishanku, Rajah, 92
Trollip, A. E. G., 180
Tshaka, Chief, 90, 143, 166
Tswana law and custom; language, 33, 34, 35
Tuberculosis, 26, 36, 40, 42, 45, 48, 109, 119
Tungay, Major R., 121
Tunisia, 132
Turning Wheels, 160
Twelve Apostles (Uitvoerende Raad), 212

U

Umsinga, 34
Union Buildings, 22
Union Congress of the United Party, 201
Union, Constitution of, 22
Union, date of, 22
Union Nationality Bill, 176
United Nations Assembly; Indian representation, 113, 119, 123, 124
United S.A. Party (U.P.) } 12, 139, 176, 177,
U.P. } 182, 183, 199, 202, 216, 218, 220, 247, *et seq.*, 280

V

Vaderland, Die, 2, 13, 214
Vegetation, O.F.S., 131
Venda language, 33, 34
Venereal disease, 26, 38, 42, 44, 45, 72, 73, 74, 108, 109
Vereeniging, 21, 126, 168, 172, 174
Vermiculite, 83
Versailles Peace Conference, 174
Verwoerd, Dr. H. F., 212
Victor, Herbert, 63
Viljoen, Dr., 212
Vineyards, 19, 130
Vishva Mitra, 92
Volksblad, Die, 142, 143, 145, 186
Volksparty, The, 179
Voortrekkers, the, 21, 90, 125, 126, 135, 144, 166, 167, 169, 176
Voortrekker Monument, 169, 170, 176, 177, 178, 192, 194, 198, 213
Voortrekkers in Natal, Die, 198
Voortrekkereyd, Die, 198
Voting by post, 188, 193
Voyage of the Cape of Good Hope, 27, 28

W

Wagenaar, Z., 19
Walker, G., 41, 167
Walker, Oliver, 35, 50, 67, 163, 171
Walker, Professor, 173
Walvis Bay, 29
Wanton City, 67, 163
Wareham, Claude, 139
Warffemius, Mr., 61
Water, Charles Te, 189, 193, 266, 270
Waterboer, Andries, 167
Wattle bark extract, 82
Weicharts, Louis, 179
Wet, General de, 174, 188
Where Men Still Dream, 163
White ants, 110
White worms, 44
Williams, A. C. D., 11
Williams, Bert, 123
Williams, Ruth, 54 *et seq.*
Willow Mere, 190
Wireless, 153, 156
Winburg, 126
Wines, Cape, 19, 81, 130, 154
Witwatersrand, 50
Wodehouse, Sir Philip, 145
Wolmarans, Professor H. P., 224
Wool, 82, 147
Wool Act, 139
World Federation of Democratic Youth, 123
Worms, white, 44
Worst, Rev. G. D., 224
Woutar, Jan, 10
Wringhim, Robert, 238

X

Xosas, 20, 33, 47, 277

Y

Yates, J. J., 12, 50, 152
Young, Francis Bret, 165
Yssel, Gert, 179

Z

Zastron, 135, 157
Zeerust, 166
Zeesen broadcasts, 180
Zulus; Zululand, 33, 34, 35, 91, 93, 94, 105, 143, 144, 166, 167
Zulu War, 90
Zuurveld, 20
Zwelitsha, 47, 81, 83, 151